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THE
COMPLETE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SAMUEL ROGERS
AND
THOMAS CAMPBELL;
WITH AN
Original Biography and Sketch.

EDITED BY
EPES SARGENT.

BOSTON:
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY.
1859.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by
EPES SARGENT,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts

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NEW ENGLAND TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY,
BOSTON.

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OF

SAMUEL ROGERS; 1796-1855

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A Biographical Sketch, and Notes.

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PREFACE.

ON the morning of the 18th of December, 1855, SAMUEL ROGERS died in his house in St. James' Place, surrounded by the works of art and taste which have made it famous for half a century. "He expired," writes Dr. Beattie, his attending physician, "at half-past twelve this morning. A more tranquil and placid transition I never beheld. His devoted niece closed his eyes, and his faithful domestics stood weeping around his bed. Some of the attendant circumstances reminded me of the death-bed of Campbell; but this was more calm, solemn, and impressive — quite in keeping with the scene in his 'Human Life.'"

It was the consolation of Campbell, in his declining years, that he had never written a line against religion or virtue. We may say, with equal truth, of Rogers, that he has left no verse which his friends could "wish to blot." Exquisite taste and judgment pervade everything from his pen. But, while this purity of style and sentiment renders him a favorite poet for the young, his great and peculiar merits, we think, are better felt and appreciated, in later years, by those who have become wearied with the intense straining for effect, and the passionate eccentricities, of some of our more recent schools of verse, and refer with fresh pleasure to pages that are marked everywhere with simplicity, refinement, and tranquil beauty.

A Life of Rogers would be to the literary annals of the present

century, what the *Life of Dr. Johnson* was to some fifty years of the past. Such a book would take up the subject where Boswell left it, and bring it down to the time of the poet's death. His home is the necessary central point for this work. If its walls could speak, they would utter a history that would surpass even Boswell's in interest. This volume will no doubt be written, and, with the *Poems of Rogers* as its companion, will find a place on every parlor table, and on the shelves of every library.

The present edition of the works of this popular poet is in the shape in which they will go down to posterity. The author found ample leisure to edit and annotate his own productions in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired. His notes are as exquisitely finished as the poems themselves. We have only thrown together, in a preparatory memoir, such illustrations of the personal and literary career of their author as were within our reach; among which we are sure that the reminiscences by Bryant, and the eloquent article from the *London Times* on the poet's death, will form equally valuable and permanent contributions to literary history as the finished critiques of Mackintosh and Jeffrey.

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MEMOIR OF SAMUEL ROGERS.

SAMUEL ROGERS was born at Newington Green, a village now forming part of London, in the year 1760, and died in St. James' Place, on the 18th of December, 1855. His birth-place was in a locality distinguished by many associations of interest. "In this neighborhood," says William Howitt, in his entertaining work on the Homes and Haunts of the Most Eminent British Poets, "the Tudor princes used to live a good deal. Canonbury, between this green and Islington, was a favorite hunting-seat of Elizabeth, and no doubt the woods and wastes extended all round this neighborhood. There is Kingsland, now all built on, there is Henry VIII.'s walk, and Queen Elizabeth's walk, all in the vicinity; and this old, quiet green seems to retain a feeling and an aspect of those times. It is built round with houses, evidently of a considerable age. There are trees and quietness about it still. In the centre of the south side is an old house standing back, which is said to have been inhabited by Henry VIII. At the end next to Stoke Newington stands an old Presbyterian chapel, at which the celebrated Dr. Price preached, and of which, afterward, the husband of Mrs. Barbauld was the minister. Near this chapel De Foe was educated, and the house still remains. In this green lived, too, Mary Wolstoncroft, being engaged with another lady in keeping school. Samuel Rogers was born in the stuccoed house at the south-west corner, which is much older than it seems. Adjoining it is a large, old garden. Here his father, and his mother's father, lived before him. By the mother's side he was descended from the celebrated Philip Henry, the father of Matthew

Henry, and was therefore of an old non-conformist family. Mr. Rogers' grandfather was a gentleman, pursuing no profession, but his father engaged in banking." In the banking-house the elder Rogers amassed considerable wealth, which with his business descended to his son.

But little is known of the early life of the poet. His education was liberal, and from an early age he was familiar with the best society of the metropolis. In the year 1786 he published his first volume, with the title of "An Ode to Superstition, and other Poems," in which a critic of the time, writing in the *Monthly Review*, thought he perceived the "hand of a master."

Six years afterwards he published *The Pleasures of Memory*, a poem that attained an immediate popularity, both in England and in this country. This poem was elaborated with the most consummate care and art. He submitted it very freely to the censure of his friends before publication, one of whom, Mr. Richard Sharpe, since member of Parliament, has said that during the preparation of the first and second editions he had read it with the poet several hundred times, at home and on the continent, and in every temper of mind that varied company and varied scenery could produce. "To the spirit of original observation," says Mr. Allan Cunningham of this poem, in his *History of British Literature*, "to the fine pictures of men and manners, and to the remarks on the social and domestic condition of the country, which mark the disciples of the newer school of verse, are added the terseness, smoothness and harmony, of the old. The poem abounds with capital and brilliant hits; with passages which remain on the memory, and may be said to please rather than enchant one,—to take silent possession of the heart, rather than fill it with immediate rapture. Hazlitt, with some of that perverseness which even talent is not without, said the chief fault of Rogers was want of genius and taste. Perhaps in the whole list of living men of genius no one can be named whose taste in poetry is so just and delicate. This is apparent in every page of his compositions; nay, he is even fastidious in his taste, and rejects much, in the pictures of manners and feelings which he paints, which other authors, whose taste is unquestioned, would have used without scruple. His diction is pure, and his language has all the necessary strength, without being swelling or redundant: his words are always

in keeping with the sentiment. He has, in truth, great strength; he says much in small compass, and may sometimes be charged with a too great anxiety to be brief and terse. It was the error of the school in which his taste was formed to be over anxious about the harmony and polish of the verse; and he may be accused of erring with his teachers. Concerning the composition of *The Pleasures of Memory*, it is related that he corrected, transposed and changed, till he exhausted his own patience; and then, turning to his friends, he demanded their opinions, listening to every remark, and weighing every observation. This plan of correction is liable to serious objections. The poet is almost sure of losing in dash and vigor more than what he gains by correctness; and, as a whole, the work is apt to be injured, while individual parts are bettered. Poetry is best hit off at one heat of the fancy; the more it is hammered and wrought on, the colder it becomes. The sale of *The Pleasures of Memory* continued to be large, though *The Pleasures of Hope* came into the market."

This production gave its author a high position among the men of letters who flourished in London during the early part of the present century. Cumberland, the dramatic author, in the supplement to his *Memoirs*, published nearly half a century ago, advised Moore, who was then known as the translator of *Anacreon* and the author of *Little's Poems*, to "subject his composition to the review of his correct and judicious friend, Mr. Rogers, (and when so done) he may surrender himself without fear to the criticism of the world at large." "I can visit," said the veteran reminiscient, "the justly-admired author of *The Pleasures of Memory*, and find myself with a friend who together with the brightest genius possesses elegance of manners and excellence of heart. He tells me he remembers the day of our first meeting at Mr. Dilly's; I also remember it, and, though his modest, unassuming nature held back and shrunk from all appearances of ostentation and display of talents, yet even then I take credit for discovering a promise of good things to come, and suspected him of holding secret commerce with the Muse, before the proof appeared in shape of one of the most beautiful and harmonious poems in our language. I do not say that he has not ornamented the age he lives in, though he were to stop where he is; but I hope he will not so totally deliver himself over to the arts, as to neglect

the Muses ; and I now publicly call upon Samuel Rogers to answer to his name, and stand forth in the title-page of some future work, that shall be in substance greater, in dignity of subject more sublime, and in purity of versification not less charming, than his poem above mentioned."

In November, 1805, Moore wrote to his mother, "I am just going to dine *third* to Rogers and Cumberland : a good poetical step-ladder we make ; the former is past forty, and the latter past seventy." It was in the pages of the *Anthologia Hibernica*, for the months of January and February, 1793, that Moore first read, as a school-boy, *Rogers' Pleasures of Memory*, little dreaming that he should one day become the intimate friend of the author ; and such an impression did it then make upon him, as he tells us in his *Memoirs*, that the particular type in which it is there printed, and the very color of the paper, were through life associated with every line of it in his memory.

Rogers was an early friend of Lord Byron. The noble poet had excepted him from the somewhat indiscriminate abuse of the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, and had complimented him in lines which will well bear transcription :

"To the famed throng now paid the tribute due,
Neglected genius ! let me turn to you.
Come forth, O Campbell !* give thy talents scope ;
Who dares aspire if thou must cease to hope ?
And thou, melodious Rogers ! rise at last —
Recall the pleasing memory of the past.
Arise ! let blest remembrance still inspire,
And strike to wonted tones thy hallowed lyre ;
Restore Apollo to his vacant throne,
Assert thy country's honor and thine own."

This eulogy Moore thinks the disinterested and deliberate result of the young poet's judgment, as at that time he had never seen Rogers

* It would be superfluous to recall to the mind of the reader the authors of "The Pleasures of Memory" and "The Pleasures of Hope," the most beautiful didactic poems in our language, if we except Pope's "Essay on Man ;" but so many poetasters have started up, that even the names of Campbell and Rogers are become strange. — *Byron's Note*.

(with whom he afterwards became intimate) ; and the opinion he then expressed remained the same through life.

It was in the year 1798 that Rogers published "An Epistle to a Friend, with other Poems," and he did not appear again as an author till the year 1812, when he ventured before the world with a fragmentary poem entitled *The Voyage of Columbus*. This poem was received by the critics with various favor. In a letter written from Bombay, before its appearance, Sir James Mackintosh had begged to be particularly remembered to Rogers, and added, "I hope Columbus will soon undertake a new voyage to the East, and that he will animate the dulness of the one Indies more quickly than he conquered the barbarism of the other." When the poem appeared, the great whig jurist and statesman, no less eminent as a man of letters and a critic, pronounced his judgment of its merits in the *Edinburgh Review* for October, 1813 ; and we feel that we cannot better occupy the pages we have reserved for a literary memoir of the poet than by giving this article entire :

"POEMS BY SAMUEL ROGERS : *Including Fragments of a Poem called The Voyage of Columbus.* London, 1812.

"It seems very doubtful whether the progress and the vicissitudes of the elegant arts can be referred to the operation of general laws, with the same plausibility as the exertions of the more robust faculties of the human mind, in the severer forms of science and of useful art. The action of fancy and of taste seems to be affected by causes too various and minute to be enumerated with sufficient completeness for the purposes of philosophical theory. To explain them, may appear to be as hopeless an attempt as to account for one summer being more warm and genial than another. The difficulty would be insurmountable, even in framing the most general outline of a theory, if the various forms assumed by imagination, in the fine arts, did not depend on some of the most conspicuous as well as powerful agents in the moral world. But these arise from revolutions of popular sentiments, and are connected with the opinions of the age, and with the manners of the refined class, as certainly, though not in so great a degree, as with the passions of the multitude. The comedy of a polished monarchy never can be of the same character with that

of a bold and tumultuous democracy. Changes of religion and of government, civil or foreign wars, conquests which derive splendor from distance or extent or difficulty, long tranquillity,—all these, and indeed every conceivable modification of the state of a community, show themselves in the tone of its poetry, and leave long and deep traces on every part of its literature. Geometry is the same, not only at London and Paris, but in the extremes of Athens and Samarcand; but the state of the general feeling in England, at this moment, requires a different poetry from that which delighted our ancestors in the time of Luther or Alfred.

“During the greater part of the eighteenth century, the connection of the character of English poetry with the state of the country was very easily traced. The period which extended from the English to the French Revolution was the golden age of authentic history. Governments were secure, nations tranquil, improvements rapid, manners mild beyond the example of any former age. The English nation, which possessed the greatest of all human blessings, a wisely constructed popular government, necessarily enjoyed the largest share of every other benefit. The tranquillity of that fortunate period was not disturbed by any of those calamitous, or even extraordinary events, which excite the imagination and inflame the passions. No age was more exempt from the prevalence of any species of popular enthusiasm. Poetry, in this state of things, partook of that calm, argumentative, moral, and directly useful character, into which it naturally subsides when there are no events to call up the higher passions,—when every talent is allured into the immediate service of a prosperous and improving society,—and when wit taste, diffused literature, and fastidious criticism, combine to deter the young writer from the more arduous enterprises of poetical genius. In such an age, every art becomes rational. Reason is the power which presides in a calm. But reason guides, rather than impels; and, though it must regulate every exertion of genius, it never can rouse it to vigorous action.

“The school of Dryden and Pope, which prevailed till a very late period of the last century, is neither the most poetical nor the most national part of our literary annals. These great poets sometimes, indeed, ventured into the regions of pure poetry; but their general character is, that ‘not in fancy’s maze they wandered long;’ and

that they rather approached the elegant correctness of our continental neighbors, than supported the daring flight, which, in the former age, had borne English poetry to a sublimer elevation than that of any other modern people of the West.

"Towards the middle of the century, great, though quiet changes, began to manifest themselves in the republic of letters in every European nation which retained any portion of mental activity. About that time, the exclusive authority of our great rhyming poets began to be weakened, while new tastes and fashions began to show themselves in the political world. A school of poetry must have prevailed long enough to be probably on the verge of downfall, before its practice is embodied in a correspondent system of criticism.

"Johnson was the critic of our second poetical school. As far as his prejudices of a political or religious kind did not disqualify him for all criticism, he was admirably fitted by nature to be the critic of this species of poetry. Without more imagination, sensibility or delicacy, than it required, — not always with perhaps quite enough for its higher parts, — he possessed sagacity, shrewdness, experience, knowledge of mankind, a taste for rational and orderly compositions, and a disposition to accept, instead of poetry, that lofty and vigorous declamation in harmonious verse, of which he himself was capable, and to which his great master sometimes descended. His spontaneous admiration scarcely soared above Dryden. 'Merit of a loftier class he rather saw than felt.' Shakspeare has transcendent excellence of every sort, and for every critic, except those who are repelled by the faults which usually attend sublime virtues, — character and manners, morality and prudence, as well as imagery and passion. Johnson did, indeed, perform a vigorous act of reluctant justice towards Milton; but it was a proof, to use his own words, that

'At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of universal praise;
And baffled Spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,
Yields to renown the centuries to come.'

The deformities of the *Life of Gray* ought not to be ascribed to jealousy, — for Johnson's mind, though coarse, was not mean, — but to the prejudices of his university, his political faction, and his poetical

sect; and this last bigotry is the more remarkable, because it is exerted against the most skilful and tasteful of innovators, who, in reviving more poetical subjects and a more splendid diction, has employed more care and finish than those who aimed only at correctness.

“The interval which elapsed between the death of Goldsmith and the rise of Cowper is perhaps more barren than any other twelve years in the history of our poetry since the accession of Elizabeth. It seemed as if the fertile soil was at length exhausted. But it had in fact only ceased to exhibit its accustomed produce. The established poetry had worn out either its own resources, or the constancy of its readers. Former attempts to introduce novelty had been either too weak or too early. Neither the beautiful fancy of Collins, nor the learned and ingenious industry of Warton, nor even the union of sublime genius with consummate art in Gray, had produced a general change in poetical composition. But the fulness of time was approaching; and a revolution has been accomplished, of which the commencement nearly coincides—not, as we conceive, accidentally—with that of the political revolution which has changed the character, as well as the condition, of Europe. It has been a thousand times observed, that nations become weary even of excellence, and seek a new way of writing, though it should be a worse. But, besides the operation of satiety,—the general cause of literary revolutions,—several particular circumstances seem to have affected the late changes of our poetical taste; of which, two are more conspicuous than the rest.

“In the natural progress of society, the songs which are the effusion of the feelings of a rude tribe are gradually polished into a form of poetry still retaining the marks of the national opinions, sentiments and manners, from which it originally sprung. The plants are improved by cultivation; but they are still the native produce of the soil. The only perfect example which we know, of this sort, is Greece. Knowledge and useful art, and perhaps in a great measure religion, the Greeks received from the East; but, as they studied no foreign language, it was impossible that any foreign literature should influence the progress of theirs. Not even the name of a Persian, Assyrian, Phenician, or Egyptian poet is alluded to by any Greek writer. The Greek poetry was, therefore, wholly national. The

Pelagic ballads were insensibly formed into Epic, and Tragic, and Lyric poems; but the heroes, the opinions, and the customs, continued as exclusively Grecian as they had been when the Hellenic minstrels knew little beyond the Adriatic and the Ægean. The literature of Rome was a copy from that of Greece. When the classical studies revived amid the chivalrous manners and feudal institutions of Gothic Europe, the imitation of ancient poets struggled against the power of modern sentiments, with various event. in different times and countries, but everywhere in such a manner as to give somewhat of an artificial and exotic character to poetry. Jupiter and the Muses appeared in the poems of Christian nations. The feelings and principles of democracies were copied by the gentlemen of Teutonic monarchies or aristocracies. The sentiments of the poet in his verse were not those which actuated him in his conduct. The forms and rules of composition were borrowed from antiquity, instead of spontaneously arising from the manner of thinking of modern communities. In Italy, when letters first revived, the chivalrous principle was too near the period of its full vigor to be oppressed by his foreign learning. Ancient ornaments were borrowed; but the romantic form was prevalent; and where the forms were classical, the spirit continued to be romantic. The structure of Tasso's poem was that of the Grecian epic; but his heroes were Christian knights. French poetry, having been somewhat unaccountably late in its rise, and slow in its progress, reached its most brilliant period when all Europe had considerably lost its ancient characteristic principles, and was fully imbued with classical ideas. Hence it acquired faultless elegance; hence also it became less natural,—more timid and more imitative,—more like a feeble translation of Roman poetry. The first age of English poetry, in the reign of Elizabeth, displayed a combination, fantastic enough, of chivalrous fancy and feeling with classical pedantry; but, upon the whole, its native genius was unsubdued. The poems of that age, with all their faults, and partly perhaps from their faults, are the most national part of our poetry, as they undoubtedly contain its highest beauties. From the accession of James, to the Civil War, the glory of Shakespeare turned the whole national genius to the drama; and, after the restoration, a new and classical school arose, under whom our old and peculiar literature was abandoned, and

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almost forgotten. But all imported tastes in literature must be in some measure superficial. The poetry which once grew in the bosoms of a people is always capable of being revived by a skilful hand. When the brilliant and poignant lines of Pope began to pall on the public ear, it was natural that we should revert to the cultivation of our indigenous poetry.

“Nor was this the sole, or perhaps the chief agent which was working a poetical change. As the condition and character of the former age had produced an argumentative, didactic, sententious, prudential and satirical poetry, so the approaches to a new order (or rather at first disorder) in political society were attended by correspondent movements in the poetical world. Bolder speculations began to prevail. A combination of the science and art of the tranquil period with the hardy enterprises of that which succeeded gave rise to scientific poems, in which a bold attempt was made, by the mere force of diction, to give a political interest and elevation to the coldest parts of knowledge, and to those arts which have been hitherto considered as the meanest. Having been forced above their natural place by the wonder at first elicited, they have not yet recovered from the subsequent depression. Nor will a similar attempt be successful, without a more temperate use of power over style, till the diffusion of physical knowledge renders it familiar to the popular imagination, and till the prodigies worked by the mechanical arts shall have bestowed on them a character of grandeur.

“As the agitation of men’s minds approached the period of an explosion, its effects on literature become more visible. The desire of strong emotion succeeded to the solicitude to avoid disgust. Fictions, both dramatic and narrative, were formed according to the school of Rousseau and Goethe. The mixture of comic and tragic pictures once more displayed itself, as in the ancient and national drama. The sublime and energetic feelings of devotion began to be more frequently associated with poetry. The tendency of political speculation concurred in directing the mind of the poet to the intense and undisguised passions of the uneducated, which fastidious politeness had excluded from the subjects of poetical imitation. The history of nations unlike ourselves, the fantastic mythology and ferocious superstition of distant times and countries, or the legends of our own antique faith, and the romances of our fabulous and heroic

ages, became themes of poetry. Traces of a higher order of feeling appeared in the contemplations in which the poet indulged, and in the events and scenes which he delighted to describe. The fire with which a chivalrous tale was told made the reader inattentive to negligences in the story or the style. Poetry became more devout, more contemplative, more mystical, more visionary, — more alien from the taste of those whose poetry is only a polished prosaic verse, more full of antique superstition, and more prone to daring innovation. — painting both coarser realities and purer imaginations than she had before hazarded, — sometimes buried in the profound quiet required by the dreams of fancy, sometimes turbulent and martial, — seeking ‘fierce wars and faithful loves’ in those times long past, when the frequency of the most dreadful dangers produced heroic energy and the ardor of faithful affection.

“Even the direction given to the traveller by the accidents of war has not been without its influence. Greece, the mother of freedom and of poetry in the West, which had long employed only the antiquary, the artist and the philologist, was at length destined, after an interval of many silent and inglorious ages, to awaken the genius of a poet. Full of enthusiasm for those perfect forms of heroism and liberty which his imagination had placed in the recesses of antiquity, he gave vent to his impatience of the imperfections of living men and real institutions in an original strain of sublime satire, which clothes moral anger in imagery of an almost horrible grandeur; and which, though it cannot coincide with the estimate of reason, yet could only flow from that worship of perfection which is the soul of all true poetry.

“The tendency of poetry to become national was in more than one case remarkable. While the Scottish middle age inspired the most popular poet, perhaps, of the eighteenth century, the national genius of Ireland at length found a poetical representative, whose exquisite ear, and flexible fancy, wantoned in all the varieties of poetical luxury, from the levities to the fondness of love, from polished pleasantry to ardent passion, and from the social joys of private life to a tender and mournful patriotism, taught by the melancholy fortunes of an illustrious country, — with a range adapted to every nerve in the composition of a people susceptible of all feelings which have the

color of generosity, and more exempt, probably, than any other from degrading and unpoetical vices.

“The failure of innumerable adventurers is inevitable, in literary, as well as in political, revolutions. The inventor seldom perfects his invention. The uncouthness of the novelty, the clumsiness with which it is managed by an unpractised hand, and the dogmatical contempt of criticism natural to the pride and enthusiasm of the innovator, combine to expose him to ridicule, and generally terminate in his being admired (though warmly) by a few of his contemporaries, remembered only occasionally in after times, and supplanted in general estimation by more cautious and skilful imitators. With the very reverse of unfriendly feelings, we observe that erroneous theories respecting poetical diction, — exclusive and proscriptive notions in criticism, which, in adding new provinces to poetry, would deprive her of ancient dominions and lawful instruments of rule, — and a neglect of that extreme regard to general sympathy, and even accidental prejudice, which is necessary to guard poetical novelties against their natural enemy, the satirist, — have powerfully counteracted an attempt, equally moral and philosophical, made by a writer of undisputed poetical genius, to enlarge the territories of art, by unfolding the poetical interest which lies latent in the common acts of the humblest men, and in the most ordinary modes of feeling, as well as in the most familiar scenes of nature.

“The various opinions which may naturally be formed of the merit of individual writers form no necessary part of our consideration. We consider the present as one of the most flourishing periods of English poetry; but those who condemn all contemporary poets need not on that account dissent from our speculations. It is sufficient to have proved the reality, and in part perhaps to have explained the origin, of a literary revolution. At no time does the success of writers bear so uncertain a proportion to their genius, as when the rules of judging and the habits of feeling are unsettled.

“It is not uninteresting, even as a matter of speculation, to observe the fortune of a poem which, like *The Pleasures of Memory*, appeared at the commencement of this literary revolution, without paying court to the revolutionary tastes, or seeking distinction by resistance to them. It borrowed no aid either from prejudice or innovation. It neither copied the fashion of the age which was passing away, nor

ffered any homage to the rising novelties. It resembles, only in measure, the poems of the eighteenth century, which were written in heroic rhyme. Neither the brilliant sententiousness of Pope, nor the frequent languor and negligence perhaps inseparable from the exquisite nature of Goldsmith, could be traced in a poem from which taste and labor equally banished mannerism and inequality. It was patronized by no sect or faction. It was neither imposed on the public by any literary cabal, nor forced into notice by the noisy anger of conspicuous enemies. Yet, destitute as it was of every foreign help, it acquired a popularity originally very great; and which has not only continued amidst extraordinary fluctuation of general taste, but has increased amid a succession of formidable competitors. No production, so popular, was probably ever so little censured by criticism; and thus is combined the applause of contemporaries with the suffrage of the representatives of posterity.

"It is needless to make extracts from a poem which is familiar to every reader. In selection, indeed, no two readers would probably agree; but the description of the Gypsies, of the Boy quitting his Father's house, and of the Savoyard recalling the mountainous scenery of his country, and the descriptive commencement of the tale in Cumberland, have remained most deeply impressed on our minds. We should be disposed to quote the following verses, as not surpassed, in pure and chaste elegance, by any English lines:

'When Joy's bright sun has shed his evening ray,
And Hope's delusive meteors cease to play;
When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close,
Still through the gloom thy star serenely glows
Like yon fair orb she gilds the brow of Night
With the mild magic of reflected light.'

"The conclusion of the fine passage on the Veterans at Greenwich and Chelsea has a pensive dignity which beautifully corresponds with the scene:

'Long have ye known Reflection's genial ray
Gild the calm close of Valor's various day.'

“And we cannot resist the pleasure of quoting the moral, tender and elegant lines which close the poem :

‘Lighter than air, Hope’s summer-visions fly,
 If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky ;
 If but a beam of sober Reason play,
 Lo ! Fancy’s fairy frost-work melts away !
 But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
 Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour ?
 These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
 Pour round her path a stream of living light ;
 And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
 Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest !’

“The descriptive passages require, indeed, a closer inspection, and a more exercised eye, than those of some celebrated contemporaries who sacrifice elegance to effect, and whose figures stand out, in bold relief, from the general roughness of their more unfinished compositions ; and in the moral parts there is often discoverable a Virgilian art, which suggests, rather than displays, the various and contrasted scenes of human life, and adds to the power of language by a certain air of reflection and modesty, in the preference of measured terms to those of more apparent energy.

“In the View from the House, the scene is neither delightful from very superior beauty, nor striking by singularity, nor powerful from reminding us of terrible passions or memorable deeds. It consists of the more ordinary of the beautiful features of nature, neither exaggerated nor represented with curious minuteness, but exhibited with picturesque elegance, in connection with those tranquil emotions which they call up in the calm order of a virtuous mind, in every condition of society and of life. The verses on the Torso are in a more severe style. The Fragment of a divine artist, which awakened the genius of Michael Angelo, seems to disdain ornament. It would be difficult to name two small poems, by the same writer, in which he has attained such high degrees of kinds of excellence so dissimilar, as are seen in the Sick Chamber and the Butterfly. The first has a truth of detail, which, considered merely as painting, is admirable ; but assumes a higher character, when it is felt to be that minute remembrance with which affection recollects every circum-

stance that could have affected a beloved sufferer. Though the morality which concludes the second be in itself very beautiful, it may be doubted whether the verses would not have left a more unmixed delight, if the address had remained as a mere sport of fancy, without the seriousness of an object, or an application. The verses written in Westminster Abbey are surrounded by dangerous recollections; they aspire to commemorate Fox, and to copy some of the grandest thoughts in the most sublime work of Bossuet. Nothing can satisfy the expectation awakened by such names; yet we are assured that there are some of them which would be envied by the best writers of this age. The scenery of Loch Long is among the grandest in Scotland; and the description of it shows the power of feeling and painting. In this island the taste for nature has grown with the progress of refinement. It is most alive in those who are most brilliantly distinguished in social and active life. It elevates the mind above the meanness which it might contract in the rivalry for praise; and preserves those habits of reflection and sensibility, which receive so many rude shocks in the coarse contests of the world. Not many summer hours can be passed in the most mountainous solitudes of Scotland, without meeting some who are worthy to be remembered with the sublime objects of nature which they had travelled so far to admire.

“The most conspicuous of the novelties of this volume is the poem, or poems, entitled ‘Fragments of the Voyage of Columbus.’ The subject of this poem is, politically or philosophically considered, among the most important in the annals of mankind. The introduction of Christianity (humanly viewed), the irruption of the northern barbarians, the contest between the Christian and Mussulman nations in Syria, the two inventions of gunpowder and printing, the emancipation of the human understanding by the Reformation, the discovery of America, and of a maritime passage to Asia, in the last ten years of the fifteenth century, are the events which have produced the greatest and most durable effects since the establishment of civilization, and the consequent commencement of authentic history. But the poetical capabilities of an event bear no proportion to historical importance. None of the consequences that do not strike the senses or the fancy can interest the poet. The greatest of the transactions above enumerated is obviously incapable of entering into

poetry. The Crusades were not without permanent effects on the state of men ; but their poetical interest does not arise from these effects, and it immeasurably surpasses them.

“ Whether the voyage of Columbus be destined to be forever incapable of becoming the subject of an epic poem, is a question which we have scarcely the means of answering. The success of great writers has often so little corresponded with the promise of their subject, that we might be almost tempted to think the choice of a subject indifferent. The story of Hamlet, or of *Paradise Lost*, would beforehand have been pronounced to be unmanageable. Perhaps the genius of Shakspeare and of Milton has rather compensated for the incorrigible defects of ungrateful subjects, than conquered them. The course of ages may produce the poetical genius, the historical materials and the national feelings, for an American epic poem. There is yet but one state in America, and that state is hardly become a nation. At some future period, when every part of the continent has been the scene of memorable events, when the discovery and conquest have receded into that legendary dimness which allows fancy to mould them at her pleasure, the early history of America may afford scope for the genius of a thousand national poets ; and while some may soften the cruelty which darkens the daring energy of Cortez and Pizarro, — while others may, in perhaps new forms of poetry, ennoble the pacific conquests of Penn, — and while the genius, the exploits, and the fate of Raleigh, may render his establishments probably the most alluring of American subjects, every inhabitant of the New World will turn his eyes with filial reverence towards Columbus, and regard with equal enthusiasm the voyage which laid the foundation of so many states, and peopled a continent with civilized men. Most epic subjects, but especially such a subject as Columbus, require either the fire of an actor in the scene, or the religious reverence of a very distant posterity. Homer, as well as *Erçilla* and Camoens, show what may be done by an epic poet who himself feels the passions of his heroes. It must not be denied that Virgil has borrowed a color of refinement from the court of Augustus, in painting the age of Priam and of Dido. Evander is a solitary and exquisite model of primitive manners divested of grossness, without losing their simplicity. But to an European poet, in this age of the world, the Voyage of Columbus is too naked, and too exactly defined by his

tory. It has no variety, — scarcely any succession of events. It consists of one scene, during which two or three simple passions continue in a state of the highest excitement. It is a voyage with intense anxiety in every bosom, controlled by magnanimous fortitude in the leader, and producing among his followers a fear, — sometimes submissive, sometimes mutinous, always ignoble. It admits of no variety of character, no unexpected revolutions. And even the issue, though of unspeakable importance, and admirably adapted to some kinds of poetry, is not an event of such outward dignity and splendor as ought naturally to close the active and brilliant course of an epic poem.

“It is natural that the Fragments should give a specimen of the marvellous, as well as of the other constituents of epic fiction. We may observe that it is neither the intention nor the tendency of poetical machinery to supersede secondary causes, to fetter the will, and to make human creatures appear as the mere instruments of destiny. It is introduced to satisfy that insatiable demand for a nature more exalted than that which we know by experience, which creates all poetry, and which is most active in its highest species, and in its most perfect productions. It is not to account for thoughts and feelings that superhuman agents are brought down upon earth; it is rather for the contrary purpose, of lifting them into a mysterious dignity beyond the cognizance of reason. There is a material difference between the acts which superior beings perform and the sentiments which they inspire. It is true, that when a god fights against men, there can be no uncertainty or anxiety, and consequently no interest about the event, — unless, indeed, in the rude theology of Homer, where Minerva may animate the Greeks, while Mars excites the Trojans; but it is quite otherwise with these divine persons inspiring passion, or represented as agents in the great phenomena of nature. Venus and Mars inspire love or valor; they give a noble origin and a dignified character to these sentiments; but the sentiments themselves act according to the laws of our nature; and their celestial source has no tendency to impair their power over human sympathy. No event, which has not too much modern vulgarity to be susceptible of alliance with poetry, can be incapable of being ennobled by that eminently poetical art which ascribes it either to the Supreme Will, or to the agency of beings who are greater than

human. The wisdom of Columbus is neither less venerable nor less his own because it is supposed to flow more directly than that of other wise men from the inspiration of heaven. The mutiny of his seamen is not less interesting or formidable because the poet traces it to the suggestion of those malignant spirits in whom the imagination, independent of all theological doctrines, is naturally prone to personify and embody the causes of evil.

“Unless, indeed, the marvellous be a part of the popular creed at the period of the action, the reader of a subsequent age will refuse to sympathize with it. His poetical faith is founded in sympathy with that of the poetical personages. Still more objectionable is a marvellous influence neither believed in by the reader nor by the hero : — like a great part of the machinery of the *Henriade* and the *Lusiad*, which, indeed, is not only absolutely ineffective, but rather disennobles heroic fiction, by association with light and frivolous ideas. Allegorical persons (if the expression may be allowed) are only in the way to become agents. The abstraction has received a faint outline of form ; but it has not yet acquired those individual marks and characteristic peculiarities which render it a really existing being. On the other hand, the more sublime parts of our own religion, and more especially those which are common to all religion, are too awful and too philosophical for poetical effect. If we except *Paradise Lost*, where all is supernatural, and where the ancestors of the human race are not strictly human beings, it must be owned that no successful attempt has been made to ally a human action with the sublimer principles of the Christian theology. Some opinions, which may, perhaps, without irreverence, be said to be rather appendages to the Christian system than essential parts of it, are in that sort of intermediate state which fits them for the purposes of poetry ; — sufficiently exalted to ennoble the human actions with which they are blended, but not so exactly defined, nor so deeply revered, as to be inconsistent with the liberty of imagination. The guardian angels, in the project of Dryden, had the inconvenience of having never taken any deep root in popular belief ; the agency of evil spirits was firmly believed in the age of Columbus. With the truth of facts poetry can have no concern ; but the truth of manners is necessary to its persons. If the minute investigations of the *Notes* to this poem had related to historical details, they would have been

insignificant; but they are intended to justify the human and the supernatural parts of it, by an appeal to the manners and to the opinions of the age.

"Perhaps there is no volume in our language of which it can be so truly said as of the present that it is equally exempt from the frailties of negligence and the vices of affectation. Exquisite polish of style is, indeed, more admired by the artist than by the people. The gentle and elegant pleasure which it imparts can only be felt by a calm reason, an exercised taste, and a mind free from turbulent passions. But these beauties of execution can exist only in combination with much of the primary beauties of thought and feeling; and poets of the first rank depend on them for no small part of the perpetuity of their fame. In poetry, though not in eloquence, it is less to rouse the passions of a moment than to satisfy the taste of all ages.

"In estimating the poetical rank of Mr. Rogers, it must not be forgotten that popularity never can arise from elegance alone. The vices of a poem may render it popular; and virtues of a faint character may be sufficient to preserve a languishing and cold reputation. But, to be both popular poets and classical writers is the rare lot of those few who are released from all solicitude about their literary fame. It often happens to successful writers that the lustre of their first productions throws a temporary cloud over some of those which follow. Of all literary misfortunes, this is the most easily endured, and the most speedily repaired. It is generally no more than a momentary illusion produced by disappointed admiration, which expected more from the talents of the admired writer than any talents could perform. Mr. Rogers has long passed that period of probation during which it may be excusable to feel some painful solicitude about the reception of every new work. Whatever may be the rank assigned hereafter to his writings, when compared with each other, the writer has most certainly taken his place among the classical poets of his country."

This was, no doubt, a very acceptable offset to a critique on the same poem which had found its way into the *Quarterly Review* for the month of March, in the same year. It was written by Mr. Ward, afterwards Lord Dudley, and was alluded to many years afterwards by the *Quarterly*, as a "masterpiece of damning by faint

praise." The review nettled the poet not a little, as we learn from a letter of Byron's, written in September :

"Rogers has returned to town, but not yet recovered of the *Quarterly*. What fellows these reviewers are! 'These boys do fear us all!' They made you fight, and me (the milkiest of men) a satirist, and will end by making Rogers madder than Ajax. I have been reading *Memory* again, the other day, and *Hope* together, and retain all my preference of the former. His elegance is really wonderful; there is no such thing as a vulgar line in the book. * * Rogers wants me to go with him on a crusade to the Lakes, and to besiege you on our way. This last is a great temptation, but I fear it will not be in my power, unless you would go on with one of us somewhere — no matter where.

"P. S. No letter — *n'importe*. Rogers thinks the *Quarterly* will be at me this time; if so, it shall be a war of extermination — *no quarter*. From the youngest devil down to the oldest woman of that review, all shall perish by one fatal lampoon. The ties of nature shall be torn asunder, for I will not even spare my bookseller; nay, if one were to include readers also, all the better."

We do not know if this review prompted a celebrated epigram upon its author by the offended poet, or if the epigram prompted the review. From an allusion to it in Medwin's *Conversations* with Lord Byron, we should imagine that the poet revenged himself by the satire; but as it is related in the *Quarterly Review* we infer that Rogers was the first offender. "Rogers is the only man," said his lordship to Captain Medwin, "who can write epigrams, and sharp bone-cutters, too, in two lines. For instance, that on an M. P. who had reviewed his book, and said he wrote very well for a banker :

'Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it;
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.'

The *Quarterly* says that Ward would sometimes quote this distich, admit the point, and return usually a Roland for an Oliver. But even Mr. Ward did not fail to recognize the position which the poet had already secured by *The Pleasures of Memory*. "The first poem in this collection," he says, "does not fall within the province of our criticism. It has been published many years, and has ac-

quired that sort of popularity which is, perhaps, more decisive than any other *single* test of merit. It has been generally admired, and, what is not always a certain consequence of being admired, it has been generally read. The circulation of it has not been confined to the highly-educated and critical part of the public, but it has received the applause which to works of the imagination is quite as flattering, — of that far more numerous class, who, without attempting to judge by accurate and philosophical rules, read poetry only for the pleasure it affords them, and praise because they are delighted. It is to be found in all libraries, and in most parlor windows." In another part of the review, the critic says, "Endowed with an ear naturally correct, and attuned by practice to the measures of his favorite masters, nice to the very verge of fastidiousness, accurate almost to minuteness, habitually attentive to the finer turns of expression and the more delicate shades of thought, Mr. Rogers was always harmonious, always graceful, and often pathetic. But his beauties are all beauties of execution and detail, arising from the charm of skilful versification, the '*curiosa felicitas*' of expression, culled with infinite care and selection, and applied with no vulgar judgment, and with the refined tenderness of a polished and feeling mind."

We must now cite a few sentences in a different vein, to show how far the *Quarterly* was right in its estimate of this critique, and to what extent it might well have annoyed the poet. "We have always been desirous," says the reviewer, after alluding to the poet's early productions, "to see something more from the hand of an author whose first appearance was so auspicious. But year after year rolled on, and we began to fear that indolence, the occupations of a busy life, or the dread of detracting from a reputation already so high, would forever prevent our wishes from being gratified. We were, therefore, both *pleased and surprised* when, upon accidentally taking up the last edition of Mr. Rogers' poem, we found that it was *enriched, not only with several very elegant wooden cuts*, but with an entirely new performance in eleven cantos, called '*Fragments of a Poem on the Voyage of Columbus.*'"

After a minute analysis of the poem, the critic thus sums up its merits and faults: "Still, however, and with all its defects both of subject and of execution, the poem is by no means undeserving

attention. Mr. Rogers has not been able to depart from his former manner, that which use had made natural to him, so much as he, perhaps, intended. He is often himself, in spite of himself. Habit, good taste and an exquisite ear, are constantly bringing him back to the right path, even when he had set out with a resolution to wander from it. Hence, though the poem will not bear to be looked at as a whole, and though there runs through it an affectation of beauties which it is not in the author's power to produce, yet it contains passages of such merit as would amply repay the trouble of reading a much larger and more faulty work. It will be the more pleasing part of our task to select a few of them, with an assurance to our readers that they are not the only ones, and with a strong recommendation to read the whole, — a recommendation with which they will very easily comply, as the poem does not exceed seven or eight hundred lines."

In this connection the following contemporaneous memoranda of Lord Byron's, touching the poet and his critic, will be read with interest :

"Nov. 22, 1813. — Rogers is silent ; and, it is said, severe. When he does talk, he talks well ; and, on all subjects of taste, his delicacy of expression is pure as his poetry. If you enter his house, his drawing-room, his library, you of yourself say, this is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor. But this very delicacy must be the misery of his existence. O, the jarrings his disposition must have encountered through life !

"Nov. 23. — Ward. I like Ward. By Mahomet ! I begin to think I like everybody, — a disposition not to be encouraged ; a sort of social gluttony that swallows everything set before it. But I like Ward. He is *piquant* ; and, in my opinion, will stand *very* high in the house, and everywhere else, if he applies *regularly*. By the by, I dine with him to-morrow, which may have some influence on my opinion. It is as well not to trust one's gratitude *after* dinner. I have heard many a host libelled by his guests, with his Burgundy yet reeking on their rascally lips."

In 1814 the poem of Jacqueline appeared, in the same volume with the Lara of Lord Byron.

"Rogers and I," wrote his lordship to Moore, in July, 1814, "have almost coalesced into a joint invasion of the public. Whether it will take place or not, I do not yet know; and I am afraid Jacqueline (which is very beautiful) will be in bad company. But in this case the lady will not be the sufferer." To the author he had written a few days previously: "You could not have made me a more acceptable present than Jacqueline; she is all grace, and softness, and poetry; there is so much of the last that we do not feel the want of story, which is simple, yet *enough*. I wonder that you do not oftener unbend to more of the same kind. I have some sympathy with the *softer* affections, though very little in *my* way; and no one can depict them so truly and successfully as yourself. I have half a mind to pay you in kind, or rather *un-kind*, for I have just 'supped full of horror' in two cantos of darkness and dismay." In August he wrote to Moore, "Rogers I have not seen, but Larry and Jacky came out a few days ago. Of their effect I know nothing." He adds in the same letter, "Murray talks of divorcing Larry and Jacky,—a bad sign for the authors, who, I suppose, will be divorced too, and throw the blame upon one another. Seriously, I don't care a cigar about it, and I don't see why Sam should."

"I believe I told you of Larry and Jacky," he again wrote to Moore. "A friend of mine was reading—at least a friend of his was reading—said Larry and Jacky, in a Brighton coach. A passenger took up the book, and queried as to the author. The proprietor said 'there were *two*,' to which the answer of the unknown was 'Ay, ay, a joint concern, I suppose; *summat* like Sternhold and Hopkins.' Is not this excellent? I would not have missed the 'vile comparison' to have 'scaped being one of the 'arcades ambo, et cantare pares.'"

Byron seems to have lived on terms of the most cordial intimacy with Rogers, who is one of the few persons of whom he always spoke with kindness and respect. The full-length portrait of his lordship, by Sanders, was presented to him. "You are one of the few persons," Byron wrote to him in March, 1816, "with whom I have lived in what is called intimacy." "It is a considerable time," Byron wrote in the year following, "since I wrote to you last, and I hardly know why I should trouble you now, except that I think you will not be sorry to hear from me now and then. You and I were never

correspondents, but always something better, which is very good friends."

His diaries and letters frequently refer to their social meetings. "On Tuesday last," he writes under date of March 6, 1814. "I dined with Rogers,—Madame de Staël, Mackintosh, Sheridan, Erskine and Payne Knight, Lady Donegal and Miss R., there. Sheridan told a very good story of himself and Madame de Recamier's handkerchief; Erskine a few stories of himself only. * * * The party went off very well, and the fish was very much to my gusto. But we got up too soon after the women; and Mrs. Corinne always lingers so long after dinner, that we wish her in — the drawing-room." The next week he makes another entry. "On Tuesday dined with Rogers, Mackintosh, Sheridan, Sharpe,—much talk and good, all except my own little prattlement. Much of old times, Horne Tooke, the Trials, evidence of Sheridan, and anecdotes of those times, when *I*, alas! was an infant."

Of the nature of the relations between his lordship, Rogers, and their common friend Moore, the last mentioned gives us a vivid impression in his account of an evening in St. James'-street. We quote from Moore's *Life of Byron* :

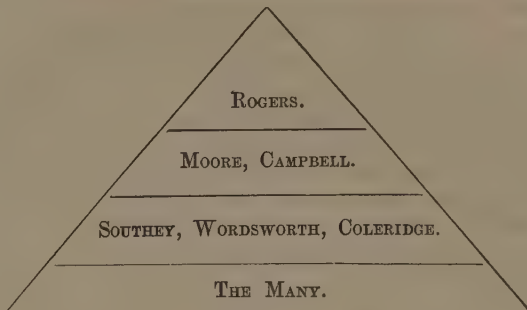
"Among the many gay hours we passed together this spring (1813), I remember particularly the wild flow of his spirits one evening, when we had accompanied Mr. Rogers home from some early assembly, and when Lord Byron, who, according to his frequent custom, had not dined for the last two days, found his hunger no longer governable, and called aloud for 'something to eat.' Our repast, of his own choosing, was simple bread and cheese; and seldom have I partaken of so joyous a supper. It happened that our host had just received a presentation copy of a volume of poems, written professedly in imitation of the old English writers, and containing, like many of these models, a good deal that was striking and beautiful, mixed up with much that was trifling, fantastic and absurd. In our mood at the moment, it was only with these latter qualities that either Lord Byron or I felt disposed to indulge ourselves; and, in turning over the pages, we found, it must be owned, abundant matter for mirth. In vain did Mr. Rogers, in justice to the author, endeavor to direct our attention to some of the beauties of the work. It suited better our purpose (as is too often the case

with more deliberate critics), to pounce only on such passages as ministered to the laughing humor that possessed us. In this sort of hunt through the volume, we at length lighted on the discovery that our host, in addition to his sincere approbation of some of its contents, had also the motive of gratitude for standing by its author, as one of the poems was a warm, and, I need not add, well-deserved panegyric on himself. We were, however, too far gone in nonsense, for even this eulogy, in which we both heartily agreed, to stop us. The opening line of the poem was, as well as I can recollect, ‘When Rogers o’er this labor bent.’ And Lord Byron undertook to read it aloud; but he found it impossible to get beyond the first two words. Our laughter had now increased to such a pitch that nothing could restrain it. Two or three times he began; but no sooner had the words ‘When Rogers’ passed his lips, than our fit burst forth afresh, till even Mr. Rogers himself, with all his feeling of our injustice, found it impossible not to join us; and we were, at last, all three in such a state of inextinguishable laughter, that, had the author himself been of the party, I question much whether he could have resisted the infection.”

Byron always entertained and expressed an elevated opinion of Rogers as a man of taste and genius. In one of his letters to Moore he says, “I wrote to Rogers the other day, with a message to you. I hope that he flourishes. He is the Tithonus of poetry, — immortal already. You and I must wait for it.” Again he says, “Will you remember me to Rogers? — whom I presume to be flourishing, and whom I regard as our poetical papa. You are his lawful son, and I his illegitimate.” So in his journal, under date of November 24, 1813, Byron writes:

“I have not answered W. Scott’s last letter, but I will. I regret to hear from others that he has lately been unfortunate in pecuniary involvements. He is, undoubtedly, the Monarch of Parnassus, and the most *English* of bards. I should place Rogers next in the living list (I value him more as the last of the *best* school); Moore and Campbell, both third; Southey and Wordsworth and Coleridge; the rest, *οἱ πολλοὶ* — thus:

W. SCOTT.



Rogers seems to have cultivated the kindest personal relations with most of his distinguished poetical contemporaries. He was on the most friendly terms with Campbell, who speaks with cordial warmth of the generosity and kindliness of his nature, and his constant search for opportunities of manifesting his benevolence of disposition. With Crabbe, also, he was intimate. This "sternest painter" of nature was introduced to the family of Landsdowne by Bowles, the friend of his latter days; and here he became the acquaintance and friend of Rogers, who invited him to pay a summer visit to London. "He accepted this invitation, and, taking lodgings near his new friend's residence, in St. James' Place, was cordially welcomed by the circle distinguished in politics, fashion, science, art and literature, of which Mr. R. was himself the brightest ornament." The following memoranda from Crabbe's diary show how largely he was indebted to the attentions of Rogers for the enjoyment of his London visit:

"June 24, 1817. — Mr. Rogers, his brother and family. Mr. and Mrs. Moore, very agreeable and pleasant people. Foscolo, the Italian gentleman. Dante, &c. Play, Kemble in *Coriolanus*.

"20th. — Mr. Rogers, and the usual company, at breakfast. Lady Holland comes and takes me to Holland House. * * Meet Mr. Campbell. Mr. Moore with us. Mr. Rogers joins us in the course of the day.

"27th. — Breakfast with Mr. Brougham and Lady Holland. Lord

Holland to speak at Kemble's retiring, at the meeting at Freemason's Tavern, to-morrow. Difficulty of procuring me an admission ticket, as all are distributed. Trial made by somebody, I knew not who,—failed. This represented to Lady Holland, who makes no reply: Morning, interview with Mr. Brougham. Mr. Campbell's letter. He invites us to Sydenham. I refer it to Mr. Rogers and Mr. Moore. Return to town. The porter delivers to me a paper containing the admission ticket, procured by Lady Holland's means; whether request or command, I know not. Call on Mr. Rogers. We go to the Freemason's Tavern. The room filled. We find a place about half-way down the common seats, but not where the managers dine, above the steps. By us, Mr. Smith, one of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*. Known, but no introduction. Mr. Perry, editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, and Mr. Campbell, find us, and we are invited into the committee room. Kemble, Perry, Lord Erskine, Mr. Moore, Lord Holland, Lord Ossory, whom I saw at Holland House. Dinner announced. Music. Lord Erskine sits between me and a young man whom I find to be a son of Boswell. Lord Holland's speech after dinner. The ode recited. Campbell's speech. Kemble's—*Talma's*. We leave the company, and go to Vauxhall to meet Miss Rogers and her party. Stay late.

"28th.—Go to St. James' Place. Lord Byron's new works, *Manfred* and *Tasso's Lament*. * *

"29th.—Breakfast at the coffee-house in Pall Mall, and go to Mr. Rogers and family. Agree to dine, and then join their party after dinner.

"30th.—First hour at Mr. Murray's. A much younger and more lively man than I had imagined. A handsome drawing-room, where he receives his friends, usually from two to five o'clock. Pictures by Phillips of Lord Byron, Mr. Scott, Mr. Southey, Mr. Campbell, Rogers (yet unfinished), Moore, by Lawrence (his last picture). Mr. Murray wishes me to sit. Advise with Mr. Rogers. He recommends.

"July 1st.—I foresee a long train of engagements. Dine with Mr. Rogers. Company: Kemble, Lord Erskine, Lord Ossory, Sir George Beaumont, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Moore. Miss R. retires early, and is not seen any more at home. Meet her at the gallery in Pall Mall, with Mr. Westall.

"2d. — Duke of Rutland. List of pictures burned at Belvoir Castle. Dine at Sydenham with Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. Moore and Mr. Rogers. Poet's Club.

"4th. — Morning view, and walk with Mr. Heber and Mr. Stanhope. Afterwards, Mr. Rogers, Lady S., Lady H. A good picture, if I dare draw it accurately; to place in lower life would lose the peculiarities which depend upon their station; yet, in any station. Return with Mr. Rogers. Dine at Landsdowne House. Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. Grenville, elder brother to Lord Grenville. * *

"6th. — Call at Mr. Rogers', and go to Lady Spencer. Go with Mr. Rogers to dine at Highbury with his brother and family. Miss Rogers the same at Highbury as in town. * * Mr. Rogers says I must dine with him to-morrow, and that I consented when I was at Sydenham; and now certainly they expect me at Hampstead, though I have made no promise.

"7th. — Dinner at Mr. Rogers', with Mr. Moore and Mr. Campbell, Lord Strangford and Mr. Spencer.

"14th. — Go to Mr. Rogers', and take a farewell visit to Highbury. Miss Rogers. Promise to go when ——. Return early. Dine there, and purpose to see Mr. Moore and Mr. Rogers in the morning when they set out for Calais.

"15th. — Was too late this morning. Messrs. Rogers and Moore were gone. Go to church at St. James'. The sermon good; but the preacher thought proper to apologize for a severity which he had not used. Write some lines in the solitude of Somerset House, not fifty yards from the Thames on one side, and the Strand on the other; but as quiet as the sands of Arabia. I am not quite in good humor with this day; but, happily, I cannot say why."

The dinner at Sydenham, alluded to under the date of July 2d, made a lasting impression on more than one of the party; and Moore has immortalized it in one of his most graceful and exquisite poems, the Verses to the Poet Crabbe's Inkstand. We transcribe the stanzas in which the poet describes the subject of this sketch:

"How freshly doth my mind recall,
'Mong the few days I've known with thee,
One that most buoyantly of all
Floats in the wake of memory!

“ When he, the poet, doubly graced
 In life, as in his perfect strain,
 With that pure, mellowing power of Taste,
 Without which Fancy shines in vain ;

“ Who in his page will leave behind,
 Pregnant with genius though it be,
 But half the treasures of a mind,
 Where Sense o’er all holds mastery :

“ Friend of long years ! of friendship tried
 Through many a bright and dark event ;
 In doubts, my judge ; in taste, my guide ;
 In all, my stay and ornament !

“ He, too, was of our feast that day,
 And all were guests of one whose hand
 Hath shed a new and deathless ray
 Around the lyre of this great land ;

“ In whose sea-odes — as in those shells
 Where Ocean’s voice of majesty
 Seems still to sound — immortal dwells
 Old Albion’s Spirit of the Sea.”

In 1819 Rogers appeared again before the world of letters, with the poem entitled *Human Life*, which found a friendly critic in the accomplished editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. From his beautiful article we copy the following extracts :

“ These are very sweet verses. They do not, indeed, stir the spirit like the strong lines of Byron, nor make our hearts dance within us, like the inspiring strains of Scott ; but they come over us with a bewitching softness that, in certain moods, is still more delightful, and soothe the troubled spirits with a refreshing sense of truth, purity, and elegance. They are pensive rather than passionate ; and more full of wisdom and tenderness than of high flights of fancy, or overwhelming bursts of emotion ; while they are moulded into grace at least as much by the effect of the moral beauties they disclose, as by the taste and judgment with which they are constructed.

“ The theme is *HUMAN LIFE* ! — not only ‘ the subject of all verse,’ but the great centre and source of all interest in the works of human beings, to which both verse and prose invariably bring us back.

when they succeed in riveting our attention, or rousing our emotions, and which turns everything into poetry to which its sensibilities can be ascribed, or by which its vicissitudes can be suggested ! Yet it is not by any means to that which, in ordinary language, is termed the poetry or the romance of human life, that the present work is directed. The life which it endeavors to set before us is not life diversified with strange adventures, embodied in extraordinary characters, or agitated with turbulent passions ; not the life of war-like paladins, or desperate lovers ; or sublime ruffians, or piping shepherds, or sentimental savages, or bloody bigots, or preaching pedlers, or conquerors, poets, or any other species of madmen ; but the ordinary, practical, and amiable life of social, intelligent and affectionate men in the upper ranks of society, — such, in short, as multitudes may be seen living every day in this country ; for the picture is entirely English, and though not perhaps in the choice of every one, yet open to the judgment, and familiar to the sympathies, of all. It contains, of course, no story, and no individual characters. It is properly and peculiarly contemplative, and consists in a series of reflections on our mysterious nature and condition upon earth, and on the marvellous though unnoticed changes which the ordinary course of our existence is continually bringing about in our being. Its marking peculiarity in this respect is, that it is free from the least alloy of acrimony or harsh judgment, and deals not at all, indeed, in any species of satirical or sarcastic remark. The poet looks here on man, and teaches us to look on him, not merely with love, but with reverence ; and, mingling a sort of considerate pity for the shortness of his busy little career, and the disappointments and weaknesses by which it is beset, with a genuine admiration of the great capacities he unfolds, and the high destiny to which he seems to be reserved, works out a very beautiful and engaging picture, both of the affections by which life is endeared, the trials to which it is exposed, and the pure and peaceful enjoyments with which it may often be filled.

“ This, after all, we believe, is the tone of true wisdom and true virtue ; and that to which all good natures draw nearer, as they approach the close of life, and come to act less, and to know and to meditate more, on the varying and crowded scene of human existence. When the inordinate hopes of early youth, which provoke

their own disappointment, have been sobered down by longer experience and more extended views ; when the keen contentions, and eager rivalries, which employed our riper age, have expired or been abandoned ; when we have seen, year after year, the objects of our fiercest hostility, and of our fondest affections, lie down together in the hallowed peace of the grave ; when ordinary pleasures and amusements begin to be insipid, and the gay derision which seasoned them to appear flat and importunate ; when we reflect how often we have mourned and been comforted ; what opposite opinions we have successively maintained and abandoned ; to what inconsistent habits we have gradually been formed, and how frequently the objects of our pride have proved the sources of our shame,— we are naturally led to recur to the careless days of our childhood, and, from that distant starting place, to retrace the whole of our career, and that of our contemporaries, with feelings of far greater humility and indulgence than those by which it had been actually accompanied ; — to think all vain but affection and honor, the simplest and cheapest pleasures the truest and most precious, and generosity of sentiment the only mental superiority which ought either to be wished for or admired.

“ We are aware that we have said ‘ something too much of this ; ’ and that our readers would probably have been more edified, as well as more delighted, by Mr. Rogers’ text, than with our preachment upon it. But we were anxious to convey to them our sense of the spirit in which this poem is written ; — and conceive, indeed, that what we have now said falls more strictly within the line of our critical duty than our general remarks can always be said to do ; because the true character and poetical effect of the work seems, in this instance, to depend much more on its moral expression than on any of its merely literary qualities.

“ The author, perhaps, may not think it any compliment to be thus told that his verses are likely to be greater favorites with the old than with the young ; — and yet it is no small compliment, we think, to say that they are likely to be more favorites with his readers every year they live. And it is, at all events, true, whether it be a compliment or not, that as readers of all ages, if they are any way worth pleasing, have little glimpses and occasional visitations of those truths which longer experience only renders more familiar, so no works ever sink so deep into amiable minds, or recur so often to their

remembrance, as those which embody simple, and solemn, and reconciling truths, in emphatic and elegant language, and anticipate, as it were, and bring out with effect, those salutary lessons which it seems to be the great end of our life to inculcate. The pictures of violent passion and terrible emotion, the breathing characters, the splendid imagery and bewitching fancy, of Shakspeare himself, are less frequently recalled, than those great moral aphorisms in which he has so often

Told us the fashion of our own estate,
The secrets of our bosoms ;

and, in spite of all that may be said, by grave persons, of the frivolousness of poetry, and of its admirers, we are persuaded that the most memorable and the most generally admired of all its productions are those which are chiefly recommended by their deep practised wisdom, and their coincidence with those salutary imitations with which nature herself seems to furnish us from the passing scenes of our existence.

“The literary character of the work is akin to its moral character ; and the diction is as soft, elegant and simple, as the sentiments are generous and true. The whole piece, indeed, is throughout in admirable keeping ; and its beauties, though of a delicate, rather than an obtrusive character, set off each other, to an attentive observer, by the skill with which they are harmonized, and the sweetness with which they slide into each other. The outline, perhaps, is often rather timidly drawn, and there is an occasional want of force and brilliancy in the coloring ; which we are rather inclined to ascribe to the refined and somewhat fastidious taste of the artist, than to any defect of skill or of power. We have none of the broad and blazing tints of Scott, nor the startling contrasts of Byron, nor the anxious and endlessly repeated touch of Southey, but something which comes much nearer to the soft and tender manner of Campbell ; with still more reserve and caution, perhaps, and more frequent sacrifices of strong and popular effect to an abhorrence of glaring beauties, and a disdain of vulgar resources.”

Soon after this appearance as a poet, we find him acting in a character which he seems almost as much to have affected, — that of a peace-maker. Among the men of letters whom Dr. Parr visited in

London, we are told by one of his biographers that he "always mentioned with marked distinction Samuel Rogers, whom he admired as a poet, and greatly esteemed as a friend." A clause in his will is in the following words: "I give a ring in token of high regard to Samuel Rogers, author of the justly celebrated poem, *The Pleasures of Memory*." Rogers had been the medium of reconciling the doctor to Sir James Mackintosh, with whom he had differed, and whom he first met, after a long coldness, at the hospitable board of the poet. The biographer of Mackintosh, after alluding to this difference, says, "It may be interesting to mention that the occasion on which the intimacy was renewed was offered by an acceptance of the following invitation from one whose 'Memory' is prodigal in such 'Pleasures.'

'He best can paint them who can feel them most.'"

"DEAR MACKINTOSH: Dr. Parr dines with me on Thursday, the 3d of August, and he wishes to meet some of his old friends under my roof, as it may be for the last time. He has named Wishaw, and Sharp, and Lord Holland; and he says, 'I want to shake hands with Jemmy Mackintosh before I die.'

"May I ask you to be of the party? That you can forgive, I know full well. That you will forgive in this instance — much as you have to forgive — I hope fervently.

"Some of the pleasantest moments of my life have been spent in the humble office I am now venturing to take upon myself, and I am sure you will not take it amiss, if, on this occasion, I wish to add to the number.

"Yours, very truly,

"SAMUEL ROGERS.

"July 23d, 1820."

Moore mentions in his diary, that in 1824 he passed an evening in looking over Rogers' Common Place Book with him, where he found highly curious records of his conversations with eminent men, particularly Fox, Grattan and the Duke of Wellington. A diary of Rogers, with his opportunities, and his admirable faculty of compression in his prose style, could hardly fail to be the most entertaining literary history that ever appeared. He has been more familiar with a large number of distinguished persons, for a longer period, than any other man of letters whom we now remember. There is hardly a person distinguished in English history for the last sixty or seventy years, whose name is not in some way connected with that of the

venerable poet, — if not otherwise, at least as the partaker of his liberal and elegant hospitality. His social sphere has always been a very large one. It included whigs and tories, wits and statesmen, poets and philanthropists; not only the habitués of society, but men who were but seldom seen in worldly circles. Sir Samuel Romilly enters in his diary, a few months before his lamented death, — “To-day I dined with Rogers (the poet). A very pleasant dinner with Crabbe (whom I had never before seen), Frere and Jekyll.” An extract from the diary of Wilberforce shows that he did not think so well of this dining with poets :

“Feb. 19, 1814. — Dined Duke of Gloucester’s, to meet Madame de Staël, at her desire. Madame, her son and daughter, duke, two aides-de-camp, Vansittart, Lord Erskine, poet Rogers, and others. Madame de Staël quite like her book, though less hopeful. Complimenting me highly on abolition, and all Europe, &c. But I must not spend time in writing this. She asked me, and I could not well refuse, to dine with her on Friday, to meet Lord Harrowby and Mackintosh, and poet Rogers on Tuesday sennight.

“23d. — Breakfast, Mr. Barnett about the poor. Letters. Wrote to Madame de Staël and poet Rogers, to excuse myself from dining with them. It does not seem the line in which I can now glorify God. Dinner quiet, and letters afterwards.”

In his diary, under date of the 5th November, 1821, Moore makes the following entry : “By the by, I received the other day a manuscript from the Longmans, requesting me (as they often do) to look over it, and give my opinion whether it would be worth publishing anonymously. Upon opening it, found, to my surprise, that it was ‘Rogers’ Italy,’ which he has sent home thus privately to be published.” This work was published in the following year, and is the last and best of its author’s productions. Its merits have been set forth with exquisite taste and skill, by a writer in the *New Monthly Magazine* :

“Turn we to the last and greatest of our author’s poems, ‘Italy.’

“The great character of this poem (Italy) as it is in *The Pleasures of Memory*, is simplicity; but here simplicity assumes a nobler shape. Although to a certain degree there is an alteration in the tone of the last from that of the first published poem, an alteration seemingly more marked from the difference between blank versé and

rhyme ; and although there is something of the new Persian odors, breathing from the myrtle wreaths of a muse, whom ‘*displcant nexæ philyrâ coronæ,*’ yet, unlike what we felt inclined to blame in ‘*Jacqueline*’ and the ‘*Human Life,*’ we see nothing that reminds us of *individual* traits in another ; nothing that reminds us of Byron, though he strung his harp to the same theme ; nothing that recalls *any* contemporaneous writer, unless it be occasionally Wordsworth, in Wordsworth’s purer, if not loftier vein : we see no harsh, constrained abruptness, emulating vigor ; no childish *mirauderies*, that would gladly pass themselves off for simplicity. Along the shores and palaces of old glides one calm and serene tide of verse, wooing to its waters every legend and every stream that can hallow and immortalize.

“ This poem differs widely from the poems of the day, in that it is wholly void of all that is meretricious. Though nature itself could not be less naked of ornament, yet nature itself could not be more free from all ornament that is tinsel or inappropriate. A contemplative and wise man, skilled in all the arts, and nursing all the beautiful traditions of the past, having seen enough of the world to moralize justly, having so far advanced in the circle of life as to have supplied emotion with meditation, telling you, in sweet and serene strains, all that he sees, hears and feels, in journeying through a country which nature and history combine to consecrate, — this is the character of Rogers’ Italy ; and the reader will see at once how wholly it differs in complexion from the solemn Harold, or the impassioned Corinne. This poem is perfect as a whole ; it is as a whole that it must be judged ; its tone, its depth, its *hoard* of thought and description, make its main excellence, and these are the merits that no short extracts can adequately convey.

“ Of all things, perhaps the hardest in the world for a poet to effect is to gossip poetically. We are those who think it is in this that Wordsworth rarely succeeds, and Cowper as rarely fails. This graceful and difficult art Rogers has made his own to a degree almost unequalled in the language.

* * * * *

“ With the author of *The Pleasures of Memory* — a banker, a wit, a man of high social reputation — we find it is from the stony heart of the great world that the living waters of a pure and transparent

poetry have been stricken. Few men of letters have been more personally known in their day, or more generally courted. A vein of agreeable conversation, sometimes amene, and more often caustic; a polished manner, a sense quickly alive to all that passes around; and, above all, perhaps, a taste in the arts, a knowledge of painting and of sculpture, — very rare in this country, — have contributed to make the author of *Italy* scarce less distinguished in society than in letters."

Moore's diary is full of allusions to his social intercourse with Rogers and his friends. One day the fashionable poet was invited to dine in St. James' Place, to meet Barnes, the editor of the *Times*, in company with Lords Landsdowne and Holland, Luttrell and Tierney; and Moore, on Rogers' advising that he was well worth cultivating, broke off an engagement for the next Sunday with Miss White, and refused Lord Landsdowne, to accept an invitation from Barnes. Another day he would breakfast at Rogers' with Sydney Smith, Sharpe, Luttrell and Lord John; or amuse himself with reading the notes from Sheridan, or passages from the unpublished works of his friend.

On 10th April, 1823, he writes, "Dined at Rogers'. A distinguished party: S. Smith, Ward, Luttrell, Payne Knight, Lord Aberdeen, Abercrombie, Lord Clifden, &c. Smith particularly amusing. Have rather held out against him hitherto; but this day he conquered me; and I am now his victim, in the laughing way, for life. * * What Rogers says of Smith, very true, that whenever the conversation is getting dull he throws in some touch which makes it rebound, and rise again as light as ever. Ward's artificial efforts, which to me are always painful, made still more so by their contrast to Smith's natural and overflowing exuberance. Luttrell, too, considerably extinguished to-day; but there is this difference between Luttrell and Smith, — that after the former you remember what good things he said, and after the latter you merely remember how much you laughed. June 10th. — Breakfasted at Rogers', to meet Luttrell, Lady Davy, Miss Rogers and William Banks. * * Rogers showed us 'Gray's Poems' in his original hand-writing, with a letter to the printer; also the original MS. of one of Sterne's sermons." Again, he dined with Rogers at the Athenæum, the first time the latter ever dined at a club. He dined with him at Roberts', in Paris,

tête-à-tête, at a splendid dinner "at fifteen francs a head, exclusive of wine. Poets did not feed so in the olden time." But the dinners in the poet's own modest but elegant mansion will be remembered as models of refined and intellectual hospitality, as long as the names live of the great men who have delighted to gather round his table.

We have alluded to Rogers' talent for epigram; a talent which he has very discreetly employed. His conversation seems to have been dry and sarcastic, though he is not to be held responsible for most of the bon-mots and repartees that have been attributed to him. It was at one time the habit of some of the London newspapers to manufacture these things, and ascribe them to Rogers. Of this manufacture, no doubt, is a *mot* that has found its way into a book so respectable as Mr. E. H. Barker's *Literary Anecdotes*. "Rogers, speaking to Wilberforce of the naked Achilles in the park, said it was strange that one who had made so many *breaches* in Troy should not have a single pair for himself." Moore records some of his observation, which are pithy and pertinent. On one occasion, speaking of the sort of conscription of persons of all kinds that was put in force for the dinner of the Hollards, Rogers said, "There are two parties before whom everybody must appear — them and the police." Again, speaking of their friend Miss White, Rogers said, "How wonderfully she does hold out! They may say what they will, but Miss White and *Miss-olonghi* are the most remarkable things going." In talking of the game-laws at a party at Holland House, Rogers said, "If a partridge, on arriving in this country, were to ask what are the game-laws, and somebody would tell him they are laws *for the protection* of game, 'What an excellent country to live in,' the partridge would say, 'where there are so many laws for our protection!'" On somebody remarking that Payne Knight had got very deaf — "T is from want of practice," said Rogers; Knight being a notoriously bad listener. Rogers thus described Lord Holland's feeling for the arts: "Painting gives him no pleasure, and music absolute pain."

From the reports of his conversation, we are inclined to believe that it is entitled to a good deal of the praise which the *Quarterly Review* bestows upon the *Notes* to his poems. In referring to the venerable poet, the reviewer says, "This most elegant and correct of writers, with a taste matured by the constant study of the classics of our

tongue, has amused his leisure hours by trying into how small a compass wit, wisdom and elegance, may be packed. The notes to the last edition of his poems are not merely treasure-houses of anecdote and illustration, but admirable studies in composition for those who will be at the pains of ascertaining the precise language in which the same thoughts or incidents have been expressed in verse or related by others." Of an essay on assassination, written for insertion among the poems on Italy, Mackintosh wrote him that "Hume could not improve the thoughts, nor Addison the language." And Moore says, in his diary, that he feels it would do one good to study such writing, if not as a model, yet as a chastener and simplifier of style, it being the very reverse of ambition or ornament.

It is well said, by a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, that there are few precepts of taste which are not practised in Mr. Rogers' establishment, as well as recommended in his works. In illustration of the remark, he alludes to a novel and ingenious mode of lighting a dining-room, which might be well imitated wherever there are fine pictures. Lamps above or candles on the table there are none, but all the light is reflected by Titians, Reynolds', &c., from lamps projecting out of the frame of the pictures, and screened from the company. His house in St. James' Place is small, but overflowing with the choicest specimens of the fine arts, pictures, antique bronzes, sculptures and literary curiosities of uncounted value. The following description of this classic mansion is from the pen of an American traveller. Mr. Tuckerman has been speaking of St. James' Park, and its various associations, which could not long withdraw the literary enthusiast from the bit of green-sward before the window of Rogers, which every spring morning, before the poet's health sent him into suburban exile, was covered with sparrows, expectant of their food from his kindly hand. "The view of the park," he adds, "from this drawing-room bow-window instantly disenchants the sight of all town associations. The room where this vista nature in her genuine English aspect opens, is the same so memorable for the breakfasts for many years enjoyed by the hospitable bard and his fortunate guests. An air of sadness pervaded the apartment, in the absence of him whose taste and urbanity were yet apparent in every object around. The wintry sun threw a gleam, mellow as the light of the fond reminiscence he so gracefully sung,

upon the Turkey carpet and veined mahogany. It fell, as if in pensive greeting, on the famous Titian, lit up the cool tints of Watteau, and made the bust found in the sea near Pozzoli wear a creamy hue. When the old housekeeper left the room, and I glanced from the priceless canvas or classic urn to the twinkling turf, all warmed by the casual sunshine, the sensation of comfort, never so completely realized as in a genuine London breakfast-room, was touched to finer issues by the atmosphere of beauty and the memory of genius. The groups of poets, artists and wits, whose commune had filled this room with the electric glow of intellectual life, with gems of art, glimpses of nature, and the charm of intelligent hospitality, to evoke all that was most gifted and cordial, reassembled once more. I could not but appreciate the suggestive character of every ornament. There was a Murillo, to inspire the Spanish traveller with half-forgotten anecdotes ; a fine Reynolds, to whisper of the literary dinners where Garrick and Burke discussed the theatre and the senate ; Milton's agreement for the sale of ' *Paradise Lost*,' emphatic symbol of the uncertainty of fame ; a sketch of Stonehenge by Turner, provocative of endless discussion to artist and antiquary ; bronzes, medals and choice volumes, whose very names would inspire an affluent talker, in this most charming imaginable nook for a morning colloquy and a social breakfast. I noticed, in a glass vase over the fireplace, numerous sprigs of orange-blossoms in every grade of decay, some crumbling to dust, and others but partially faded. These, it appeared, were all plucked from bridal wreaths, the gift of their fair wearers, on the wedding-day, to the good old poet-friend ; and he, in his bachelor fantasy, thus preserved the withered trophies. They spoke at once of sentiment and of solitude."

The agreement for the sale of *Paradise Lost*, mentioned in the foregoing extract, was presented by Mr. Rogers to the British Museum, together with Dryden's agreement for his *Fables*, and one of Goldsmith with Dodsley.

The estimation in which the venerable poet was held, as a judge of art, may be inferred by the following extract from a letter addressed to him by Sir David Wilkie, under date of Constantinople, 30th December, 1840 :

"Without any claim for this invasion upon your valuable time, other than being in this distant capital in presence of so many objects

which your knowledge of life and materials for art would so enable you to appreciate and put upon record, you will yet, perhaps, excuse the few ideas I try to put together, wishing only that I had your eyes to see, with your taste and judgment to select what were best to note down, and what most worthy to remember."

After condoling with him on the loss of Lord Holland, whom he had last met in company with Moore and Rogers, Wilkie proceeds :

"Could I see you in quiet, as in Brighton and in St. James' Place, and in a suitable frame of mind for lighter subjects, what a deal the journey we have made would suggest for discussion ! Mr. William Woodburn, who is with me, frequently speaks of you ; and your name was often mentioned, as we passed in review at the Hague, Amsterdam, at Munich and at Vienna, the richest stores of European art ; among which we saw in those places two great masters, almost in their greatest triumphs—Rubens and Rembrandt ; and we scarcely know any one who could better judge of their splendors than yourself."

It should not be forgotten that Rogers was one of the few who stood by Sheridan in his last days ; supplying his pecuniary needs to a great extent, and manifesting a timely sympathy towards him. It was discovered, after Sheridan's death, that sums of money which had been supposed to come from other high quarters to minister to his by no means slender wants were in reality contributed by Rogers.

From an article entitled *Gore House*, published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, in 1849, we transcribe a passage of gossip, that may pass for what it is worth :

"The number of guests was not yet complete. They arrived in the following order :

"Slowly, with the foot of age, his head bent forward and his hands extended, came Mr. S—— R——, endowed alike with the gifts of Plutus and Apollo, and enjoying, perhaps, a higher reputation for the possession of each than he deserved. If the couplet ascribed to Lady B—— be really hers, her ladyship seems to have thought his most celebrated poem somewhat over-praised ; it ran thus :

'Of R——s Italy, Luttrell relates

That it would have been dished were it not for the plates.'

In this opinion I do not, however, coincide, believing some of his Ausonian fragments—above all, those descriptive of Venice—to be the finest he ever wrote, and worthy, of themselves alone, to place him high amongst poets. Of the peculiarities of which I had heard so much, but one was strikingly exemplified—his fondness for female admiration. Other men have been anxious to engross the attention of a beautiful woman, before it fell to the lot of Mr. R.—to attempt it; but very few, I imagine, have tried to turn it in the same direction. Like a young Frenchman whom I formerly knew in Paris, his motto has been,—not ‘*comme je l’aime!*’ but ‘*comme elle m’adore!*’ Goldsmith is said to have been jealous if a pretty woman attracted more notice than himself; and it was no uncommon thing for R. to sulk for a whole evening, if the prettiest woman in the company failed to make much of him.”

We have the curtain agreeably lifted from the social converse of Rogers, in the following little passage from Mr. Bryant’s account of his visit to the veteran bard: “There are not,” says Mr. B., “many more beautiful lines in the English language,—there are certainly none so beautiful in the writings of the author,—as those of Mrs. Barbauld, which the poet Rogers is fond of repeating to his friends, in his fine, deliberate manner, with just enough of tremulousness in that grave voice of his to give his recitation the effect of deep feeling:

‘Life! we’ve been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.
’Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps ’t will cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good-night, but, in some happier clime,
Bid me good-morning.’

It makes the thought of death cheerful to represent it thus, as Life looking in upon you with a glad greeting, amidst fresh airs and glorious light. The lines, we infer, were written by Mrs. Barbauld in her late old age, and I do not wonder that the aged poet, who some years since entered upon the fifth score of his years, should find them haunting his memory.”

The subject of the preceding sketch died, on the morning of the eighteenth of December, 1855, at his house in St. James' Place, in the presence of Dr. Beattie (the physician and friend of Campbell) and Mr. E. Paine, his attendant. The pen of a brother poet (Bryant) thus announced the event to his readers in the *New World*, in the columns of the *Evening Post*, of New York.

"The death of the poet Rogers seems almost like the extinction of an institution. The world, by his departure, has one object the less of interest and reverence. The elegant hospitality which he dispensed for nearly three-quarters of a century, and in which Americans had a large share, is brought to an end, and a vacuity is created which no Englishman can supply. Rogers loved to speak of his relations with Americans. 'Three American Presidents,' he used to say, 'have been entertained under my roof;' and then he would enumerate, in his succinct way, the illustrious men, founders of our republic, or eminent in its later history, who had been his guests. He claimed an hereditary interest in our country. On the news of the battle of Lexington, his father put on mourning. 'Have you lost a friend?' somebody asked him, who saw this indication of sorrow. 'I have lost a great many,' was the answer, — 'my friends in New England.'

"Rogers' breakfasts were the pleasantest social meetings that can be conceived of. Here you met persons of every variety of intellectual and social distinction, eminent men and attractive women, wits, orators, persons remarkable for their powers of conversation, artists, dramatists, travellers — all of whom found themselves on the easiest terms with their venerable host, whose noon of life was reached in the last century. Even bores, in his society, which discouraged all tediousness, and in the respect which his presence inspired, seemed to lose their usual character, and to fall involuntarily to the lively and graceful flow of conversation, of which he gave the example. The following little incident will show with how good a grace he could welcome a stranger to his hospitable dwelling. On one occasion he met an American, for the first time, at a literary breakfast, at the table of Mr. Everett, who, while abroad, was never wanting in obliging and friendly attentions to his countrymen. 'Where are your lodgings?' he asked of the American. 'In St. James' Place,' was the answer. 'Come with me,' said Mr. Rogers, 'and I will show you the nearest way to St. James' Place.' He took his new acquaint-

ance into that part of London which is sometimes called Belgravia, and pointed out to him the stately rows of spacious mansions lately erected to embellish the great capital of England: then, passing through the Park of St. James, fresh in the beauty of early June he arrived at the gate of a small garden. Taking a key from his pocket, he opened the gate, and, following a little walk among shrubbery and trees, on which innumerable sparrows were chirping, he entered a house by the back door, and introduced the American to his own home. After he had given him a little time to observe the objects of art which it contained, he dismissed him by the front door, which opened into St. James' Place. 'You see,' said he, 'I have brought you by the nearest way to St. James' Place. Remember the house, and come to breakfast with me to-morrow morning.'

"The mention of sparrows in his garden reminds us of an anecdote of which they were the subject. 'I once used to feed sparrows,' said Mr. Rogers; 'but one day, when I was throwing them some crumbs for their breakfast, a gentleman said to me, "Do you see those birds on the tree yonder, how they keep aloof, and do not venture down, while these on the ground are feasting at their leisure? Those yonder are the females; these which you are feeding are the gentlemen sparrows: they keep their mates at a distance."' Since that day I feed sparrows no more.'

"Rogers began his poetical career early. One of his acquaintances was speaking of the little well-known song of his, familiar to our grandmothers, beginning thus:

'Dear is my little native vale;
The ring-dove builds and warbles there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager;
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.'

"'I wrote that song at sixteen years of age,' said Rogers. Yet, though the production of an immature age, it has all the better characteristics of his later poetry, and it shows how remarkably early they were acquired. In his 'Pleasures of Memory,' very elaborately composed, he adopted the carefully-measured versification in fashion at the time it appeared, with its unvaried periods, its antithetic turns,

and its voluntary renunciation of the power of proportioning the expression to the thought. In his 'Human Life,' a later and finer poem, he shows that his taste had changed with the taste of the age; he broke loose from the old fetters, indulging in a freer modulation of numbers, though not parting with anything of their harmony and sweetness, and studying a more vigorous and direct phraseology. 'Human Life' is the best of his longer poems, and that in which his genius is seen to the best advantage. It deals with life in its gentler and less stormy moods, whether of pleasure or of sadness, the sunshine and the shadows of common life. The poem is of a kind by which a large class of readers is interested, and contains passages which, once read, are often recurred to, and keep their place in the memory.

"The illustrated edition of his poems is the only work of the kind with which we are perfectly satisfied. To illustrate adequately by the pencil the writings of an eminent poet, is one of the most difficult undertakings in the world. The fine taste of Rogers in the arts, and his intimacy with the greatest artists of his country, gave him a great advantage in this respect, and we have heard that the designs which embellish that edition of his works were selected from a much larger number made for the purpose.

"In approaching the close of a life so much prolonged beyond the usual lot of man, — a life the years of which circumscribed the activity of three generations, — he contemplated his departure with the utmost serenity. The state of man after death he called the great subject, and calmly awaited the moment when he should be admitted to contemplate its mysteries. 'I have found life in this world,' he used to say, 'a happy state; the goodness of God has taken care that none of its functions — even the most inconsiderable — should be performed without sensible pleasure; and I am confident that in the world to come the same care for my happiness will accompany me.'

"Mr. Rogers was of low stature, neither slightly nor sturdily proportioned; his face was rather full and broad than otherwise, and his complexion colorless. He always wore a frock-coat. 'I will not go to court,' he used to say, 'and for one reason among others, that I will not wear any other coat than this.' 'The other day,' he once added, 'I sent my clothes to the palace, and a man in them.' The man whom he meant was Wordsworth, who came to London as

the guest of Rogers, in order to attend court at the bidding of the Queen, and to make his acknowledgments for the post of laureate, which had been bestowed on him. On that occasion he wore the court suit of Mr. Rogers, whose guest he was.

"In conversation Mr. Rogers was one of the most agreeable and interesting of men; he was remarkable for a certain graceful laconism, a neatness and power of selection in telling a story or expressing a thought with its accessories, which were the envy of the best talkers of his time. His articulation was distinct, just deliberate enough to be listened to with pleasure, and during the last ten or twelve years of his life slightly, and but very slightly, marked with the tremulousness of old age.

"His ordinary manner was kind and paternal; he delighted to relate anecdotes illustrative of the power of the affections, which he did with great feeling. On occasion, however, he could say caustic things; and a few examples of this kind, which were so epigrammatic as to be entertaining in their repetition, have given rise to the mistake that they were frequent in his conversation. His behavior to the other sex was uncommonly engaging. He was on friendly terms with his eminent literary brethren, though they were enemies to each other; and, notwithstanding that his political opinions were those of the liberal school, his intimacies knew no party distinctions, and included men of the opposite political sect."

Mr. Willis tells us, in the *Home Journal*, that he first breakfasted with Rogers in 1835, and that he then looked like a very old man. "He had been brought to table," says the reminiscient, "in his chair; and we found him already seated there when we arrived, his back to the light, and the only window of his exquisite breakfast-room and library looking out upon the bright sward and foliage of Green Park. The fine picture of intellectual old age which he then presented is exactly copied in the portrait of him by Lawrence. It is a masterpiece of art. The venerable poet sits with his head low down between his shoulders, but his eyes bright with conversational keenness of attention, the prominent nose, high check-bones, and strong line of brow, looking like the portico of some fine temple, from which the more perishable portion has fallen away, while the fire still burns within, on the sacred altar.

"Mr. Rogers was probably a wonderful instance of what may be

done, with the aid of medical skill and attention, to preserve life, and make it susceptible to the pleasures of society up to its latest days. His physician, Dr. Beattie, was, doubtless, as much a doctor of the mind as of the body, himself a poet and man of genius, and affectionately devoted in his attentions both as friend and physician."

The leading journal of the world, the *London Times*, in an article published the day after his decease, thus epitomizes the biography of "Samuel Rogers, the poet." It is a curious fact that the subject of it is said to have outlived the author of this impressive obituary, the space of some three years.

"The death of a man who had attained to such length of days as Samuel Rogers would in itself be a somewhat remarkable occurrence; but when it is considered that the case is not one of insignificant longevity, — that the man of whom we are speaking was, for the greater portion of a century, the companion and intimate friend of all the most remarkable men in Europe, — such an event as his disappearance from the scene cannot be passed over entirely without comment. It would be unfair, however, to his memory, to consider him merely as the friend of men distinguished in every branch of human achievement and human attainment; he had in his own person attained considerable distinction in various ways. As a poet his name will continue to occupy an eminent place upon the catalogue of classical English writers; as a literary critic, as a judicious connoisseur in art, and more especially in painting, few men have been his equals. For half a century, too, his house was the centre of literary society; and the chief pride of Mr. Rogers lay not so much in gathering round his table men who had already achieved eminence, as in stretching forth a helping hand to friendless merit. Wherever he discerned ability and power in a youth new to the turmoils and struggles of London life, it was his delight to introduce his young client to those whom he might one day hope to equal. The courtesy and consideration of the host soon drew forth the same qualities in his guests. Many a man now living can remember that on a Saturday night he went to bed an unknown lad, thinking of the celebrated men of his time as a person thinks who has only read about them, and on Sunday walked home from the hospitable house of Mr. Rogers, encouraged to persevere in his task by the hearty good wishes

and friendly sympathy of those who had heretofore appeared to him almost as inhabitants of another world. Great injustice, indeed, should we do to the memory of Samuel Rogers, if, in the few remarks we venture to offer upon his character, we did not give the first place to his boundless and unassuming charity, of which his unvarying kindness to literary men at the outset of their career was but a single form. Were this the proper place to recount histories of this kind, we could tell many a tale of forlorn and well-nigh hopeless wretchedness relieved by his hand. It was not necessary with him, as with costive philanthropists, that misery should have what is called a 'claim' upon him, in order to bring him to the garret where it lay pining. He had seen mention of it in the police reports, or in the public journals; he had heard it spoken of at the dinner-table of a friend. No remark issued from his lips at the time; he heard it as though he heard it not; but the next day, betimes, he might have been seen in person examining into the truth of the representation, and, if need were, affording relief with no sparing hand. All this was done without ostentation, and without boast. No living man can pretend to say that this was his practice throughout his whole life, for he has worn out three or four generations of men; but it would be strange indeed if the youth and manhood of Rogers had in this respect been materially different from his protracted old age.

"The biography of Samuel Rogers would involve the history of Europe since Geo. III., then in the bloom of youth, declared to his subjects that he 'gloried in the name of Briton.' It is now more than a quarter of a century since that monarch was carried to his grave in extreme age, worn out with mental and bodily disease. Let us take the most notable historic drama of the century, 1793—1815; the rise, decline, and fall, of Napoleon Bonaparte. This was but an episode in the life of Samuel Rogers. He was a young man of some standing in the world, fully of an age to appreciate the meaning and importance of the event, when the States-General were assembled in France. If we remember right, he actually was present in Paris at or about the time, and may have heard with his own ears Mirabeau hurling defiance at the Court, and seen Danton and Robespierre whispering to each other that their time was not yet come. Let us go back to other events as standards of admeasurement. As

the war of the French Revolution and that against Napoleon Bonaparte were episodes in the ripe manhood, so was the American war an episode in the boyhood of Rogers. He was of an age to appreciate the grandeur, if not the political meaning of events, when Rodney won his naval victories, and when General Elliot successfully defended Gibraltar. He could remember our differences with our American colonies, and the battles of Bunker's Hill, Brandywine, and Germantown, as well as a man now in manhood can remember the three glorious days of July, and the Polish insurrection. To have lived in the days of General Washington, and to have heard discussions as to the propriety of admitting the independence of the North American Provinces, and to have been alive but yesterday, seems well-nigh an impossibility; but such was the case of Samuel Rogers. When he opened his eyes upon the world, that great and powerful country which is now known as the United States of North America was but an insignificant dependence of the mother country,—a something not so important as the Antilles, even in their forlorn condition, are at the present moment. They were just rising to be somewhat of a little more significance than the 'plantations' to which Defoe smuggled off the troublesome characters in his fictitious tales. They now constitute one of the most powerful states in the comity of nations. Let us take another test,—that of our Indian empire. But three or four years before the birth of the subject of these remarks, Col. Clive fought the battle of Plassy, and laid the foundation of it. He lived through the government of India by Warren Hastings, and, being in London at the time, could well understand the discussions which took place upon the subject of the India bill. The battle of Assaye found him a man forty years of age. He was in full possession of his faculties when Lords Hardinge and Gough won their victories in North-western India, but the other day. It would be superfluous to lay before our readers any contrast between the dates of other political events at which this remarkable man must have assisted, at least as an intelligent spectator. Let them carry back their minds to the days of Wilkes and the Duke of Grafton, and remember but the mere names of the statesmen who have administered the affairs of the country from that time to the present, and they will have present to their recollection a list of the associates and friends of the late Mr.

Rogers. As might be expected, his more intimate associations were naturally with the leading men of the liberal party ; but such was his courtesy of temper and of manner that he was received upon a friendly footing even by those with whom he was known to differ on points of political principle. A mere politician he never was, at any period of his career.

"It is, however, to the literary history of the century we must mainly look for a correct appreciation of Rogers' career. He not only outlived two or three generations of men, but two or three literary styles. The Poet of Memory, as he has been called, must not be rashly judged by the modern student, whose taste has been partly exalted, partly vulgarized, by the performances of later writers,—we are speaking of a contemporary of Dr. Johnson. Rogers must have been a young man, some twenty years old, when the great lexicographer died ; and therefore a great portion of Johnson's writings must have been to him contemporary literature. Let those who are inclined to cavil at the gentler inspirations of Rogers think, for a moment, upon what English poetry was between the deaths of Goldsmith and Johnson and the appearance of Walter Scott's first great poem. Cowper redeems the solitary waste from absolute condemnation, as the most unfortunate epoch in our literature. Rogers no doubt formed his style upon earlier models, but he was no servile copyist ; he could feel, without any tendency to apish imitation, the beauties of such authors as Dryden and Pope. The poem by which his name is principally known to the public will always remain as among the classical pieces of English literature ; while some of his smaller poems will never cease to hang in the memory of men, while the English language is understood. This, however, is not the proper place for entering upon any critical disquisition as to the literary merits of the remarkable man who has just terminated his long career. Our intention reaches no further than to call attention to the remarkable duration of his life, and to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of a man who richly deserved it. Among the many remarkable points which may be mentioned in his career, considered as that of a literary man, the fact should be particularized that during the greater portion of his life he was a wealthy banker in the city of London. It must have been by an extraordinary combination of position, of intellectual and social qualities, of prudence and of wis-

dom, that the same man who was the friendly rival of Byron, of Wordsworth, and Scott, talked finance with Huskisson and Peel upon equal terms, exchanged *bon mots* with Talleyrand, and was the friend of all the eminent men, and of many of the indigent and miserable, who flourished and suffered during three parts of a century. Such a man was Samuel Rogers."

POEMS.

O ! could my mind, unfolded in my page,
Enlighten climes, and mould a future age ;
There as it glowed, with noblest frenzy fraught
Dispense the treasures of exalted thought ;
To virtue wake the pulses of the heart,
And bid the tear of emulation start !
O ! could it still, through each succeeding year,
My life, my manners, and my name endear ;
And, when the poet sleeps in silent dust,
Still hold communion with the wise and just ! —
Yet should this Verse, my leisure's best resource,
When through the world it steals its secret course,
Revive but once a generous wish supprest,
Chase but a sigh or charm a care to rest ;
In one good deed a fleeting hour employ,
Or flush one faded cheek with honest joy ;
Blest were my lines, though limited their sphere,
Though short their date, as his who traced them here.

THE
PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

IN TWO PARTS.

1792.

. . . Hoc est

Vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui. MARY

PART I.

Dolce sentir,

Colle, che mi piacesti, . . .

Ov' ancor per usanza Amor mî mena;

Ben riconosco in voi l' usate forme,

Non, lasso, in me. PETRARCH.

ANALYSIS OF THE FIRST PART.

THE Poem begins with the description of an obscure village, and of the pleasing melancholy which it excites on being revisited after a long absence. This mixed sensation is an effect of the Memory. From an effect we naturally ascend to the cause ; and the subject proposed is then unfolded, with an investigation of the nature and leading principles of this faculty.

It is evident that our ideas flow in continual succession, and introduce each other with a certain degree of regularity. They are sometimes excited by sensible objects, and sometimes by an internal operation of the mind. Of the former species is most probably the memory of brutes ; and its many sources of pleasure to them, as well as to us, are considered in the first part. The latter is the most perfect degree of memory, and forms the subject of the second.

When ideas have any relation whatever, they are attractive of each other in the mind ; and the perception of any object naturally leads to the idea of another, which was connected with it either in time or place, or which can be compared or contrasted with it. Hence arises our attachment to inanimate objects ; hence, also, in some degree, the love of our country, and the emotion with which we contemplate the celebrated scenes of antiquity. Hence a picture directs our thoughts to the original ; and, as cold and darkness suggest forcibly the ideas of heat and light, he who feels the infirmities of age dwells most on whatever reminds him of the vigor and vivacity of his youth.

The associating principle, as here employed, is no less conducive to virtue than to happiness ; and, as such, it frequently discovers itself in the most tumultuous scenes of life. It addresses our finer feelings, and gives exercise to every mild and generous propensity.

Not confined to man, it extends through all animated nature ; and its effects are peculiarly striking in the domestic tribes.

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

PART I.

TWILIGHT's soft dews steal o'er the village-green,
With magic tints to harmonize the scene.
Stilled is the hum that through the hamlet broke,
When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
And games and carols closed the busy day.
Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
With treasured tales, and legendary lore.
All, all are fled; nor mirth nor music flows
To chase the dreams of innocent repose.
All, all are fled; yet still I linger here!
What secret charms this silent spot endear?

Mark yon old Mansion frowning through the trees,
Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.
That casement, arched with ivy's brownest shade,
First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.
The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
When all things pleased, for life itself was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew.

See, through the fractured pediment revealed,
Where moss inlays the rudely-sculptured shield,
The martin's old, hereditary nest.
Long may the ruin spare its hallowed guest !

As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call !
O, haste,—unfold the hospitable hall !
That hall, where once, in antiquated state,
The chair of justice held the grave debate.

Now stained with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,
Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung ;
When round yon ample board, in due degree,
We sweetened every meal with social glee.
The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest ;
And all was sunshine in each little breast.
'T was here we chased the slipper by the sound ;
And turned the blindfold hero round and round.
'T was here, at eve, we formed our fairy ring ;
And Fancy fluttered on her wildest wing.
Giants and Genii chained each wondering ear ;
And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear.
Oft with the babes we wandered in the wood,
Or viewed the forest feats of Robin Hood :
Oft, fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,
With startling step we scaled the lonely tower ;
O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,
Murdered by ruffian hands, when smiling in its sleep.

Ye Household Deities ! whose guardian eye¹
Marked each pure thought, ere registered on high ;
Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,
And breathe the soul of Inspiration round.

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.

The storied arras, source of fond delight,
With old achievement charms the wildered sight;
And still, with Heraldry's rich hues imprest,
On the dim window glows the pictured crest.
The screen unfolds its many-colored chart.
The clock still points its moral to the heart.
That faithful monitor 't was heaven to hear,
When soft it spoke a promised pleasure near;
And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
Forgot to trace the feathered feet of Time?
That massive beam, with curious carvings wrought,
Whence the caged linnet soothed my pensive thought;
Those muskets, cased with venerable rust;
Those once-loved forms, still breathing through their dust,
Still, from the frame in mould gigantic cast,
Starting to life—all whisper of the Past!

As through the garden's desert paths I rove,
What fond illusions swarm in every grove!
How oft, when purple evening tinged the west,²
We watched the emmet to her grainy nest;
Welcomed the wild-bee home on weary wing,
Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring!
How oft inscribed, with Friendship's votive rhyme,
The bark now silvered by the touch of Time;
Soared in the swing, half pleased and half afraid,
Through sister elms that waved their summer-shade
Or strewn with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat,
To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat!

Childhood's loved group revisits every scene;
The tangled wood-walk and the tufted green!
Indulgent MEMORY wakes, and, lo! they live!
Clothed with far softer hues than Light can give.

Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know ;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades and life forgets to charm ;
Thee would the Muse invoke ! — to thee belong
The sage's precept and the poet's song.
What softened views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals !
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play ;
Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned
Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.

The School's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant-feet across the lawn ;
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,^s
Some little friendship formed and cherished here ;
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams !

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blazed
The Gypsy's fagot — there we stood and gazed ;
Gazed on her sunburnt face with silent awe,
Her tattered mantle, and her hood of straw ;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er ;
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
Imps, in the barn with mousing owlet bred,
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed ;
Whose dark eyes flashed through locks of blackest shade
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bayed : —

And heroes fled the Sibyl's muttered call,
Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard-wall.
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And traced the line of life with searching view,
How throbbed my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,
To learn the color of my future years !

Ah, then, what honest triumph flushed my breast ;
This truth once known — To bless is to be blest !
We led the bending beggar on his way
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray),
Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And sighed to think that little was no more,
He breathed his prayer, "Long may such goodness live !"
'T was all he gave, 't was all he had to give.
Angels, when Mercy's mandate winged their flight,
Had stopt to dwell with pleasure on the sight.

But hark ! through those old firs, with sullen swell,
The church-clock strikes ! ye tender scenes, farewell !
It calls me hence, beneath their shade, to trace
The few fond lines that Time may soon efface.

On yon gray stone, that fronts the chancel-door,
Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more,
Each eve we shot the marble through the ring,
When the heart danced, and life was in its spring ;
Alas ! unconscious of the kindred earth,
That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth.

The glow-worm loves her emerald-light to shed
Where now the sexton rests his hoary head.
Oft, as he turned the greensward with his spade,
He lectured every youth that round him played ;

And, calmly pointing where our fathers lay,
Roused us to rival each, the hero of his day.

Hush, ye fond flutterings, hush ! while here alone
I search the records of each mouldering stone.
Guides of my life ! Instructors of my youth !
Who first unveiled the hallowed form of Truth !
Whose every word enlightened and endeared ;
In age beloved, in poverty revered ;
In Friendship's silent register ye live,
Nor ask the vain memorial Art can give.

But when the sons of peace, of pleasure sleep,
When only Sorrow wakes, and wakes to weep,
What spells entrance my visionary mind
With sighs so sweet, with transports so refined ?

Ethereal Power ! who at the noon of night
Recall'st the far-fled spirit of delight ;
From whom that musing, melancholy mood
Which charms the wise, and elevates the good ;
Blest MEMORY, hail ! O grant the grateful Muse,
Her pencil dipt in Nature's living hues,
To pass the clouds that round thy empire roll,
And trace its airy precincts in the soul.

Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain.
Awake but one, and, lo ! what myriads rise !⁴
Each stamps its image as the other flies.
Each, as the various avenues of sense
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,
Brightens or fades ; yet all, with magic art,
Control the latent fibres of the heart.
As studious PROSPERO's mysterious spell
Drew every subject-spirit to his cell ;

Each, at thy call, advances or retires,
As judgment dictates or the scene inspires.
Each thrills the seat of sense, that sacred source
Whence the fine nerves direct their mazy course,
And through the frame invisibly convey
The subtle, quick vibrations as they play;
Man's little universe at once o'ercast,
At once illumined when the cloud is past.

Survey the globe, each ruder realm explore;
From Reason's faintest ray to NEWTON soar.
What different spheres to human bliss assigned!
What slow gradations in the scale of mind!
Yet, mark in each these mystic wonders wrought;
O, mark the sleepless energies of thought!

The adventurous boy, that asks his little share,
And hies from home with many a gossip's prayer,
Turns on the neighboring hill, once more to see
The dear abode of peace and privacy;
And, as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,
The village-common spotted white with sheep,
The church-yard yews round which his fathers sleep;⁶
All rouse Reflection's sadly-pleasing train,
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again.

So, when the mild TUPIA dared explore
Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown before,
And, with the sons of Science, wooed the gale
That, rising, swelled their strange expanse of sail;
So, when he breathed his firm yet fond adieu,⁶
Borne from his leafy hut, his carved canoe,
And all his soul best loved — such tears he shed,
While each soft scene of summer-beauty fled.

Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,
Long watched the streaming signal from the mast;
Till twilight's dewy tints deceived his eye,
And fairy-forests fringed the evening sky.

So Scotia's Queen, as slowly dawned the day,⁷
Rose on her couch and gazed her soul away.
Her eyes had blessed the beacon's glimmering height,
That faintly tipt the feathery surge with light;
But now the morn with orient hues portrayed
Each castled cliff and brown monastic shade:
All touched the talisman's resistless spring,
And, lo! what busy tribes were instant on the wing!

Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,⁸
As summer-clouds flash forth electric fire.
And hence this spot gives back the joys of youth,
Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.
Hence home-felt pleasure prompts the Patriot's sigh;
This makes him wish to live, and dare to die.
For this young FOSCARI, whose hapless fate¹⁰
Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate,
When exile wore his blooming years away,
To Sorrow's long soliloquies a prey,
When reason, justice, vainly urged his cause,
For this he roused her sanguinary laws;
Glad to return, though Hope could grant no more,
And chains and torture hailed him to the shore.

And hence the charm historic scenes impart;¹¹
Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart.
Aërial forms in Tempe's classic vale
Glance through the gloom and whisper in the gale;
In wild Vacluse with love and LAURA dwell,
And watch and weep in ELOISA'S cell.¹²

'T was ever thus. Young AMMON, when he sought¹³
Where Ilium stood and where PELIDES fought,
Sate at the helm himself. No meaner hand
Steered through the waves; and, when he struck the land,
Such in his soul the ardor to explore,
PELIDES-like, he leaped the first ashore.

'T was ever thus. As now at VIRGIL'S tomb¹⁴
We bless the shade and bid the verdure bloom;
So TULLY paused, amid the wrecks of time,¹⁵
On the rude stone to trace the truth sublime;
When at his feet, in honored dust disclosed,
The immortal Sage of Syracuse reposed.
And as he long in sweet delusion hung,
Where once a PLATO taught, a PINDAR sung;
Who now but meets him musing, when he roves
His ruined Tusculan's romantic groves?
In Rome's great forum, who but hears him roll
His moral thunders o'er the subject soul?

And hence that calm delight the portrait gives:
We gaze on every feature till it lives!
Still the fond lover sees the absent maid;
And the lost friend still lingers in his shade!
Say why the pensive widow loves to weep,¹⁶
When on her knee she rocks her babe to sleep:
Tremblingly still, she lifts his veil to trace
The father's features in his infant face.
The hoary grandsire smiles the hour away,
Won by the raptures of a game at play;
He bends to meet each artless burst of joy,
Forgets his age, and acts again the boy.

What though the iron school of War erase
Each milder virtue and each softer grace;

What though the fiend's torpedo-touch arrest
 Each gentler, finer impulse of the breast ;
 Still shall this active principle preside,
 And wake the tear to Pity's self denied.

The intrepid Swiss, who guards a foreign shore,
 Condemned to climb his mountain-cliffs no more,
 If chance he hears the song so sweet, so wild,¹⁷
 His heart would spring to hear it when a child,
 Melts at the long-lost scenes that round him rise,
 And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs.

Ask not if courts or camps dissolve the charm :
 Say why VESPASIAN loved his Sabine farm ;¹⁸
 Why great NAVARRE, when France and Freedom bled,¹⁹
 Sought the lone limits of a forest-shed.
 When DIOCLETIAN'S self-corrected mind²⁰
 The imperial fasces of a world resigned,
 Say why we trace the labors of his spade
 In calm Salona's philosophic shade.
 Say, when contentious CHARLES renounced a throne²¹
 To muse with monks and meditate alone,²²
 What from his soul the parting tribute drew ?
 What claimed the sorrows of a last adieu ?
 The still retreats that soothed his tranquil breast
 Ere grandeur dazzled, and its cares oppressed.

Undamped by time, the generous Instinct glows
 Far as Angola's sands, as Zembla's snows ;
 Glows in the tiger's den, the serpent's nest,
 On every form of varied life imprest.
 The social tribes its choicest influence hail :—
 And when the drum beats briskly in the gale,
 The war-worn courser charges at the sound,
 And with young vigor wheels the pasture round

Oft has the aged tenant of the vale
Leaned on his staff to lengthen out the tale;
Oft have his lips the grateful tribute breathed,
From sire to son with pious zeal bequeathed.
When o'er the blasted heath the day declined,
And on the scathed oak warred the winter-wind;
When not a distant taper's twinkling ray
Gleamed o'er the furze to light him on his way;
When not a sheep-bell soothed his listening ear,
And the big rain-drops told the tempest near;
Then did his horse the homeward track descry,²³
The track that shunned his sad, inquiring eye;
And win each wavering purpose to relent,
With warmth so mild, so gently violent,
That his charmed hand the careless rein resigned,
And doubts and terrors vanished from his mind.

Recall the traveller, whose altered form
Has borne the buffet of the mountain-storm;
And who will first his fond impatience meet?
His faithful dog's already at his feet!
Yes, though the porter spurn him from the door,
Though all, that knew him, know his face no more,
His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each,
With that mute eloquence which passes speech.—
And see, the master but returns to die!
Yet who shall bid the watchful servant fly?
The blasts of heaven, the drenching dews of earth,
The wanton insults of unfeeling mirth,
These, when to guard Misfortune's sacred grave,
Will firm Fidelity exult to brave.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love?

Say, through the clouds what compass points her flight?
Monarchs have gazed, and nations blessed the sight.
Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains rise,
Eclipse her native shades, her native skies:—
'T is vain! through Ether's pathless wilds she goes,
And lights at last where all her cares repose.

Sweet bird! thy truth shall Harlem's walls attest,²⁴
And unborn ages consecrate thy nest.
When, with the silent energy of grief,
With looks that asked, yet dared not hope relief,
Want with her babes round generous Valor clung,
To wring the slow surrender from his tongue,
'T was thine to animate her closing eye;
Alas! 't was thine perchance the first to die,
Crushed by her meagre hand when welcomed from the sky.

Hark! the bee winds her small but mellow horn,²⁵
Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn.
O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,
And many a stream allures her to its source.
'T is noon, 't is night. That eye so finely wrought,
Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,
Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind;
Its orb so full, its vision so confined!
Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell?
Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell?
With conscious truth retrace the mazy clue
Of summer-scents, that charmed her as she flew?
Hail, MEMORY, hail! thy universal reign
Guards the least link of Being's glorious chain.

THE
PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

PART II.

Delle cose custode e dispensiera.

TASSO.

ANALYSIS OF THE SECOND PART.

THE Memory has hitherto acted only in subservience to the senses, and so far man is not eminently distinguished from other animals ; but, with respect to man, she has a higher province, and is often busily employed when excited by no external cause whatever. She preserves, for his use, the treasures of art and science, history and philosophy. She colors all the prospects of life ; for we can only anticipate the future by concluding what is possible from what is past. On her agency depends every effusion of the Fancy, who with the boldest effort can only compound or transpose, augment or diminish, the materials which she has collected, and still retains.

When the first emotions of despair have subsided, and sorrow has softened into melancholy, she amuses with a retrospect of innocent pleasures, and inspires that noble confidence which results from the consciousness of having acted well. When sleep has suspended the organs of sense from their office, she not only supplies the mind with images, but assists in their combination. And, even in madness itself, when the soul is resigned over to the tyranny of a distempered imagination, she revives past perceptions, and awakens that train of thought which was formerly most familiar.

Nor are we pleased only with a review of the brighter passages of life. Events the most distressing in their immediate consequences are often cherished in remembrance with a degree of enthusiasm.

But the world and its occupations give a mechanical impulse to the passions, which is not very favorable to the indulgence of this feeling. It is in a calm and well-regulated mind that the memory is most perfect ; and solitude is her best sphere of action. With this sentiment is introduced a Tale illustrative of her influence in solitude, sickness, and sorrow. And the subject having now been considered, so far as it relates to man and the animal world, the Poem concludes with a conjecture that superior beings are blest with a nobler exercise of this faculty.

PART II.

SWEET MEMORY, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy-haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

Ages and climes remote to thee impart
What charms in Genius and refines in Art;
Thee, in whose hands the keys of Science dwell,
The pensive portress of her holy cell;
Whose constant vigils chase the chilling damp
Oblivion steals upon her vestal-lamp.

They in their glorious course the guides of Youth,¹
Whose language breathed the eloquence of Truth;
Whose life, beyond preceptive wisdom, taught
The great in conduct, and the pure in thought;
These still exist, by thee to Fame consigned,²
Still speak and act, the models of mankind.

From thee gay Hope her airy coloring draws:
And Fancy's flights are subject to thy laws.
From thee that bosom-spring of rapture flows,
Which only Virtue, tranquil Virtue, knows.

When Joy's bright sun has shed his evening-ray,
And Hope's delusive meteors cease to play;
When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close,
Still through the gloom thy star serenely glows:
Like yon fair orb, she gilds the brow of night
With the mild magic of reflected light.

The beauteous maid who bids the world adieu,
Oft of that world will snatch a fond review ;
Oft at the shrine neglect her beads, to trace
Some social scene, some dear, familiar face :
And ere, with iron tongue, the vesper-bell
Bursts through the cypress-walk, the convent-cell,
Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive,
To love and joy still tremblingly alive ;
The whispered vow, the chaste caress prolong,
Weave the light dance and swell the choral song ;
With rapt ear drink the enchanting serenade,
And, as it melts along the moonlight-glade,
To each soft note return as soft a sigh,
And bless the youth that bids her slumbers fly.

But not till Time has calmed the ruffled breast,
Are these fond dreams of happiness confest.
Not till the rushing winds forget to rave,
Is Heaven's sweet smile reflected on the wave.

From Guinea's coast pursue the lessening sail,
And catch the sounds that sadden every gale.
Tell, if thou canst, the sum of sorrows there ;
Mark the fixed gaze, the wild and frenzied glare,
The racks of thought, and freezings of despair !
But pause not then — beyond the western wave,
Go, see the captive bartered as a slave !
Crushed till his high, heroic spirit bleeds,
And from his nerveless frame indignantly recedes.

Yet here, even here, with pleasures long resigned,
Lo ! MEMORY bursts the twilight of the mind.
Her dear delusions soothe his sinking soul,
When the rude scourge assumes its base control ;

And o'er Futurity's blank page diffuse
The full reflection of her vivid hues.
'Tis but to die — and then, to weep no more,
Then will he wake on Congo's distant shore;
Beneath his plantain's ancient shade renew
The simple transports that with freedom flew;
Catch the cool breeze that musky Evening blows,
And quaff the palm's rich nectar as it glows;
The oral tale of elder time rehearse,
And chant the rude, traditionary verse
With those, the loved companions of his youth,
When life was luxury, and friendship truth.

Ah, why should Virtue fear the frowns of Fate?^s
Hers what no wealth can buy, no power create!
A little world of clear and cloudless day,
Nor wrecked by storms, nor mouldered by decay;
A world, with MEMORY's ceaseless sunshine blest,
The home of Happiness, an honest breast.

But most we mark the wonders of her reign,
When Sleep has locked the senses in her chain.
When sober Judgment has his throne resigned,
She smiles away the chaos of the mind;
And, as warm Fancy's bright Elysium glows,
From her each image springs, each color flows.
She is the sacred guest, the immortal friend,
Oft seen o'er sleeping Innocence to bend,
In that dead hour of night to Silence given,
Whispering seraphic visions of her heaven.

When the blithe son of Savoy, journeying round
With humble wares and pipe of merry sound,
From his green vale and sheltered cabin hies,
And scales the Alps to visit foreign skies;

Though far below the forkéd lightnings play,
And at his feet the thunder dies away,
Oft, in the saddle rudely rocked to sleep,
While his mule browses on the dizzy steep,
With MEMORY'S aid, he sits at home, and sees
His children sport beneath their native trees,
And bends to hear their cherub-voices call,
O'er the loud fury of the torrent's fall.

But can her smile with gloomy Madness dwell ?
Say, can she chase the horrors of his cell ?
Each fiery flight on Frenzy's wing restrain,
And mould the coinage of the fevered brain ?

Pass but that grate, which scarce a gleam supplies,
There in the dust the wreck of Genius lies !
He, whose arresting hand divinely wrought
Each bold conception in the sphere of thought ;
And round, in colors of the rainbow, threw
Forms ever fair, creations ever new !
But, as he fondly snatched the wreath of Fame,
The spectre Poverty unnerved his frame.
Cold was her grasp, a withering scowl she wore ;
And Hope's soft energies were felt no more.
Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art !
From the rude wall what bright ideas start !
Even now he claims the amaranthine wreath,
With scenes that glow, with images that breathe !
And whence these scenes, these images, declare.
Whence but from Her who triumphs o'er despair ?

Awake, arise ! with grateful fervor fraught,
Go, spring the mine of elevating thought.
He, who, through Nature's various walk, surveys
The good and fair her faultless line portrays ;

Whose mind, profaned by no unhallowed guest,
Culls from the crowd the purest and the best ;
May range, at will, bright Fancy's golden clime,
Or, musing, mount where Science sits sublime,
Or wake the Spirit of departed Time.

Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral Muse,
A blooming Eden in his life reviews !
So rich the culture, though so small the space,
Its scanty limits he forgets to trace.

But the fond fool, when evening shades the sky,
Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh !⁶
The weary waste, that lengthened as he ran,
Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a span !

Ah ! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,
By truth illumined and by taste refined ?
When age has quenched the eye and closed the ear,
Still nerved for action in her native sphere,
Oft will she rise — with searching glance pursue
Some long-loved image vanished from her view ;
Dart through the deep recesses of the Past,
O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast ;
With giant-grasp fling back the folds of night,
And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.
So through the grove the impatient mother flies,
Each sunless glade, each secret pathway, tries ;
Till the thin leaves the truant boy disclose,
Long on the wood-moss stretched in sweet repose.

Nor yet to pleasing objects are confined
The silent feasts of the reflecting mind.
Danger and death a dread delight inspire ;
And the bald veteran glows with wonted fire,

When, richly bronzed by many a summer-sun,
He counts his scars, and tells what deeds were done.

Go, with Old Thames, view Chelsea's glorious pile,
And ask the shattered hero, whence his smile?
Go, view the splendid domes of Greenwich — Go,
And own what raptures from Reflection flow.

Hail, noblest structures imaged in the wave!
A nation's grateful tribute to the brave.
Hail, blest retreats from war and shipwreck, hail!
That oft arrest the wondering stranger's sail.
Long have ye heard the narratives of age,
The battle's havoc and the tempest's rage;
Long have ye known Reflection's genial ray
Gild the calm close of Valor's various day.

Time's sombrous touches soon correct the piece,
Mellow each tint, and bid each discord cease:
A softer tone of light pervades the whole,
And steals a pensive languor o'er the soul.

Hast thou through Eden's wild-wood vales pursued?
Each mountain-scene, majestically rude;
To note the sweet simplicity of life,
Far from the din of Folly's idle strife;
Nor there a while, with lifted eye, revered
That modest stone which pious PEMBROKE reared;
Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,
The silent sorrows of a parting hour;
Still to the musing pilgrim points the place
Her sainted spirit most delights to trace?

Thus, with the manly glow of honest pride,
O'er his dead son the gallant ORMOND sighed.
Thus, through the gloom of SHENSTONE's fairy grove,
MARIA'S urn still breathes the voice of love.

As the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower
Awes us less deeply in its morning-hour,
Than when the shades of Time serenely fall
On every broken arch and ivied wall ;
The tender images we love to trace
Steal from each year a melancholy grace !
And as the sparks of social love expand,
As the heart opens in a foreign land ;
And with a brother's warmth, a brother's smile,
The stranger greets each native of his isle ;
So scenes of life, when present and confest,
Stamp but their bolder features on the breast ;
Yet not an image, when remotely viewed,
However trivial, and however rude,
But wins the heart, and wakes the social sigh,
With every claim of close affinity !

But these pure joys the world can never know ;
In gentler climes their silver currents flow.
Oft at the silent, shadowy close of day,
When the hushed grove has sung its parting lay ;
When pensive Twilight, in her dusky car,
Comes slowly on to meet the evening-star ;
Above, below, ærial murmurs swell,
From hanging wood, brown heath, and bushy dell !
A thousand nameless rills, that shun the light,
Stealing soft music on the ear of night.
So oft the finer movements of the soul,
That shun the sphere of Pleasure's gay control,
In the still shades of calm Seclusion rise,
And breathe their sweet, seraphic harmonies !

Once, and domestic annals tell the time
(Preserved in Cumbria's rude, romantic clime),

When Nature smiled, and o'er the landscape threw
Her richest fragrance, and her brightest hue,
A blithe and blooming Forester explored
Those loftier scenes SALVATOR'S soul adored ;
The rocky pass half-hung with shaggy wood,
And the cleft oak flung boldly o'er the flood ;
Nor shunned the track, unknown to human tread,
That downward to the night of caverns led ;
Some ancient cataract's deserted bed.

High on exulting wing the heath-cock rose,
And blew his shrill blast o'er perennial snows ;
Ere the rapt youth, recoiling from the roar,
Gazed on the tumbling tide of dread Lodore ;
And through the rifted cliffs, that scaled the sky,
Derwent's clear mirror charmed his dazzled eye.
Each osier isle, inverted on the wave,
Through morn's gray mist its melting colors gave ;
And, o'er the cygnet's haunt, the mantling grove
Its emerald arch with wild luxuriance wove.

Light as the breeze that brushed the orient dew,
From rock to rock the young Adventurer flew ;
And day's last sunshine slept along the shore,
When, lo ! a path the smile of welcome wore.
Imbowering shrubs with verdure veiled the sky,
And on the musk-rose shed a deeper die ;
Save when a bright and momentary gleam
Glanced from the white foam of some sheltered stream

O'er the still lake the bell of evening tolled,
And on the moor the shepherd penned his fold ;
And on the green hill's side the meteor played ;
When, hark ! a voice sung sweetly through the shade.

It ceased — yet still in FLORIO's fancy sung,
Still on each note his captive spirit hung ;
Till o'er the mead a cool, sequestered grot
From its rich roof a starry lustre shot.
A crystal water crossed the pebbled floor,
And on the front these simple lines it bore.

Hence away, nor dare intrude !
In this secret, shadowy cell
Musing MEMORY loves to dwell,
With her sister Solitude.

Far from the busy world she flies,
To taste that peace the world denies.
Entranced she sits ; from youth to age,
Reviewing Life's eventful page ;
And noting, ere they fade away,
The little lines of yesterday.

FLORIO had gained a rude and rocky seat,
When, lo ! the Genius of this still retreat !
Fair was her form — but who can hope to trace
The pensive softness of her angel-face ?
Can VIRGIL'S verse, can RAPHAEL'S touch, impart
Those finer features of the feeling heart,
Those tenderer tints that shun the careless eye,
And in the world's contagious climate die ?

She left the cave, nor marked the stranger there ;
Her pastoral beauty and her artless air
Had breathed a soft enchantment o'er his soul !
In every nerve he felt her blest control !
What pure and white-winged agents of the sky,
Who rule the springs of sacred sympathy,
Inform congenial spirits when they meet ?
Sweet is their office, as their natures sweet !

FLORIO, with fearful joy, pursued the maid,
Till through a vista's moonlight-checked shade,
Where the bat circled, and the rooks reposed
(Their wars suspended, and their councils closed),
An antique mansion burst in solemn state,
A rich vine clustering round the Gothic gate.
Nor paused he there. The master of the scene
Saw his light step imprint the dewy green;
And, slow-advancing, hailed him as his guest,
Won by the honest warmth his looks expressed.
He wore the rustic manners of a Squire;
Age had not quenched one spark of manly fire;
But giant Gout had bound him in her chain,
And his heart panted for the chase in vain.

Yet here Remembrance, sweetly-soothing Power!
Winged with delight Confinement's lingering hour.
The fox's brush still emulous to wear,
He scoured the county in his elbow-chair;
And, with view-halloo, roused the dreaming hound,
That rung, by starts, his deep-toned music round.

Long by the paddock's humble pale confined,
His aged hunters coursed the viewless wind:
And each, with glowing energy portrayed,
The far-famed triumphs of the field displayed;
Usurped the canvas of the crowded hall,
And chased a line of heroes from the wall.
There slept the horn each jocund echo knew,
And many a smile and many a story drew!
High o'er the hearth his forest-trophies hung,
And their fantastic branches wildly flung.
How would he dwell on the vast antlers there!
These dashed the wave, those fanned the mountain-air

All, as they frowned, unwritten records bore
Of gallant feats and festivals of yore.

But why the tale prolong? — His only child,
His darling JULIA, on the stranger smiled.
Her little arts a fretful sire to please,
Her gentle gayety and native ease,
Had won his soul; and rapturous Fancy shed
Her golden lights and tints of rosy red.
But, ah! few days had passed, ere the bright vision fled!

When Evening tinged the lake's ethereal blue,
And her deep shades irregularly threw;
Their shifting sail dropt gently from the cove,
Down by St. Herbert's consecrated grove;⁸
Whence erst the chanted hymn, the tapered rite,
Amused the fisher's solitary night;
And still the mitred window, richly wreathed,
A sacred calm through the brown foliage breathed.

The wild deer, starting through the silent glade
With fearful gaze their various course surveyed.
High hung in air the hoary goat reclined,
His streaming beard the sport of every wind;
And, while the coot her jet-wing loved to lave,
Rocked on the bosom of the sleepless wave,
The eagle rushed from Skiddaw's purple crest,
A cloud still brooding o'er her giant-nest.

And now the moon had dimmed with dewy ray
The few fine flushes of departing day.
O'er the wide water's deep serene she hung,
And her broad lights on every mountain flung;
When, lo! a sudden blast the vessel blew,⁹
And to the surge consigned the little crew

All, all escaped — but ere the lover bore
His faint and faded JULIA to the shore,
Her sense had fled ! — Exhausted by the storm,
A fatal trance hung o'er her pallid form ;
Her closing eye a trembling lustre fired ;
'T was life's last spark — it fluttered and expired !

The father strewed his white hairs in the wind,
Called on his child — nor lingered long behind :
And FLORIO lived to see the willow wave,
With many an evening-whisper, o'er their grave.
Yes, FLORIO lived — and, still of each possessed,
The father cherished, and the maid caressed !

Forever would the fond Enthusiast rove,
With JULIA'S spirit, through the shadowy grove ;
Gaze with delight on every scene she planned,
Kiss every floweret planted by her hand.
Ah ! still he traced her steps along the glade,
When hazy hues and glimmering lights betrayed
Half-viewless forms ; still listened as the breeze
Heaved its deep sobs among the aged trees ;
And at each pause her melting accents caught,
In sweet delirium of romantic thought !
Dear was the grot that shunned the blaze of day ;
She gave its spars to shoot a trembling ray.
The spring, that bubbled from its inmost cell,
Murmured of JULIA'S virtues as it fell ;
And o'er the dripping moss, the fretted stone,
In FLORIO'S ear breathed language not its own.
Her charm around the enchantress MEMORY threw,
A charm that soothes the mind, and sweetens too !

But is her magic only felt below ?
Say, through what brighter realms she bids it flow ;

To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere,¹⁰
She yields delight but faintly imaged here :
All that till now their rapt researches knew,
Not called in slow succession to review ;
But, as a landscape meets the eye of day,
At once presented to their glad survey !

Each scene of bliss revealed, since chaos fled,
And dawning light its dazzling glories spread ;
Each chain of wonders that sublimely glowed,
Since first Creation's choral anthem flowed ;
Each ready flight, at Mercy's call divine,
To distant worlds that undiscovered shine ;
Full on her tablet flings its living rays,
And all, combined, with blest effulgence blaze.

There thy bright train, immortal Friendship, soar ;
No more to part, to mingle tears no more !
And, as the softening hand of Time endears
The joys and sorrows of our infant-years,
So there the soul, released from human strife,
Smiles at the little cares and ills of life ;
Its lights and shades, its sunshine and its showers ;
As at a dream that charmed her vacant hours !

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend ;
To hover round his evening walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green ;
To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
And heaven and nature opened to their view !
Oft when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees
A smiling circle emulous to please ;
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
And bless the scene they loved in life so well !

O thou ! with whom my heart was wont to share
From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each care ;
With whom, alas ! I fondly hoped to know
The humble walks of happiness below ;
If thy blest nature now unites above
An angel's pity with a brother's love,
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,
Correct my views, and elevate my soul ;
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned ;
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aimed to rise,
To meet the changes Time and Chance present
With modest dignity and calm content.
When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk to rest,
Thy meek submission to thy God expressed ;
When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed ;
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave ?
The sweet Remembrance of unblemished youth,
The still inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth !

Hail, MEMORY, hail ! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine !
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway !
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone ;
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky ;
If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo ! Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away !

But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour ?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light ;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest !

NOTES.

PART I.

(1) *THESU* were imagined to be the departed souls of virtuous men, who, as a reward of their good deeds in the present life, were appointed after death to the pleasing office of superintending the concerns of their immediate descendants. — *Melmoth*.

(2) Virgil, in one of his Eclogues, describes a romantic attachment as conceived in such circumstances; and the description is so true to nature, that we must surely be indebted for it to some early recollection. — “You were little when I first saw you. You were with your mother gathering fruit in our orchard, and I was your guide. I was just entering my thirteenth year, and just able to reach the boughs from the ground.”

So also Zappi, an Italian poet of the last century. — “When I used to measure myself with my goat and my goat was the tallest, even then I loved Clori.”

(3) I came to the place of my birth, and cried, “The friends of my youth, where are they?” And an echo answered, “Where are they?” — *From an Arabic MS.*

(4) When a traveller, who was surveying the ruins of Rome, expressed a desire to possess some relic of its ancient grandeur, Poussin, who attended him, stooped down, and gathering up a handful of earth sifting with small grains of porphyry, “Take this home,” said he, “for your cabinet; and say, boldly, *Questa è Roma Antica*.”

(5) Every man, like Gulliver in Lilliput, is fastened to some spot of earth, by the thousand small threads which habit and association are continually stealing over him. Of these, perhaps, one of the strongest is here alluded to.

When the Canadian Indians were once solicited to emigrate, “What!” they replied, “shall we say to the bones of our fathers, Arise, and go with us into a foreign land?”

(6) He wept; but the effort that he made to conceal his tears concurred with them to do him honor: he went to the mast-head, &c. — *See Cook's First Voyage*, book i. chap. 16.

Another very affecting instance of local attachment is related of his fellow-countryman Potaveri, who came to Europe with M. de Bougainville. — *See Les Jardins*, chant. ii.

(7) Elle se leve sur son lit et se met à contempler la France encore, et tant qu'elle peut. — *Brantôme*.

(8) To an accidental association may be ascribed some of the noblest efforts of human genius. The historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire first conceived his design among the ruins of the Capitol; * and to the tones of a Welsh harp are we indebted for the Bard of Gray.

* “It was on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing there, while the bare-footed friars were singing verses in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea first started to my mind.” — *Memoirs of my Life*.

(9) Who can enough admire the affectionate attachment of Plutarch, who thus concludes his enumeration of the advantages of a great city to men of letters: "As to myself, I live in a little town; and I choose to live there, lest it should become still less." — *Vit. Demosth.*

(10) He was suspected of murder, and at Venice suspicion was good evidence. Neither the interest of the Doge, his father, nor the intrepidity of conscious innocence, which he exhibited in the dungeon and on the rack, could procure his acquittal. He was banished to the Island of Candia for life.

But here his resolution failed him. At such a distance from home he could not live; and, as it was a criminal offence to solicit the intercession of any foreign prince, in a fit of despair he addressed a letter to the Duke of Milan, and intrusted it to a wretch whose perfidy, he knew, would occasion his being remanded a prisoner to Venice.

(11) Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses — whatever makes the past, the distant or the future, predominate over the present — advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery or virtue! That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of *Marathon*, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of *Iona*. — *Johnson*.

(12) The Paraclete, founded by Abelard, in Champagne.

(13) Alexander, when he crossed the Hellespont, was in the twenty-second year of his age; and with what feelings must the Scholar of Aristotle have approached the ground described by Homer in that poem which had been his delight from his childhood, and which records the achievements of him from whom he claimed his descent!

It was his fancy, if we may believe tradition, to take the tiller from Menestius, and be himself the steersman during the passage. It was his fancy also to be the first to land, and to land full-armed. — *Arrian*, l. 11.

(14) Vows and pilgrimages are not peculiar to the religious enthusiast. Silius Italicus performed annual ceremonies on the mountain of Posilipo; and it was there that Boccaccio, *quasi da un divino estro inspirato*, resolved to dedicate his life to the Muses.

(15) When Cicero was questor in Sicily, he discovered the tomb of Archimedes by its mathematical inscription. — *Tusc. Quæst.* v. 23.

(16) The influence of the associating principle is finely exemplified in the faithful Penelope, when she sheds tears over the bow of Ulysses. — *Od.* xxi. 55.

(17) The celebrated Ranz des Vaches; cet air si chéri des Suisses qu'il fut défendu sous peine de mort de la jouer dans leurs troupes, parce qu'il faisoit fondre en larmes, désertier ou mourir ceux qui l'entendoient, tant il excitoit en eux l'ardent désir de revoir leur pays. — *Rousseau*.

The maladie de pays is as old as the human heart. Juvenal's little cup-bearer

Suspirat longo non visam tempore matrem,
Et casulam, et notos tristic desiderat hœdos.

And the Argive in the heat of battle

Dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.

Nor is it extinguished by any injuries, however cruel they may be. Ludlow, write as he would over his door at Vevey,* was still anxious to return home; and how striking is the

* Omne solum forti patria est, quia Patris.

testimony of Camillus, as it is recorded by Livy! "Equidem fatebor vobis," says he in his speech to the Roman people, "etsi minus injuriæ vestræ quam meæ calamitatis meminisse juvat; quum abessem, quotiescunque patria in mentem veniret, hæc omnia occurrerant, colles, campique, et Tiberis, et assueta oculis regio, et hoc cœlum, sub quo natus educatusque essem. Quæ vos, Quirites, nunc moveant potius caritate sua, ut maneatis in sede vestra, quam postea quum reliqueritis ea, macerent desiderio." — V. 54.

(18) This emperor constantly passed the summer in a small villa near Reate, where he was born, and to which he would never add any embellishment; *ne quid scilicet oculorum consuetudini deperiret*. — *Suet. in Vit. Vesp.* cap. ii.

A similar instance occurs in the life of the venerable Pertinax, as related by J. Capitolinus. Posteaquam in Liguriam venit, multis agris coemptis, tabernam paternam, *manente formâ priore*, infinitis ædificiis circumdedit. — *Hist. August.* 54.

And it is said of Cardinal Richelieu, that, when he built his magnificent palace on the site of the old family chateau at Richelieu, he sacrificed its symmetry to preserve the room in which he was born. — *Mém. de Mlle. de Montpensier*, i. 27.

An attachment of this nature is generally the characteristic of a benevolent mind; and a long acquaintance with the world cannot always extinguish it.

"To a friend," says John, Duke of Buckingham, "I will expose my weakness: I am oftener missing a pretty gallery in the old house I pulled down, than pleased with a saloon which I built in its stead, though a thousand times better in all respects." — *See his Letter to the D. of Sh.*

This is the language of the heart, and will remind the reader of that good-humored remark in one of Pope's letters: "I should hardly care to have an old post pulled up, that I remembered ever since I was a child."

The author of *Telemachus* has illustrated this subject, with equal fancy and feeling, in the story of *Alibée, Persan*.

(19) That amiable and accomplished monarch, Henry the Fourth of France, made an excursion from his camp, during the long siege of Laon, to dine at a house in the forest of Folambray; where he had often been regaled, when a boy, with fruit, milk and new cheese; and in revisiting which he promised himself great pleasure. — *Mém. de Sully*.

(20) Diocletian retired into his native province, and there amused himself with building, planting and gardening. His answer to Maximian is deservedly celebrated. "If," said he, "I could show him the cabbages which I have planted with my own hands at Salona, he would no longer solicit me to return to a throne."

(21) When the Emperor Charles the Fifth had executed his memorable resolution, and had set out for the monastery of Justé, he stopped a few days at Ghent to indulge that tender and pleasant melancholy, which arises in the mind of every man in the decline of life, on visiting the place of his birth, and the objects familiar to him in his early youth.

(22) *Monjes solitarios del glorioso padre San Geronimo*, says Sandova.

In a corner of the Convent-garden there is this inscription: En esta santa casa de S. Geronimo de Justé se retiró á acabar su vida Carlos V. Emperador, &c. — *Ponz*.

(23) The memory of the horse forms the ground-work of a pleasing little romance, entitled, "*Lai du Palefroi vair*." — *See Fabliaux du XII. Siècle*.

Ariosto likewise introduces it in a passage full of truth and nature. When Bayardo meets Angelica in the forest,

. Va mansueto a la Donzella,

 Ch'in Albracca il servia già di sua mano.

Orlando Furioso, l. 75.

(24) During the siege of Harlem, when that city was reduced to the last extremity, and on the point of opening its gates to a base and barbarous enemy, a design was formed to relieve it; and the intelligence was conveyed to the citizens by a letter which was tied under the wing of a pigeon. — *Thuanus*, lv. 5.

The same messenger was employed at the siege of Mutina, as we are informed by the elder Pliny. — *Hist. Nat.* x. 37.

(25) This little animal, from the extreme convexity of her eye, cannot see many inches before her.

PART II.

(1) True glory, says one of the ancients, is to be acquired by doing what deserves to be written, and writing what deserves to be read; and by making the world the happier and the better for our having lived in it.

(2) There is a future existence even in this world,—an existence in the hearts and minds of those who shall live after us.*

It is a state of rewards and punishments; and, like that revealed to us in the gospel, has the happiest influence on our lives. The latter excites us to gain the favor of God, the former to gain the love and esteem of wise and good men; and both lead to the same end; for, in framing our conceptions of the Deity, we only ascribe to him exalted degrees of wisdom and goodness.

(3) The highest reward of virtue is virtue herself, as the severest punishment of vice is vice herself.

(4) The astronomer chalking his figures on the wall in Hogarth's view of Bedlam is an admirable exemplification of this idea. — *See the Rake's Progress*, plate 8.

(5) The following stanzas† are said to have been written on a blank leaf of this poem. They present so affecting a reverse of the picture, that I cannot resist the opportunity of introducing them here.

“Pleasures of Memory! O! supremely blest,
And justly proud beyond a poet's praise;
If the pure confines of thy tranquil breast
Contain, indeed, the subject of thy lays!
By me how envied! — for to me,
The herald still of misery,
Memory makes her influence known
By sighs, and tears, and grief alone:
I greet her as the fiend, to whom belong
The vulture's ravening beak, the raven's funeral song

“She tells of time misspent, of comfort lost,
Of fair occasions gone forever by;
Of hopes too fondly nursed, too rudely crossed,
Of many a cause to wish, yet fear to die;

* De tous les biens humains c'est le seul que la mort ne nous peut ravir. — *Boiss.*

† By Henry F. R. Soame, of Trinity College, Cambridge.

For what, except the instinctive fear
 Lest she survive, detains me here,
 When 'all the life of life' is fled?
 What, but the deep inherent dread
 Lest she beyond the grave resume her reign,
 And realize the hell that priests and beldames feign?"

(6) On the road side between Penrith and Appleby there stands a small pillar with this inscription:

"This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c., for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4*l.* to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every second day of April forever, upon the stone table placed hard by. Laus Deo!"

The Eden is the principal river of Cumberland, and rises in the wildest part of Westmoreland.

(7) "I would not exchange my dead son," said he, "for any living son in Christendom."
 — *Hume*.

The same sentiment is inscribed on an urn at the Leasowes. "Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!"

(8) A small island covered with trees, among which were formerly the ruins of a religious house.

(9) In a mountain-lake the agitations are often violent and momentary. The winds blow in gusts and eddies; and the water no sooner swells than it subsides. — See *Bourn's Hist. of Westmoreland*.

(10) The several degrees of angels may probably have larger views, and some of them be endowed with capacities able to retain together, and constantly set before them, as in one picture, all their past knowledge at once. — *Locke*.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

1798.

Villula, . . . et pauper agelle,
Me tibi, et hos unâ mecum, quos semper amavi
Commendo.

PREFACE.

EVERY reader turns with pleasure to those passages of Horace, and Pope, and Boileau, which describe how they lived and where they dwelt ; and which, being interspersed among their satirical writings, derive a secret and irresistible grace from the contrast, and are admirable examples of what in painting is termed repose.

We have admittance to Horace at all hours. We enjoy the company and conversation at his table ; and his suppers, like Plato's, "*non solum in præsentia, sed etiam postero die jucundæ sunt.*" But, when we look round as we sit there, we find ourselves in a Sabine farm, and not in a Roman villa. His windows have every charm of prospect ; but his furniture might have descended from Cincinnatus ; and gems, and pictures, and old marbles, are mentioned by him more than once with a seeming indifference.

His English imitator thought and felt, perhaps, more correctly on the subject ; and embellished his garden and grotto with great industry and success. But to these alone he solicits our notice. On the ornaments of his house he is silent ; and he appears to have reserved all the minuter touches of his pencil for the library, the chapel, and the banqueting-room of Timon. "*Le savoir de notre siècle,*" says Rousseau, "*tend beaucoup plus à détruire qu'à édifier.* On censure d'un ton de maître ; pour proposer, il en faut prendre un autre."

It is the design of this Epistle to illustrate the virtue of True Taste ; and to show how little she requires to secure, not only the comforts, but even the elegances of life. True Taste is an excellent economist. She confines her choice to few objects, and delights in producing great effects by small means : while False Taste is forever sighing after the new and the rare ; and reminds us, in her works, of the Scholar of Apelles, who, not being able to paint his Helen beautiful, determined to make her fine.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

An Invitation — The Approach to a Villa described — Its Situation — Its few Apartments — Furnished with Casts from the Antique, &c. — The Dining-room — The Library — A Cold Bath — A Winter Walk — A Summer Walk — The Invitation renewed — Conclusion.

WHEN, with a REAUMUR'S skill, thy curious mind
Has classed the insect-tribes of human kind,
Each with its busy hum, or gilded wing,
Its subtle web-work, or its venom'd sting;
Let me, to claim a few unvalued hours,
Point out the green lane rough with fern and flowers;
The sheltered gate that opens to my field,
And the white front through mingling elms revealed.

In vain, alas ! a village friend invites
To simple comforts and domestic rites,
When the gay months of Carnival resume
Their annual round of glitter and perfume;
When London hails thee to its splendid mart,
Its hives of sweets and cabinets of art;
And, lo ! majestic as thy manly song,
Flows the full tide of human life along.

Still must my partial pencil love to dwell
On the home-prospects of my hermit-cell;
The mossy pales that skirt the orchard-green,
Here hid by shrub-wood, there by glimpses seen ;

And the brown pathway, that, with careless flow,
Sinks, and is lost among the trees below.
Still must it trace (the flattering tints forgive)
Each fleeting charm that bids the landscape live.
Oft o'er the mead, at pleasing distance, pass,¹
Browsing the hedge by fits, the panniered ass;
The idling shepherd-boy, with rude delight,
Whistling his dog to mark the pebble's flight;
And in her kerchief blue the cottage-maid,
With brimming pitcher from the shadowy glade.
Far to the south a mountain-vale retires,
Rich in its groves, and glens, and village spires;
Its upland lawns, and cliffs with foliage hung,
Its wizard-stream, nor nameless nor unsung:
And through the various year, the various day,²
What scenes of glory burst, and melt away!

When April-verdure springs in Grosvenor-square,
And the furred Beauty comes to winter there,
She bids old Nature mar the plan no more;
Yet still the seasons circle as before.
Ah! still as soon the young Aurora plays,
Though moons and flambeaux trail their broadest blaze:
As soon the sky-lark pours his matin-song,
Though Evening lingers at the Masque so long.

There let her strike with momentary ray,
As tapers shine their little lives away;
There let her practise from herself to steal,
And look the happiness she does not feel;
The ready smile and bidden blush employ
At Faro-routs that dazzle to destroy;
Fan with affected ease the essenced air,
And lisp of fashions with unmeaning stare.

Be thine to meditate an humbler flight,
When morning fills the fields with rosy light;
Be thine to blend, nor thine a vulgar aim,
Repose with dignity, with Quiet fame.

Here no state-chambers in long line unfold,
Bright with broad mirrors, rough with fretted gold;
Yet modest ornament, with use combined,
Attracts the eye to exercise the mind.
Small change of scene, small space, his home requires,
Who leads a life of satisfied desires.

What though no marble breathes, no canvas glows,
From every point a ray of genius flows!⁴
Be mine to bless the more mechanic skill,
That stamps, renews, and multiplies at will;
And cheaply circulates, through distant climes,
The fairest relics of the purest times.
Here from the mould to conscious being start
Those finer forms, the miracles of art;
Here chosen gems, imprest on sulphur, shine,
That slept for ages in a second mine;
And here the faithful graver dares to trace
A MICHAEL'S grandeur, and a RAPHAEL'S grace!
Thy gallery, Florence, gilds my humble walls;
And my low roof the Vatican recalls!

Soon as the morning-dream my pillow flies,
To waking sense what brighter visions rise!
O mark! again the coursers of the Sun,
At GUIDO'S call, their round of glory run!⁵
Again the rosy hours resume their flight,
Obscured and lost in floods of golden light!

But could thine erring friend so long forget
(Sweet source of pensive joy and fond regret)

That here its warmest hues the pencil flings,
Lo ! here the lost restores, the absent brings ;
And still the few best loved and most revered ⁶
Rise round the board their social smile endeared ? ⁷

Selected shelves shall claim thy studious hours ;
There shall thy ranging mind be fed on flowers ! ⁸
There, while the shaded lamp's mild lustre streams,
Read ancient books, or dream inspiring dreams ; ⁹
And, when a sage's bust arrests thee there, ¹⁰
Pause, and his features with his thoughts compare.
— Ah ! most that Art my grateful rapture calls,
Which breathes a soul into the silent walls ; ¹¹
Which gathers round the wise of every tongue, ¹²
All on whose words departed nations hung ;
Still prompt to charm with many a converse sweet ;
Guides in the world, companions in retreat !

Though my thatched bath no rich Mosaic knows,
A limpid spring with unfelt current flows.
Emblem of Life ! which, still as we survey,
Seems motionless, yet ever glides away !
The shadowy walls record, with Attic art,
The strength and beauty which its waves impart.
Here THETIS, bending, with a mother's fears
Dips her dear boy, whose pride restrains his tears.
There VENUS, rising, shrinks with sweet surprise,
As her fair self reflected seems to rise ! ¹³

Far from the joyless glare, the maddening strife,
And all the dull impertinence of life,
These eyelids open to the rising ray, ¹⁴
And close, when Nature bids, at close of day.
Here, at the dawn, the kindling landscape glows ;
There noon-day levees call from faint repose.

Here the flushed wave flings back the parting light;
There glimmering lamps anticipate the night.
When from his classic dreams the student steals,¹⁵
Amid the buzz of crowds, the whirl of wheels,
To muse unnoticed — while around him press
The meteor-forms of equipage and dress;
Alone, in wonder lost, he seems to stand
A very stranger in his native land!
And (though perchance of current coin possess,
And modern phrase by living lips exprest)
Like those blest Youths, forgive the fabling page,¹⁶
Whose blameless lives deceived a twilight age,
Spent in sweet slumbers; till the miner's spade
Unclosed the cavern, and the morning played.
Ah! what their strange surprise, their wild delight!
New arts of life, new manners, meet their sight!
In a new world they wake, as from the dead;
Yet doubt the trance dissolved, the vision fled!

O, come, and, rich in intellectual wealth,
Blend thought with exercise, with knowledge health;¹⁷
Long, in this sheltered scene of lettered talk,
With sober step repeat the pensive walk;
Nor scorn, when graver triflings fail to please,
The cheap amusements of a mind at ease;
Here every care in sweet oblivion cast,
And many an idle hour — not idly passed.

No tuneful echoes, ambushed at my gate,
Catch the blest accents of the wise and great.¹⁸
Vain of its various page, no Album breathes
The sigh that Friendship or the Muse bequeaths.
Yet some good Genii o'er my hearth preside,
Oft the far friend, with secret spell, to guide;

And there I trace, when the gray evening lowers,
A silent chronicle of happier hours !

When Christmas revels in a world of snow,
And bids her berries blush, her carols flow ;
His spangling shower when Frost the wizard flings ;
Or, borne in ether blue, on viewless wings,
O'er the white pane his silvery foliage weaves,
And gems with icicles the sheltering eaves ;
— Thy muffled friend his nectarine-wall pursues,
What time the sun the yellow crocus woos,
Screened from the arrowy North ; and duly hies
To meet the morning-rumor as it flies ;
To range the murmuring market-place, and view
The motley groups that faithful TENIERS drew.¹⁹

When Spring bursts forth in blossoms through the vale,
And her wild music triumphs on the gale,
Oft with my book I muse from stile to stile ;²⁰
Oft in my porch the listless noon beguile,
Framing loose numbers, till declining day
Through the green trellis shoots a crimson ray ;
Till the west wind leads on the twilight hours,
And shakes the fragrant bells of closing flowers.

Nor boast, O Choisy ! seat of soft delight,
The secret charm of thy voluptuous night.
Vain is the blaze of wealth, the pomp of power !
Lo ! here, attendant on the shadowy hour,
Thy closet-supper, served by hands unseen,
Sheds, like an evening-star, its ray serene,²¹
To hail our coming. Not a step profane
Dares, with rude sound, the cheerful rite restrain ;
And, while the frugal banquet glows revealed,
Pure and unbought²²— the natives of my field .

While blushing fruits through scattered leaves invite,
Still clad in bloom, and veiled in azure light;—
With wine, as rich in years as HORACE sings,
With water, clear as his own fountain flings,
The shifting side-board plays its humbler part,
Beyond the triumphs of a Lorient's art.²³

Thus, in this calm recess, so richly fraught
With mental light, and luxury of thought,
My life steals on; (O, could it blend with thine!)
Careless my course, yet not without design.
So through the vales of Loire the bee-hives glide,²⁴
The light raft dropping with the silent tide;
So, till the laughing scenes are lost in night,
The busy people wing their various flight,
Culling unnumbered sweets from nameless flowers,
That scent the vineyard in its purple hours.

Rise, ere the watch-relieving clarions play,
Caught through St. James's groves at blush of day;²⁵
Ere its full voice the choral anthem flings
Through trophied tombs of heroes and of kings.
Haste to the tranquil shade of learned ease,²⁶
Though skilled alike to dazzle and to please;
Though each gay scene be searched with anxious eye,
Nor thy shut door be passed without a sigh.

If, when this roof shall know thy friend no more,
Some, formed like thee, should once, like thee, explore;
Invoke the lares of his loved retreat,
And his lone walks imprint with pilgrim-feet;
Then be it said (as, vain of better days,
Some gray domestic prompts the partial praise),
"Unknown he lived, unenvied, not unblest;
Reason his guide, and Happiness his guest.

In the clear mirror of his moral page
We trace the manners of a purer age.
His soul, with thirst of genuine glory fraught,
Scorned the false lustre of licentious thought.
— One fair asylum from the world he knew,
One chosen seat, that charms with various view !
Who boasts of more (believe the serious strain)
Sighs for a home, and sighs, alas ! in vain.
Through each he roves, the tenant of a day,
And, with the swallow, wings the year away ! ”

NOTES.

(1) Cosmo of Medicis took most pleasure in his Apennine villa, because all that he commanded from its windows was exclusively his own. How unlike the wise Athenian, who, when he had a farm to sell, directed the crier to proclaim, as its best recommendation, that it had a good neighborhood! — *Plut. in Vit. Themist.*

(2) Well situated is the house, "longos quæ prospicit agros." Distant views contain the greatest variety, both in themselves and in their accidental variations.

(3) Many a great man, in passing through the apartments of his palace, has made the melancholy reflection of the venerable Cosmo: "Questa è troppo gran casa à si poca famiglia." — *Mach. Ist Fior. lib. vii.*

"Parva, sed apta mihi," was Ariosto's inscription over his door in Ferrara, and who can wish to say more? "I confess," says Cowley, "I love littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast." — *Essay vi.*

When Socrates was asked why he had built for himself so small a house, "Small as it is," he replied, "I wish I could fill it with friends." — *Phædrus, lib. 9.*

These indeed are all that a wise man can desire to assemble; "for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love."

(4) By these means, when all nature wears a lowering countenance, I withdraw myself into the visionary worlds of art; where I meet with shining landscapes, gilded triumphs, beautiful faces, and all those other objects that fill the mind with gay ideas. — *Addison.*

It is remarkable that Antony, in his adversity, passed some time in a small but splendid retreat, which he called his Timonium, and from which might originate the idea of the Parisian boudoir, that favorite apartment, *où l'on se retire pour être seul, mais où l'on ne boude point.* — *Strabo, l. xvii. Plut. in Vit. Anton.*

(5) Alluding to his celebrated fresco in the Rospigliosi Palace, at Rome.

(6) The dining-room is dedicated to Conviviality; or, as Cicero somewhere expresses it, "Communitati vite atque victus." There we wish most for the society of our friends; and, perhaps, in their absence, most require their portraits.

The moral advantages of this furniture may be illustrated by the story of an Athenian courtesan, who, in the midst of a riotous banquet with her lovers, accidentally cast her eye on the portrait of a philosopher, that hung opposite to her seat; the happy character of wisdom and virtue struck her with so lively an image of her own unworthiness, that she instantly left the room, and, retiring home, became ever afterwards an example of temperance, as she had been before of debauchery.

requires a north light, uti colores in ope, propter constantiam luminis, immutata permaneat qualitate. This disposition accords with his plan of a Grecian house.

(15) Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas desumsit Athenas
Et studiis annos septem dedit, insenuitque
Libris et curis, statuâ taciturnus exit
Plerumque — *Hor.*

(16) See the Legend of the Seven Sleepers. — *Gibbon*, c. 33.

(17) Milton "was up and stirring, ere the sound of any bell awaked men to labor or to devotion;" and it is related of two students in a suburb of Paris, who were opposite neighbors, and were called the morning-star and the evening-star, — the former appearing just as the latter withdrew, — that the morning star continued to shine on, when the evening star was gone out forever.

(18) Mr. Pope delights in enumerating his illustrious guests. Nor is this an exclusive privilege of the poet. The Medici Palace at Florence exhibits a long and imposing catalogue. "Semper hi parietes columnæque eruditis vocibus resonauerunt."

(19) Fallacem circum, vespertinumque pererro
Sæpe forum. — *Hor.*

(20) Tantôt, un livre en main, errant dans les prairies . . . — *Boileau*.

(21) At a Roman supper statues were sometimes employed to hold the lamps.

—aurea sunt juvenum simulacra per aëdes.
Lampadas igniferas manibus retinentia dextris.

Lucr. li. 24.

A fashion as old as Homer! — *Odys.* vii. 109.

On the proper degree and distribution of light we may consult a great master of effect. Il lume grande, ed alto, e non troppo potente, sarà quello, che renderà le particole de' corpi molto grate. — *Tratt. della Pittura di Lionardo da Vinci*, c. xli.

Hence every artist requires a broad and high light. Michael Angelo used to work with a candle fixed in his hat. — *Condivi. Vita di Michelagnolo*. Hence also, in a banquet-scene, the most picturesque of all poets has thrown his light from the ceiling. — *Æn.* i. 726.

And hence the "starry lamps" of Milton, that

. . . . from the arched roof
Pendent by subtle magic,
. . . . yielded light
As from a sky.

(22) Dapes inentas, — *Hor.*

(23) At the petits soupés of Choisy were first introduced those admirable pieces of mechanism, afterwards carried to perfection by Loxiot, the Confidante and the Servante; a table and a side-board, which descended, and rose again covered with viands and wines. And thus the most luxurious court in Europe, after all its boasted refinements, was glad to return at last, by this singular contrivance, to the quiet and privacy of humble life. — *Vie privée de Louis XV.* li. 43.

Between this and the next line were these lines, since omitted:

Hail, sweet Society! in crowds unknown,
Though the vain world would claim thee for its own.

Still where thy small and cheerful converse flows,
 Be mine to enter, ere the circle close.
 When in retreat Fox lays his thunder by,
 And wit and taste their mingled charms supply ;
 When Siddons, born to melt and freeze the heart,
 Performs at home her more endearing part ;
 When he, who best interprets to mankind
 The wingéd messengers from mind to mind,
 Leans on his spade, and, playful as profound,
 His genius sheds its evening sunshine round,
 Be mine to listen ; pleased yet not elate,
 Ever too modest or too proud to rate
 Myself by my companions.

These were written in 1796.

(24) An allusion to the floating bee-house, which is seen in some parts of France and Piedmont.

(25) After this line, in the MS.

Groves that Belinda's star illumines still,
 And ancient courts and faded splendors fill.

See the Rape of the Lock, Canto V.

(26) *Innocuas amo delicias doctamqué quietem.*

(27) It was the boast of Lucullus that he changed his climate with the birds of passage.
 How often must he have felt the truth here inculcated, that the master of many houses
 has no home !

THE
VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.

1812.

Chi se' tu, che vien! — ?

Da me stesso non vegno.

DANTE.

I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor, and could tell
A tale —

SHAKSP.

PREFACE.

THE following Poem (or, to speak more properly, what remains of it*) has here and there a lyrical turn of thought and expression. It is sudden in its transitions, and full of historical allusions; leaving much to be imagined by the reader.

The subject is a voyage the most memorable in the annals of mankind. Columbus was a person of extraordinary virtue and piety, acting, as he conceived, under the sense of a divine impulse; and his achievement the discovery of a New World, the inhabitants of which were shut out from the light of revelation, and given up, as they believed, to the dominion of malignant spirits.

Many of the incidents will now be thought extravagant; yet they were once perhaps received with something more than indulgence. It was an age of miracles; and who can say that among the venerable legends in the library of the Escorial, or the more authentic records which fill the great chamber in the *Archivo* of Seville, and which relate entirely to the deep tragedy of America, there are no volumes that mention the marvellous things here described? Indeed, the story, as already told throughout Europe, admits of no heightening. Such was the religious enthusiasm of the early writers, that the author had only to transfuse it into his verse; and he appears to have done little more, though some of the circumstances, which he alludes to as well known, have long ceased to be so. By using the language of that day, he has called up Columbus "in his habit as he lived;" and the authorities, such as exist, are carefully given by the translator.

* The original in the Castilian language, according to the Inscription that follows, was found among other MSS. in an old religious house near Palos, situated on an island formed by the river Tinto, and dedicated to our Lady of La Rábida. The writer describes himself as having sailed with Columbus; but his style and manner are evidently of an after-time.

NSCRIBED ON THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

UNCLASP me, Stranger; and unfold,
With trembling care, my leaves of gold,
Rich in Gothic portraiture —
If yet, alas! a leaf endure.

In RABIDA'S monastic fane
I cannot ask, and ask in vain.
The language of CASTILE I speak;
Mid many an Arab, many a Greek,
Old in the days of CHARLEMAIN;
When minstrel-music wandered round,
And Science, waking, blessed the sound.

No earthly thought has here a place,
The cowl let down on every face;
Yet here, in consecrated dust,
Here would I sleep, if sleep I must.
From GENOA when COLUMBUS came
(At once, her glory and her shame),
'T was here he caught the holy flame.
'T was here the generous vow he made;
His banners on the altar laid.

Here, tempest-worn and desolate,*
A Pilot, journeying through the wild,

* We have an interesting account of his first appearance in Spain, that country which was so soon to be the theatre of his glory. According to

Stopt to solicit at the gate
A pittance for his child.
'T was here, unknowing and unknown,
He stood upon the threshold-stone.
But hope was his — a faith sublime,
That triumphs over place and time ;
And here, his mighty labor done,
And his course of glory run,
A while as more than man he stood,
So large the debt of gratitude !

One hallowed morn, methought, I felt
As if a soul within me dwelt !
But who arose and gave to me
The sacred trust I keep for thee,
And in his cell at even-tide
Knelt before the cross and died —
Inquire not now. His name no more
Glimmers on the chancel-floor,
Near the lights that ever shine
Before ST. MARY's blessed shrine.

To me one little hour devote,
And lay thy staff and scrip beside thee ;

the testimony of Garcia Fernandez, the physician of Palos, a sea-faring man, accompanied by a very young boy, stopped one day at the gate of the Convent of La Rábida, and asked of the porter a little bread and water for his child. While they were receiving this humble refreshment, the prior, Juan Perez, happening to pass by, was struck with the look and manner of the stranger, and, entering into conversation with him, soon learnt the particulars of his story. The stranger was Columbus ; the boy was his son Diego ; and, but for this accidental interview, America might have remained long undiscovered : for it was to the zeal of Juan Perez that he was finally indebted for the accomplishment of his great purpose. — See Irving's History of Columbus.

Read in the temper that he wrote,
And may his gentle spirit guide thee !
My leaves forsake me, one by one ;
The book-worm through and through has gone.
O, haste — unclasp me, and unfold ;
The tale within was never told !

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THERE is a spirit in the old Spanish chroniclers of the sixteenth century that may be compared to the freshness of water at the fountain-head. Their simplicity, their sensibility to the strange and the wonderful, their very weaknesses, give an infinite value, by giving a life and a character to everything they touch; and their religion, which bursts out everywhere, addresses itself to the imagination in the highest degree. If they err, their errors are not their own. They think and feel after the fashion of the time; and their narratives are so many moving pictures of the actions, manners and thoughts, of their contemporaries.

What they had to communicate might well make them eloquent; but, inasmuch as relates to Columbus, the inspiration went no further. No national poem appeared on the subject; no Camoëns did honor to his genius and his virtues. Yet the materials that have descended to us are surely not unpoetical; and a desire to avail myself of them, to convey in some instances as far as I could, in others as far as I dared, their warmth of coloring and wildness of imagery, led me to conceive the idea of a poem written not long after his death, when the great consequences of the discovery were beginning to unfold themselves, but while the minds of men were still clinging to the superstitions of their fathers.

The event here described may be thought too recent for the machinery; but I found them together.* A belief in the agency of evil spirits prevailed over both hemispheres; and even yet seems almost necessary to enable us to clear up the darkness,

And justify the ways of God to men.

* Perhaps even a contemporary subject should not be rejected as such, however wild and extravagant it may be, if the manners be foreign and the place distant, — major é longinquo reverentia. L'éloignement des pays, says Racine, répare en quelque sorte la trop grande proximité des temps; car le peuple ne met guère de différence entre ce qui est, si j'ose ainsi parler, à mille ans de lui, et ce qui en est à mille lieues.

THE ARGUMENT.

COLUMBUS, having wandered from kingdom to kingdom, at length obtains three ships, and sets sail on the Atlantic. The compass alters from its ancient direction; the wind becomes constant and unrelenting; night and day he advances, till he is suddenly stopped in his course by a mass of vegetation, extending as far as the eye can reach, and assuming the appearance of a country overwhelmed by the sea. Alarm and despondence on board. He resigns himself to the care of Heaven, and proceeds on his voyage.

Meanwhile the deities of America assemble in council; and one of the Zemi, the gods of the islanders, announces his approach. "In vain," says he, "have we guarded the Atlantic for ages. A mortal has baffled our power; nor will our votaries arm against him. Yours are a sterner race. Hence; and, while we have recourse to stratagem, do you array the nations round your altars, and prepare for an exterminating war." They disperse while he is yet speaking; and, in the shape of a condor, he directs his flight to the fleet. His journey described. He arrives there. A panic. A mutiny. Columbus restores order; continues on his voyage; and lands in a New World. Ceremonies of the first interview. Rites of hospitality. The ghost of Cazziva.

Two months pass away, and an angel, appearing in a dream to Columbus, thus addresses him: "Return to Europe; though your adversaries, such is the will of Heaven, shall let loose the hurricane against you. A little while shall they triumph; insinuating themselves into the hearts of your followers, and making the world, which you came to bless, a scene of blood and slaughter. Yet is there cause for rejoicing. Your work is done. The cross of Christ is planted here; and, in due time, all things shall be made perfect!"

THE VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.

CANTO I.

Night — Columbus on the Atlantic — the Variation of the Compass, &c.

SAY who, when age on age had rolled away,
And still, as sunk the golden orb of day,
The seaman watched him, while he lingered here,
With many a wish to follow, many a fear,
And gazed and gazed and wondered where he went,
So bright his path, so glorious his descent,
Who first adventured? — In his birth obscure,
Yet born to build a Fame that should endure,¹
Who the great secret of the Deep possessed,
And, issuing through the portals of the west,
Fearless, resolved, with every sail unfurled,
Planted his standard on the unknown world?
Him, by the Paynim bard described of yore,
And ere his coming sung on either shore,
Him could not I exalt — by Heaven designed
To lift the veil that covered half mankind!
Yet, ere I die, I would fulfil my vow;
Praise cannot wound his generous spirit now.

* * * * *

'T was night. The Moon, o'er the wide wave, disclosed
Her awful face; and Nature's self reposed;
When, slowly rising in the azure sky,
Three white sails shone — but to no mortal eye,
Entering a boundless sea. In slumber cast,
The very ship-boy, on the dizzy mast,
Half breathed his orisons! Alone unchanged,
Calmly, beneath, the great Commander² ranged,
Thoughtful, not sad; and, as the planet grew,
His noble form, wrapt in his mantle blue,
Athwart the deck a deepening shadow threw.
"Thee hath it pleased—Thy will be done!" he said,³
Then sought his cabin; and, their garments spread,
Around him lay the sleeping as the dead,
When, by his lamp to that mysterious guide,⁴
On whose still counsels all his hopes relied,
That oracle to man in mercy given,
Whose voice is truth, whose wisdom is from heaven,
Who over sands and seas directs the stray,
And, as with God's own finger, points the way,
He turned; but what strange thoughts perplexed his soul,
When, lo! no more attracted to the pole,
The Compass, faithless as the circling vane,
Fluttered and fixed, fluttered and fixed again!
At length, as by some unseen hand imprest,
It sought with trembling energy—the West!⁵
"Ah no!" he cried, and calmed his anxious brow.
"Ill, nor the signs of ill, 't is thine to show;
Thine but to lead me where I wished to go!"
COLUMBUS erred not.⁶ In that awful hour,
Sent forth to save, and girt with god-like power,

And glorious as the regent of the sun,⁷
 An angel came ! He spoke, and it was done !
 He spoke, and, at his call, a mighty wind,⁸
 Not like the fitful blast, with fury blind,
 But deep, majestic, in its destined course,
 Sprung with unerring, unrelenting force,
 From the bright East. Tides duly ebb'd and flow'd
 Stars rose and set ; and new horizons glow'd ;
 Yet still it blew ! As with primeval sway
 Still did its ample spirit, night and day,
 Move on the waters ! — All, resigned to Fate,
 Folded their arms and sate ;⁹ and seemed to wait
 Some sudden change ; and sought, in chill suspense,
 New spheres of being, and new modes of sense ;
 As men departing, though not doomed to die,
 And midway on their passage to eternity.

 CANTO II.

The Voyage continued.

* * * * *

“WHAT vast foundations in the abyss are there,¹
 As of a former world ? Is it not where
 ATLANTIC kings their barbarous pomp displayed ;²
 Sunk into darkness with the realms they sway'd,
 When towers and temples, through the closing wave,
 A glimmering ray of ancient splendor gave —
 And we shall rest with them ? — Or are we thrown ”
 (Each gazed on each, and all exclaimed as one)
 “ Where things familiar cease and strange begin,
 All progress barred to those without, within ?

— Soon is the doubt resolved. Arise, behold —
We stop to stir no more . . .³ nor will the tale be told.”

The pilot smote his breast; the watchman cried
“Land !” and his voice in faltering accents died.⁴
At once the fury of the prow was quelled ;
And (whence or why from many an age withheld)⁵
Shrieks, not of men, were mingling in the blast ;
And armed shapes of god-like stature passed !
Slowly along the evening-sky they went,
As on the edge of some vast battlement ;
Helmet and shield, and spear and gonfalon,
Streaming a baleful light that was not of the sun !

Long from the stern the great adventurer gazed
With awe, not fear ; then high his hands he raised.
“Thou All-supreme . . . in goodness as in power,
Who, from his birth to this eventful hour,
Hast led thy servant over land and sea,⁶
Confessing Thee in all, and all in Thee,
O still ”— He spoke, and, lo ! the charm accurst
Fled whence it came, and the broad barrier burst !
A vain illusion ! (such us mocks the eyes
Of fearful men, when mountains round them rise
From less than nothing) nothing now beheld,
But scattered sedge — repelling, and repelled !

And once again that valiant company
Right onward came, ploughing the unknown sea.
Already borne beyond the range of thought,
With light divine, with truth immortal fraught,
From world to world their steady course they keep,⁷
Swift as the winds along the waters sweep,
Mid the mute nations of the purple deep.

— And now the sound of harpy-wings they hear ;
 Now less and less, as vanishing in fear !
 And see, the heavens bow down, the waters rise,
 And, rising, shoot in columns to the skies,^a
 That stand — and still, when they proceed, retire,
 As in the desert burned the sacred fire ;
 Moving in silent majesty, till Night
 Descends, and shuts the vision from their sight.

CANTO III.

An Assembly of Evil Spirits.

THOUGH changed my cloth of gold for amice gray¹ —
 In my spring-time, when every month was May,
 With hawk and hound I coursed away the hour,
 Or sung my roundelay in lady's bower.
 And though my world be now a narrow cell
 (Renounced forever all I loved so well),
 Though now my head be bald, my feet be bare,
 And scarce my knees sustain my book of prayer,
 O, I was there, one of that gallant crew,
 And saw — and wondered whence his power he drew,
 Yet little thought, though by his side I stood,
 Of his great foes in earth and air and flood,
 Then uninstructed. — But my sand is run,
 And the night coming . . . and my task not done ! . .

'T was in the deep, immeasurable cave
 Of ANDES,² echoing to the Southern wave,
 Mid pillars of basalt, the work of fire,
 That, giant-like, to upper day aspire,

'T was there that now, as wont in heaven to shine,
 Forms of angelic mould and grace divine
 Assembled. All, exiled the realms of rest,
 In vain the sadness of their souls suppressed;
 Yet of their glory many a scattered ray
 Shot through the gathering shadows of decay.
 Each moved a god; and all, as gods, possessed
 One half the globe; from pole to pole confessed!³

* * * * *

O, could I now — but how in mortal verse —
 Their numbers, their heroic deeds, rehearse!
 These in dim shrines and barbarous symbols reign,
 Where PLATA and MARAGNON meet the main.⁴
 Those the wild hunter worships as he roves,
 In the green shade of CHILI's fragrant groves;
 Or warrior-tribes with rites of blood implore,
 Whose night-fires gleam along the sullen shore
 Of HURON or ONTARIO, inland seas,⁵
 What time the song of death is in the breeze!

* * * * *

'T was now in dismal pomp and order due,
 While the vast concave flashed with lightnings blue,
 On shining pavements of metallic ore,
 That many an age the fusing sulphur bore,
 They held high council. All was silence round,
 When, with a voice most sweet, yet most profound,
 A sovereign Spirit burst the gates of night,
 And from his wings of gold shook drops of liquid light!
 MERION, commissioned with his host to sweep
 From age to age the melancholy deep!

Chief of the ZEMI, whom the Isles obeyed,
By Ocean severed from a world of shade.⁶

I.

“Prepare, again prepare;”
Thus o’er the soul the thrilling accents came,
“Thrones to resign for lakes of living flame,
And triumph for despair.
He, on whose call afflicting thunders wait,
Has willed it; and his will is fate!
In vain the legions, emulous to save,
Hung in the tempest o’er the troubled main;’
Turned each presumptuous prow that broke the wave,
And dashed it on its shores again.
All is fulfilled! Behold, in close array,
What mighty banners stream in the bright track of day!

* * * * *

II.

“No voice as erst shall in the desert rise;’
Nor ancient, dread solemnities
With scorn of death the trembling tribes inspire.
Wreaths for the Conqueror’s brow the victims bind!
Yet, though we fled yon firmament of fire,
Still shall we fly, all hope of rule resigned?”

* * * * *

He spoke; and all was silence, all was night!⁹
Each had already winged his formidable flight.

CANTO IV.

The Voyage continued.

* * * * *

"Ah, why look back, though all is left behind?
 No sounds of life are stirring in the wind.—
 And you, ye birds, winging your passage home,
 How blest ye are!— We know not where we roam.
 We go," they cried, "go to return no more;
 Nor ours, alas! the transport to explore
 A human footstep on a desert shore!"

* * * * *

— Still, as beyond this mortal life impelled
 By some mysterious energy, he held
 His everlasting course. Still self-possessed,
 High on the deck he stood, disdaining rest
 (His amber-chain the only badge he bore,
 His mantle blue such as his fathers wore);
 Fathomed, with searching hand, the dark profound,
 And scattered hope and glad assurance round;
 Though, like some strange portentous dream, the Past
 Still hovered, and the cloudless sky o'ercast.

At day-break might the Caravels¹ be seen,
 Chasing their shadows o'er the deep serene;
 Their burnished prows lashed by the sparkling tide,
 Their green-cross standards waving far and wide.
 And now once more to better thoughts inclined,
 The seaman, mounting, clamored in the wind,
 The soldier told his tales of love and war;²
 The courtier sung—sung to his gay guitar.

Round, at Primero, sate a whiskered band;
 So Fortune smiled, careless of sea or land !³
 LEON, MONTALVAN (serving side by side;
 Two with one soul — and, as they lived, they died),
 VASCO the brave, thrice found among the slain,
 Thrice, and how soon, up and in arms again,
 As soon to wish he had been sought in vain,
 Chained down in FEZ, beneath the bitter thong,
 To the hard bench and heavy oar so long !
 ALBERT of FLORENCE, who, at twilight-time,
 In my rapt ear poured DANTE'S tragic rhyme,
 Screened by the sail as near the mast we lay,
 Our nights illumined by the ocean-spray;
 And MANFRED, who espoused with jewelled ring
 Young ISABEL, then left her sorrowing :
 LERMA "the generous," AVILA "the proud ;"⁴
 VELASQUEZ, GARCIA, through the echoing crowd
 Traced by their mirth — from EBRO'S classic shore,
 From golden TAJO, to return no more !

 CANTO V.

The Voyage continued.

* * * * *

YET who but he undaunted could explore¹
 A world of waves, a sea without a shore,
 Trackless and vast and wild as that revealed
 When round the Ark the birds of tempest wheeled;
 When all was still in the destroying hour —
 No sign of man ! no vestige of his power !

One at the stern before the hour-glass stood,
As 't were to count the sands; one o'er the flood
Gazed for St. Elmo;² while another cried
"Once more good-morrow!" and sate down and sighed.
Day, when it came, came only with its light.
Though long invoked, 't was sadder than the night!
Look where he would, forever as he turned,
He met the eye of one that inly mourned.

Then sunk his generous spirit, and he wept.
The friend, the father rose; the hero slept.
PALOS, thy port, with many a pang resigned,
Filled with its busy scenes his lonely mind;
The solemn march, the vows in concert given,³
The bended knees and lifted hands to heaven,
The incensed rites, and choral harmonies,
The Guardian's blessings mingling with his sighs;
While his dear boys — ah! on his neck they hung,⁴
And long at parting to his garments clung.

Oft in the silent night-watch doubt and fear
Broke in uncertain murmurs on his ear.
Oft the stern Catalan, at noon of day,
Muttered dark threats, and lingered to obey;
Though that brave youth — he, whom his courser bore
Right through the midst, when, fetlock-deep in gore,
The great GONSALVO⁵ battled with the Moor
(What time the ALHAMBRA shook — soon to unfold
Its sacred courts, and fountains yet untold,
Its holy texts and arabesques of gold), —
Though ROLDAN, sleep and death to him alike,⁶
Grasped his good sword and half unsheathed to strike
"O, born to wander with your flocks," he cried,
"And bask and dream along the mountain-side;

To urge your mules, tinkling from hill to hill;
 Or at the vintage feast to drink your fill,
 And strike your castanets, with gypsy-maid
 Dancing Fandangos in the chestnut shade —
 Come on," he cried, and threw his glove in scorn,
 " Not this your wonted pledge, the brimming horn.
 Valiant in peace! Adventurous at home!
 O, had ye vowed with pilgrim-staff to roam;
 Or with banditti sought the sheltering wood,
 Where mouldering crosses mark the scene of blood!—'
 He said, he drew; then, at his Master's frown,
 Sullenly sheathed, plunging the weapon down.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

CANTO VI.

The Flight of an Angel of Darkness.

WAR and the Great in War let others sing,¹
 Havoc and spoil, and tears and triumphing;
 The morning-march that flashes to the sun,
 The feast of vultures when the day is done;
 And the strange tale of many slain for one!
 I sing a Man, amid his sufferings here,
 Who watched and served in humbleness and fear;
 Gentle to others, to himself severe.

Still unsubdued by Danger's varying form,
 Still, as unconscious of the coming storm,
 He looked elate; and, with his wonted smile,
 On the great Ordinance leaning, would beguile

The hour with talk. His beard, his mien sublime,
 Shadowed by Age — by Age before the time,²
 From many a sorrow borne in many a clime,
 Moved every heart. And now in opener skies
 Stars yet unnamed of purer radiance rise !
 Stars, milder suns, that love a shade to cast,
 And on the bright wave fling the trembling mast !
 Another firmament ! the orbs that roll,
 Singly or clustering, round the Southern pole !
 Not yet the four that glorify the Night —
 Ah ! how forget when to my ravished sight
 The Cross shone forth in everlasting light !³

* * * * *
 * * * * *

'T was the mid hour, when He, whose accents dread
 Still wandered through the regions of the dead
 (MERION, commissioned with his host to sweep
 From age to age the melancholy deep),
 To elude the seraph-guard that watched for man,
 And mar, as erst, the Eternal's perfect plan,
 Rose like the condor, and, at towering height,
 In pomp of plumage sailed, deepening the shades of night.
 Roc of the West ! to him all empire given !⁴
 Who bears Axalhua's dragon folds to heaven ;⁵
 His flight a whirlwind, and, when heard afar,
 Like thunder, or the distant din of war !

Mountains and seas fled backward as he passed
 O'er the great globe, by not a cloud o'ercast
 From the ANTARCTIC, from the Land of Fire⁶
 To where ALASKA's wintry wilds retire ;⁷
 From mines of gold,⁸ and giant-sons of earth
 To grots of ice, and tribes of pigmy birth

Who freeze alive, nor, dead, in dust repose,
High-hung in forests to the casing snows.⁹

Now mid angelic multitudes he flies,
That hourly come with blessings from the skies;
Wings the blue element, and, borne sublime,
Eyes the set sun, gilding each distant clime;
Then, like a meteor shooting to the main,
Melts into pure intelligence again.

* * * * *

CANTO VII.

A Mutiny excited.

WHAT though Despondence reigned, and wild Affright—
Stretched in the midst, and, through that dismal night,¹
By his white plume revealed and buskins white,²
Slept ROLDAN. When he closed his gay career.
Hope fled forever, and with Hope fled Fear.
Blest with each gift indulgent Fortune sends,
Birth and its rights, wealth and its train of friends,
Star-like he shone! Now beggared and alone,
Danger he wooed, and claimed her for his own.
O'er him a Vampire his dark wings displayed.³
'Twas MERION'S self, covering with dreadful shade.⁴
He came, and, couched on ROLDAN'S ample breast
Each secret pore of breathing life possessed,
Fanning the sleep that seemed his final rest;
Then, inly gliding like a subtle flame,⁵
Thrice, with a cry that thrilled the mortal frame,

Called on the Spirit-within. Disdaining flight,
Calmly she rose, collecting all her might.⁶
Dire was the dark encounter! Long unquelled,
Her sacred seat, sovereign and pure, she held.
At length the great foe binds her for his prize,
And awful, as in death, the body lies!

Not long to slumber! In an evil hour
Informed and lifted by the unknown power,
It starts, it speaks! "We live, we breathe no more!
The fatal wind blows on the dreary shore!
On yonder cliffs beckoning their fellow-prey,
The spectres stalk, and murmur at delay!"⁷
— Yet if thou canst (not for myself I plead!
Mine but to follow where 't is thine to lead),
O, turn and save! To thee, with streaming eyes,
To thee each widow kneels, each orphan cries!
Who now, condemned the lingering hours to tell,
Think and but think of those they loved so well!"

All melt in tears! but what can tears avail?
These climb the mast, and shift the swelling sail.
These snatch the helm; and round me now I hear
Smiting of hands, outcries of grief and fear⁸
(That in the aisles at midnight haunt me still,
Turning my lonely thoughts from good to ill).
"Were there no graves—none in our land," they cry
"That thou hast brought us on the deep to die?"

Silent with sorrow, long within his cloak
His face he muffled—then the HERO spoke.
"Generous and brave! when God himself is here.
Why shake at shadows in your mid career?
He can suspend the laws himself designed,
He walks the waters, and the wingéd wind;

Himself your guide ! and yours the high behest,
 To lift your voice, and bid a world be blest !
 And can you shrink ? to you, to you consigned⁹
 The glorious privilege to serve mankind !
 O, had I perished, when my failing frame¹⁰
 Clung to the shattered oar mid wrecks of flame !
 — Was it for this I lingered life away,
 The scorn of Folly, and of Fraud the prey ;¹¹
 Bowed down my mind, the gift His bounty gave,
 At courts a suitor, and to slaves a slave ?
 — Yet in His name whom only we should fear
 ('T is all, all I shall ask, or you shall hear)
 Grant but three days." — He spoke not uninspired ;¹²
 And each in silence to his watch retired.
 At length among us came an unknown Voice !
 "Go, if ye will ; and, if ye can, rejoice.
 Go, with unbidden guests the banquet share.
 In his own shape shall Death receive you there."¹³

 CANTO VIII.

Land discovered.

TWICE in the zenith blazed the orb of light ;
 No shade, all sun, insufferably bright !
 Then the long line found rest — in coral groves
 Silent and dark, where the sea-lion roves : —
 And all on deck, kindling to life again,
 Sent forth their anxious spirits o'er the main.

"O whence, as wafted from Elysium, whence
 These perfumes, strangers to the raptured sense ?

These boughs of gold, and fruits of heavenly hue,
 Tinging with vermeil light the billows blue?
 And (thrice, thrice blessed is the eye that spied,
 The hand that snatched it sparkling in the tide)
 Whose cunning carved this vegetable bowl,¹
 Symbol of social rites and intercourse of soul?"
 Such to their grateful ear the gush of springs,
 Who course the ostrich, as away she wings;
 Sons of the desert! who delight to dwell
 'Mid kneeling camels round the sacred well;
 Who, ere the terrors of his pomp be passed,
 Fall to the demon in the reddening blast.²

The sails were furled; with many a melting close,
 Solemn and slow the evening-anthem rose,
 Rose to the Virgin.³ 'T was the hour of day
 When setting suns o'er summer-seas display
 A path of glory, opening in the west
 To golden climes, and islands of the blest;
 And human voices, on the silent air,
 Went o'er the waves in songs of gladness there!

Chosen of Men!⁴ 'T was thine, at noon of night,
 First from the prow to hail the glimmering light;⁵
 (Emblem of Truth divine, whose secret ray
 Enters the soul, and makes the darkness day!)
 "PEDRO! RODRIGO!"⁶ there, methought, it shone!
 There — in the west! and now, alas! 't is gone! —
 'T was all a dream! we gaze and gaze in vain!
 — But mark and speak not, there it comes again!
 It moves! what form unseen, what being there
 With torch-like lustre fires the murky air?
 His instincts, passions, say, how like our own?
 O! when will day reveal a world unknown?"

CANTO IX.

The New World.

LONG on the deep the mists of morning lay,
Then rose, revealing, as they rolled away,
Half-circling hills, whose everlasting woods
Sweep with their sable skirts the shadowy floods :
And say, when all, to holy transport given,
Embraced and wept as at the gates of Heaven.
When one and all of us, repentant, ran,
And, on our faces, blessed the wondrous man ;
Say, was I then deceived, or from the skies
Burst on my ear seraphic harmonies ?
"Glory to God !" unnumbered voices sung,
"Glory to God !" the vales and mountains rung,
Voices that hailed Creation's primal morn,
And to the shepherds sung a Saviour born.

Slowly, bare-headed, through the surf we bore
The sacred cross,¹ and, kneeling, kissed the shore.
But what a scene was there ?² Nymphs of romance,³
Youths graceful as the Faun, with eager glance,
Spring from the glades, and down the alleys peep,
Then headlong rush, bounding from steep to steep,
And clap their hands, exclaiming as they run,
"Come and behold the Children of the Sun !" ⁴
When hark, a signal-shot ! The voice, it came
Over the sea in darkness and in flame !
They saw, they heard ; and up the highest hill,
As in a picture, all at once were still !
Creatures so fair, in garments strangely wrought,
From citadels, with Heaven's own thunder fraught

Checked their light footsteps — statue-like they stood,
As worshipped forms, the Genii of the Wood !

At length the spell dissolves ! The warrior's lance
Rings on the tortoise with wild dissonance !
And see, the regal plumes, the couch of state !⁵
Still, where it moves, the wise in council wait !
See now borne forth the monstrous mask of gold,
And ebon chair of many a serpent-fold ;
These now exchanged for gifts that thrice surpass
The wondrous ring, and lamp, and horse of brass.⁶
What long-drawn tube transports the gazer home,⁷
Kindling with stars at noon the ethereal dome ?
'T is here : and here circles of solid light
Charm with another self the cheated sight ;
As man to man another self disclose,
That now with terror starts, with triumph glows !

CANTO X.

Cora — Luxuriant Vegetation — The Humming-bird — The Fountain of
Youth.

* * * * *

THEN CORA came, the youngest of her race,
And in her hands she hid her lovely face ;
Yet oft by stealth a timid glance she cast,
And now with playful step the mirror passed,
Each bright reflection brighter than the last !
And oft behind it flew, and oft before ;
The more she searched, pleased and perplexed the more !
And looked and laughed, and blushed with quick surprise ;
Her lips all mirth, all ecstasy her eyes !

But soon the telescope attracts her view;
And, lo! her lover in his light canoe
Rocking, at noontide, on the silent sea,
Before her lies! It cannot, cannot be.
Late as he left the shore, she lingered there,
Till, less and less, he melted into air! —
Sigh after sigh steals from her gentle frame,
And say — that murmur — was it not his name?
She turns, and thinks; and, lost in wild amaze,
Gazes again, and could forever gaze!

Nor can thy flute, ALONSO, now excite
As in VALENCIA, when, with fond delight,
FRANCISCA, waking, to the lattice flew,
So soon to love and to be wretched too!
Hers through a convent-grate to send her last adieu.
— Yet who now comes uncalled; and round and round,
And near and nearer flutters to the sound;
Then stirs not, breathes not — on enchanted ground?
Who now lets fall the flowers she culled to wear
When he, who promised, should at eve be there;
And faintly smiles, and hangs her head aside
The tear that glistens on her cheek to hide?
Ah, who but CORA? — till, inspired, possessed,
At once she springs, and clasps it to her breast!

Soon from the bay the mingling crowd ascends,
Kindred first met! by sacred instinct Friends!
Through citron-groves, and fields of yellow maize,¹
Through plantain-walks where not a sunbeam plays.
Here blue savannas fade into the sky,
There forests frown in midnight majesty;
Ceiba,² and Indian fig, and plane sublime,
Nature's first-born, and revered by Time!

There sits the bird that speaks!³ there, quivering, rise
 Wings that reflect the glow of evening-skies!
 Half bird, half fly,⁴ the fairy king of flowers⁵
 Reigns there, and revels through the fragrant hours;⁶
 Gem full of life, and joy and song divine,
 Soon in the virgin's graceful ear to shine.⁷

'T was he that sung, if ancient Fame speaks truth,
 "Come! follow, follow to the Fount of Youth!
 I quaff the ambrosial mists that round it rise,
 Dissolved and lost in dreams of Paradise!"
 For there called forth, to bless a happier hour,
 It met the sun in many a rainbow-shower!
 Murmuring delight, its living waters rolled
 'Mid branching palms and amaranths of gold!⁸

CANTO XI.

Evening—A Banquet—The Ghost of Cazziva.

THE tamarind closed her leaves; the marmoset
 Dreamed on his bough, and played the mimic yet.
 Fresh from the lake the breeze of twilight blew,
 And vast and deep the mountain-shadows grew;
 When many a fire-fly, shooting through the glade,
 Spangled the locks of many a lovely maid,
 Who now danced forth to strew our path with flowers,
 And hymn our welcome to celestial bowers.¹

There odorous lamps adorned the festal rite,
 And guavas blushed as in the vales of light.²
 There silent sate many an unbidden guest,³
 Whose steadfast looks a secret dread impressed;

Not there forgot the sacred fruit that fed
At nightly feasts the spirits of the dead,
Mingling in scenes that mirth to mortals give,
But by their sadness known from those that live.

There met, as erst, within the wonted grove,
Unmarried girls and youths that died for love !
Sons now beheld their ancient sires again ;
And sires, alas ! their sons in battle-slain !⁴

But whence that sigh ? 'T was from a heart that broke .
And whence that voice ? As from the grave it spoke !
And who, as unresolved the feast to share,
Sits half-withdrawn in faded splendor there ?
'T is he of yore, the warrior and the sage,
Whose lips have moved in prayer from age to age ;
Whose eyes, that wandered as in search before,
Now on COLUMBUS fixed — to search no more !

CAZZIVA,⁵ gifted in his day to know
The gathering signs of a long night of woe ;
Gifted by those who give but to enslave ;
No rest in death ! no refuge in the grave !
— With sudden spring as at the shout of war,
He flies ! and, turning in his flight, from far
Glares through the gloom like some portentous star !
Unseen, unheard ! Hence, minister of ill !⁶
Hence, 't is not yet the hour ! though come it will !
They that foretold — too soon shall they fulfil ;⁷
When forth they rush as with the torrent's sweep,⁸
And deeds are done that make the angels weep !

Hark, o'er the busy mead the shell proclaims⁹
Triumphs, and masques, and high heroic games.
And now the old sit round ; and now the young
Climb the green boughs, the murmuring doves among.

Who claims the prize, when wingéd feet contend;
When twanging bows the flaming arrows send?¹⁰
Who stands self-centred in the field of fame,
And, grappling, flings to earth a giant's frame?
Whilst all, with anxious hearts and eager eyes,
Bend as he bends, and, as he rises, rise!
And CORA'S self, in pride of beauty here,
Trembles with grief and joy, and hope and fear!
(She who, the fairest, ever flew the first,
With cup of balm to quench his burning thirst;
Knelt at his head, her fan-leaf in her hand,
And hummed the air that pleased him, while she fanned)
How blest his lot! — though, by the Muse unsung,
His name shall perish, when his knell is rung.

That night, transported, with a sigh I said
" 'Tis all a dream!" — Now, like a dream, 't is fled;
And many and many a year has passed away,
And I alone remain to watch and pray!
Yet oft in darkness, on my bed of straw,
Oft I awake and think on what I saw!
The groves, the birds, the youths, the nymphs recall,
And CORA, loveliest, sweetest of them all!

CANTO XII.

A Vision.

STILL would I speak of him, before I went,
Who among us a life of sorrow spent,¹
And, dying, left a world his monument;

Still, if the time allowed ! My hour draws near ;
But he will prompt me when I faint with fear.

— Alas, he hears me not ! He cannot hear !

Twice the moon filled her silver urn with light.
Then from the throne an angel winged his flight ;
He, who unfixed the compass, and assigned
O'er the wild waves a pathway to the wind ;
Who, while approached by none but spirits pure,
Wrought, in his progress through the dread obscure,
Signs like the ethereal bow — that shall endure ! ²

As he descended through the upper air,
Day broke on day ³ as God himself were there !
Before the great discoverer, laid to rest,
He stood, and thus his secret soul addressed. ⁴

“ The wind recalls thee ; its still voice obey.
Millions await thy coming ; hence, away.
To thee blest tidings of great joy consigned,
Another nature, and a new mankind !
The vain to dream, the wise to doubt, shall cease ;
Young men be glad, and old depart in peace ! ⁵
Hence ! though assembling in the fields of air,
Now, in a night of clouds, thy foes prepare
To rock the globe with elemental wars,
And dash the floods of ocean to the stars ; ⁶
To bid the meek repine, the valiant weep,
And thee restore thy secret to the deep ! ⁷

“ Not then to leave thee ! to their vengeance cast,
Thy heart their aliment, their dire repast ! ⁸

* * * * *

To other eyes shall MEXICO unfold
Her feathered tapestries, and roofs of gold,

To other eyes, from distant cliff descried,⁹
Shall the PACIFIC roll his ample tide;
There destined soon rich argosies to ride.
Chains thy reward! beyond the ATLANTIC wave
Hung in thy chamber, buried in thy grave!¹⁰
Thy reverend form¹¹ to time and grief a prey,
A spectre wandering in the light of day!¹²

“What though thy gray hairs to the dust descend,
Their scent shall track thee, track thee to the end;
Thy sons reproached with their great father's fame,¹³
And on his world inscribed another's name!
That world a prison-house, full of sights of woe,
Where groans burst forth, and tears in torrents flow!
These gardens of the sun, sacred to song,
By dogs of carnage,¹⁴ howling loud and long,
Swept—till the voyager, in the desert air,¹⁵
Starts back to hear his altered accents there!¹⁶

“Not thine the olive, but the sword to bring;
Not peace, but war! Yet from these shores shall spring
Peace without end;¹⁷ from these, with blood defiled,
Spread the pure spirit of thy Master mild!
Here, in His train, shall arts and arms attend,¹⁸
Arts to adorn, and arms but to defend.
Assembling here, all nations shall be blest;¹⁹
The sad be comforted; the weary rest;
Untouched shall drop the fetters from the slave;²⁰
And He shall rule the world he died to save!

“Hence, and rejoice. The glorious work is done.
A spark is thrown that shall eclipse the sun!
And, though bad men shall long thy course pursue,
As erst the ravening brood o'er chaos flew,²¹

He, whom I serve, shall vindicate his reign ;
The spoiler spoiled of all ;²² the slayer slain ;²³
The tyrant's self, oppressing and opprest,
Mid gems and gold unenvied and unblest :²⁴
While to the starry sphere thy name shall rise,
(Not there unsung thy generous enterprise !)
Thine in all hearts to dwell — by Fame enshrined,
With those, the few, that live but for mankind ;
Thine evermore, transcendant happiness !
World beyond world to visit and to bless."

On the two last leaves, and written in another hand, are some stanzas in the romance or ballad measure of the Spaniards. The subject is an adventure soon related.

THY lonely watch-tower, Larenille,
Had lost the western sun ;
And loud and long from hill to hill
Echoed the evening-gun,
When Hernan, rising on his oar,
Shot like an arrow from the shore.
— “ Those lights are on St. Mary’s Isle ;
They glimmer from the sacred pile.”¹
The waves were rough ; the hour was late.
But soon across the Tinto borne,
Thrice he blew the signal-horn,
He blew and would not wait.
Home by his dangerous path he went ;
Leaving, in rich habiliment,
Two strangers at the convent-gate.

They ascended by steps hewn out in the rock ; and, having asked for admittance, were lodged there.

Brothers in arms the guests appeared ;
The youngest with a princely grace !
Short and sable was his beard,
Thoughtful and wan his face.
His velvet cap a medal bore,
And ermine fringed his brodered vest ;
And, ever sparkling on his breast,
An image of St. John he wore.²

The eldest had a rougher aspect, and there was craft in his eye. He stood a little behind, in a long black mantle, his hand resting on the hilt of his sword; and his white hat and white shoes glittered in the moonshine.³

"Not here unwelcome, though unknown."

Enter and rest!" the friar said.

The moon, that through the portal shone,
Shone on his reverend head.

Through many a court and gallery dim

Slowly he led, the burial-hymn

Swelling from the distant choir.

But now the holy men retire;

The arched cloisters issuing through,

In long, long order, two and two.

* * * * *

When other sounds had died away,

And the waves were heard alone,

They entered, though unused to pray,

Where God was worshipped, night and day,

And the dead knelt round in stone;

They entered, and from aisle to aisle

Wandered with folded arms a while,

Where on his altar-tomb reclined⁴

The crosiered abbot; and the knight,

In harness for the Christian fight,

His hands in supplication joined;—

Then said, as in a solemn mood,

"Now stand we where COLUMBUS stood!"

* * * * *

"PEREZ,⁵ thou good old man," they cried,

"And art thou in thy place of rest?—

Though in the western world his grave,⁶

That other world, the gift he gave,⁷

Would ye were sleeping side by side !
Of all his friends he loved thee best."

* * * * *
* * * * *

The supper in the chamber done,
Much of a southern sea they spake,
And of that glorious city⁸ won
Near the setting of the sun,
Throned in a silver lake ;
Of seven kings in chains of gold,⁹
And deeds of death by tongue untold,
Deeds such as breathed in secret there
Had shaken the confession-chair !

The eldest swore by our Lady,¹⁰ the youngest by his conscience; ¹¹ while the Franciscan, sitting by in his gray habit, turned away and crossed himself again and again. "Here is a little book," said he at last, "the work of him in his shroud below. It tells of things you have mentioned; and, were Cortes and Pizarro here, it might perhaps make them reflect for a moment." The youngest smiled as he took it into his hand. He read it aloud to his companion with an unfaltering voice; but, when he laid it down, a silence ensued; nor was he seen to smile again that night.¹² "The curse is heavy," said he at parting, "but Cortes may live to disappoint it."—"Ay, and Pizarro too !"

. A circumstance, recorded by Herrera, renders this visit not improbable. "In May, 1528, Cortes arrived unexpectedly at Palos; and, soon after he had landed, he and Pizarro met and rejoiced; and it was remarkable that they should meet, as they were two of the most renowned men in the world." B. Diaz makes no mention of the interview; but, relating an occurrence that took place at this time in Palos, says "that Cortes was now absent at Nuestra Senora de la Rábida." The convent is within half a league of the town.

NOTES.

CANTO I.

(1) In him was fulfilled the ancient prophecy,

. venient annis
Secula seris, quibus Oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet, &c.

Seneca in Medea, v. 374.

Which Tasso has imitated in his *Gierusalemme Liberata*.

Tempo verrà, che fian d'Ercole i segni
Favola, vile, &c. c. xv. 30.

The poem opens on Friday the 14th of September, 1492.

(2) In the original, *El Almirante*. "In Spanish America," says M. de Humboldt, "when *El Almirante* is pronounced without the addition of a name, that of Columbus is understood; as, from the lips of a Mexican, *El Marchese* signifies Cortes;" and as, among the Florentines, *Il Segretario* has always signified Machiavel.

(3) "It has pleased our Lord to grant me faith and assurance for this enterprise. He has opened my understanding, and made me most willing to go."—See his *Life by his Son, Ferd. Columbus*, entitled, *Hist. del Almirante Don Christoval. Colon.* c. 4 & 37.

His will begins thus: "In the name of the most holy Trinity, who inspired me with the idea, and who afterwards made it clear to me, that by traversing the ocean westwardly," &c.

(4) The compass might well be an object of superstition. A belief is said to prevail, even at this day, that it will refuse to traverse when there is a dead body on board.

(5) *Herrera*, dec. I. lib. I. c. 9.

(6) When these regions were to be illuminated, says Acosta, cum divino concilio decretum esset, prospectum etiam divinitus est, ut tam longi itineris dux certus hominibus præberetur.—*De Natura Novi Orbis*.

A romantic circumstance is related of some early navigator in the *Histoire Gén. des Voyages*, I. i. 2. "On trouva dans l'île de Cuervo une statue équestre, couverte d'un manteau, mais la tête nue, qui tenoit de la main gauche la bride du cheval, et qui montrait l'occident de la main droite. Il y avoit sur le bas d'un roc quelques lettres gravees, qui ne furent point entendues; mais il parut clairement que le signe de la main regardoit l'Amérique."

(7) *Rev.* 19: 17.

(3) The more Christian opinion is, that God, with eyes of compassion, as it were, looking down from heaven, called forth those *winds of mercy*, whereby this new world received the hope of salvation. — *Preambles to the Decades of the Ocean*.

(3) To return was deemed impossible, as it blew always from home. — *Hist. del Almirante*, c. 19. *Nos pavidī — at pater Anchises — lætus*.

CANTO II.

(1) Tasso employs preternatural agents on a similar occasion,

Trappassa, et ecco in quel silvestre loco
Sorge improvvisa la città del foco. — xiii. 33.

Gli incanti d'Ismeno, che ingannano con delusioni, altro non significano, che la falsità delle ragioni, et delle persuasioni, la qual si genera nella moltitudine, et varietà de' pareri, et de' discorsi humani.

(2) See Plato's *Timæus*; where mention is made of mighty kingdoms, which, in a day and a night, had disappeared in the Atlantic, rendering its waters unnavigable.

Si queras Helicon et Burin, Achaïdas urbes,
Invenies sub aquis.

At the destruction of Callao, in 1747, no more than one of all the inhabitants escaped; and he by a providence the most extraordinary. This man was on the fort that overlooked the harbor, going to strike the flag, when he perceived the sea to retire to a considerable distance; and then, swelling mountain-high, it returned with great violence. The people ran from their houses in terror and confusion; he heard a cry of *Miserere* rise from all parts of the city; and immediately all was silent; the sea had entirely overwhelmed it, and buried it forever in its bosom; but the same wave that destroyed it drove a little boat by the place where he stood, into which he threw himself and was saved.

(3) The description of a submarine forest is here omitted by the translator.

League beyond league gigantic foliage spread,
Shadowing old Ocean on his rocky bed;
The lofty summits of resounding woods,
That grasped the depths, and grappled with the floods;
Such as had climbed the mountain's azure height,
When forth he came and reassumed his right.

(4) Historians are not silent on the subject. The sailors, according to Herrera, saw the signs of an inundated country (*tierras anegadas*); and it was the general expectation that they should end their lives there, as others had done in the frozen sea, "where St. Amaro suffers no ship to stir backward or forward." — *Hist. del Almirante*, c. 19.

(5) The author seems to have anticipated his long slumber in the library of the Fathers.

(6) They may give me what name they please. I am servant of him, &c. — *Hist. del Almirante*, c. 2.

(7) As St. Christopher carried Christ over the deep waters, so Columbus went over safe, himself and his company. — *Hist.* c. 1.

(8) Water-spouts. — See *Edwards' History of the West Indies*, I. 12. Note.

CANTO III.

(1) Many of the first discoverers ended their days in a hermitage or a cloister.

(2) Vast, indeed, must be those dismal regions, if it be true, as conjectured (*Kircher. Mund. Subt.* I. 202), that Ætna, in her eruptions, has discharged twenty times her original bulk. Well might she be called by Euripides (*Troades*, v. 222) the *Mother of Mountains*; yet Ætna herself is but "a mere firework, when compared to the burning summits of the Andes."

(3) Gods, yet confessed later. — *Milton*. Ils ne laissent pas d'en être les esclaves, et de les honorer plus que le grand Esprit, qui de sa nature est bon. — *Lafitau*.

(4) Rivers in South America. Their collision with the tide has the effect of a tempest.

(5) Lakes of North America. Huron is above a thousand miles in circumference. Ontario receives the waters of the Niagara, so famous for its falls, and discharges itself into the Atlantic by the river St. Lawrence.

(6) La plupart de ces îles ne sont en effet que des pointes de montagnes : et la mer, qui est au-delà, est une vraie mer Méditerranée. — *Buffon*.

(7) The dominion of a bad angel over an unknown sea, *infestandole con torbellinos y tempestades*, and his flight before a Christian hero, are described in glowing language by Ovale. — *Hist. de Chile*. IV. 8.

(8) Alluding to the oracles of the islanders, so soon to become silent; and particularly to a prophecy, delivered down from their ancestors, and sung with loud lamentations (*Petr. Martyr*, dec. 3, lib. 7) at their solemn festivals (*Herrera*, I. iii. 4), that the country would be laid waste on the arrival of strangers, completely clad, from a region near the rising of the sun. — *Ibid.* II. 5, 2. It is said that Cazziva, a great Cacique, after long fasting and many ablutions, had an interview with one of the Zemi, who announced to him this terrible event (*Hist.* c. 62), as the oracles of Latona, according to Herodotus (II. 152), predicted the overthrow of the eleven kings in Egypt, on the appearance of men of brass, risen out of the sea.

Nor did this prophecy exist among the islanders alone. It influenced the councils of Montezuma, and extended almost universally over the forests of America. — *Cortes. Herrera. Gomara*. "The demons, whom they worshipped," says Acosta, "in this instance told them the truth."

(9) These scattered fragments may be compared to shreds of old arras, or reflections from a river broken and confused by the oar; and now and then perhaps the imagination of the reader may supply more than is lost. Si qua latent, meliora putat. "It is remarkable," says the elder Pliny, "that the Iris of Aristides, the Tyndarides of Nicomachus, and the Venus of Apelles, are held in higher admiration than their finished works." And is it not so in almost everything?

Call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold.

CANTO IV.

- (1) Light vessels, formerly used by the Spaniards and Portuguese.
- (2) In the *Lusiad*, to beguile the heavy hours at sea, Veloso relates to his companions of the second watch the story of the Twelve Knights. — L. vi.
- (3) Among those who went with Columbus were many adventurers, and gentlemen of the court. *Primero* was the game then in fashion. — See *Vega*, p. 2, lib. iii. c. 9.
- (4) Many such appellations occur in Bernal Diaz, c. 204.

CANTO V.

- (1) Many sighed and wept; and every hour seemed a year, says Herrera. — I. i. 9 and 10.
- (2) A luminous appearance, of good omen.
- (3) His public procession to the convent of La Rábida on the day before he set sail. It was there that his sons had received their education; and he himself appears to have passed some time there, the venerable guardian, Juan Perez de Marchena, being his zealous and affectionate friend. The ceremonies of his departure and return are represented in many of the fresco-paintings in the palaces of Genoa.
- (4) "But I was most afflicted when I thought of my two sons, whom I had left behind me in a strange country . . . before I had done, or, at least, could be known to have done, anything which might incline your highnesses to remember them. And though I consoled myself with the reflection that our Lord would not suffer so earnest an endeavor for the exaltation of his church to come to nothing, yet I considered that, on account of my unworthiness," &c. — *Hist.* c. 37.
- (5) Gonsalvo, or, as he is called in Castilian, Gonzalo Hernandez de Cordova; already known by the name of The Great Captain. Granada surrendered on the second of January, 1492. Columbus set sail on the third of August following.
- (6) Probably a soldier of fortune. There were more than one of the name on board.

CANTO VI.

- (1) Not but that in the profession of arms there are at all times many noble natures. Let a soldier of the age of Elizabeth speak for those who had commanded under him, those whom he calls "the chief men of action."
- "Now that I have tried them, I would choose them for friends, if I had them not; before I had tried them, God and his providence chose them for me. I love them for mine own sake; for I find sweetness in their conversation, strong assistance in their employments with me, and happiness in their friendship. I love them for their virtue's sake,

and for their greatness of mind (for little minds, though never so full of virtue, can be but a little virtuous), and for their great understanding; for to understand little things, or things not of use, is little better than to understand nothing at all. I love them for their affections; for self-loving men love ease, pleasure and profit; but they that love pains, danger and fame, show that they love public profit more than themselves. I love them for my country's sake; for they are England's best armor of defence, and weapons of offence. If we may have peace, they have purchased it; if we must have war, they must manage it," &c.

(2) Hist. c. 3.

(3) The Cross of the South; "una Croce maravigliosa, e di tanta bellezza," says Andrea Corsali, a Florentine, writing to Giuliano of Medicis in 1515, "che non mi pare ad alcuno segno celeste doverla comparare. E s'io non mi ingauno, credo che sia questo il crusero di che Dante parlò nel principio del Purgatorio *con spirito profetico*, dicendo,

I'ml volsi a man destra, e posì mente
All' altro polo, e vidi quattro stelle," &c.

It is still sacred in the eyes of the Spaniards. "Un sentiment religieux les attache à une constellation dont la forme leur rappelle ce signe de la foi planté par leurs ancêtres dans les déserts du nouveau monde."

(4) Le Condor est le même oiseau que le Roc des Orientaux. — *Buffon*. "By the Peruvians," says Vega, "he was anciently worshipped; and there were those who claimed their descent from him." In these degenerate days he still ranks above the eagle.

(5) As the Roc of the east is said to have carried off the elephant. — *See Marco Polo*. Axalhua, or the Emperor, is the name in the Mexican language for the great serpent of America.

(6) Tierra del Fuego.

(7) Northern extremity of the New World. — *See Cook's Last Voyage*.

(8) Mines of Chili; which extend, says Ovalle, to the Strait of Magellan. — I. 4.

(9) A custom not peculiar to the Western Hemisphere. The Tunguses of Siberia hang their dead on trees; "parceque la terre ne se laisse point ouvrir." — *M. Paww*.

CANTO VII.

(1) "A quella noche triste." The night on which Cortes made his famous retreat from Mexico through the street of Tlacopan still goes by the name of LA NOCHE TRISTE. — *Humboldt*.

(2) Pizarro used to dress in this fashion; after Gonsalvo, whom he had served under in Italy.

(3) A species of Bat in South America; which refreshes by the gentle agitation of its wings, while it sucks the blood of the sleeper, turning his sleep into death.

(4) Now one,
Now other, as their shape served best his end.

Undoubtedly, says Herrera, the Infernal Spirit assumed various shapes in that region of the world.

(5) Many a modern reader will exclaim, in the language of Pococuranté, "Quelle triste extravagance !" Let a great theologian of that day, a monk of the Augustine order, be consulted on the subject. "Corpus ille perimere vel jugulare potest; nec id modò, verùm et animam ita urgere, et in angustum coarctare novit, ut in momento quoque illi excedendum sit."—*Lutherus, De Missa Privata*.

The Roman ritual requires three signs of possession.

(6) —magnum si pectore possit
Excussisse deum.

(7) Euripides in *Alcest*, v. 255.

(8) Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle. — *Dante*.

(9) The same language had been addressed to Isabella. — *Hist.* c. 15.

(10) His miraculous escape, in early life, during a sea-fight off the coast of Portugal. — *Hist.* c. 5.

(11) Nudo nocchier, promettitor di regni !

By the Genoese and the Spaniards he was regarded as a man resolved on "a wild dedication of himself to unpathed waters, undreamed shores;" and the court of Portugal endeavored to rob him of the glory of his enterprise, by secretly dispatching a vessel in the course which he had pointed out. "Lorsqu'il avait promis un nouvel hémisphère," says Voltaire, "on lui avait soutenu que cet hémisphère ne pouvait exister; et quand il l'eut découvert, on prétendit qu'il avait été connu depuis long-temps."

(12) He used to affirm that he stood in need of God's particular assistance; like Moses, when he led forth the people of Israel, who forbore to lay violent hands upon him, because of the miracles which God wrought by his means. "So," said the Admiral, "did it happen to me on that voyage." — *Hist.* c. 19. — "And so easily," says a commentator, "are the workings of the Evil one overcome by the power of God !"

(13) This denunciation, fulfilled as it appears to be in the eleventh canto, may remind the reader of the Harpy's in Virgil. — *Æn.* III. v. 247.

CANTO VIII.

(1) Ex ligno lucido confectum, et arte mirâ laboratum. — *P. Martyr*, dec. i. 5.

(2) The Simoom.

(3) Salve, regina. — *Herrera*, I. i. 12. It was the usual service, and always sung with great solemnity. "I remember one evening," says Oviedo, "when the ship was in full sail, and all the men were on their knees, singing Salve, regina," &c. — *Relacion Sommaria*. The hymn, O Sanctissima, is still to be heard after sunset along the shores of Sicily, and its effect may be better conceived than described.

(4) I believe that he was *chosen* for this great service; and that, because he was to be so truly an apostle, as in effect he proved to be, therefore was his origin obscure; that

therein he might resemble those who were called to make known the name of the Lord from the seas and rivers, and not from courts and palaces. And I believe also, that, as in most of his doings he was guarded by some special providence, his very name was not without some mystery; for in it is expressed the wonder he performed; inasmuch as he conveyed to a new world the grace of the Holy Ghost, &c. — *Hist.* c. 1.

(5) A light in the midst of darkness, signifying the spiritual light that he came to spread there. — *F. Col.* c. 22. *Herrera*, l. i. 12.

(6) Pedro Gutierrez, a page of the king's chamber. Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, Comptroller of the Fleet.

CANTO IX.

(1) Signifying to the Infernal Powers (all' inferno todo) the will of the Most High, that they should renounce a world over which they had tyrannized for so many ages. — *Ovalle*, iv. 5.

(2) "This country excels all others, as far as the day surpasses the night in splendor. Nor is there a better people in the world. They love their neighbor as themselves; their conversation is the sweetest imaginable, their faces always smiling; and so gentle, so affectionate are they, that I swear to your Highnesses," &c. — *Hist.* c. 30, 33.

(3) Dryades formosissimas, aut nativas fontium nymphas de quibus fabulatur antiquitas, se vidisse arbitrati sunt. — *P. Martyr*, dec. i. lib. v.

And an eminent painter of the present day, when he first saw the Apollo of the Belvidere, was struck with its resemblance to an American warrior. — *West's Discourses in the Royal Academy*, 1794.

(4) So, in like manner, when Cortes and his companions appeared at the gates of Mexico, the young exclaimed, "They are Gods!" while the old shook their heads, saying, "They are those of whom the prophets spake; and they are come to reign over us!" — *Herrera*.

(5) "The Cacique came to the shore in a sort of palanquin, attended by his ancient men. The gifts which he received from me were afterwards carried before him." — *Hist.* c. 32.

(6) The ring of Gyges, the lamp of Aladdin, and the horse of the Tartar king.

(7) For the effects of the telescope and the mirror on an uncultivated mind, see *Wallis' Voyage round the World*, c. 2 and 6.

CANTO X.

(1) *Ætas est illis aurea. Apertis vivunt hortis.* — *P. Martyr*, dec. i. 8.

(2) The wild cotton-tree, often mentioned in history. "Cortes," says Bernal Diaz, "took possession of the country in the following manner: Drawing his sword, he gave three cuts with it into a great Celba, and said —"

③ The parrot, as described by Aristotle. — *Hist. Animal.* viii. 12.

④ Here are birds so small, says Herrera, that, though they are birds, they are taken for bees or butterflies.

⑤ The Humming bird. Kakopit (*florum regulus*) is the name of an Indian bird, referred to this class by Seba.

⑥ There also was heard the wild cry of the Flamingo.

What clarion winds along the yellow sands?
Far in the deep the giant-fisher stands,
Folding his wings of flame.

⑦ Il sert après sa mort à parer les jeunes Indiennes, qui portent en pendans d'oreilles deux de ces charmans oiseaux. — *Buffon*.

⑧ According to an ancient tradition. — See *Oviedo, Vega, Herrera, &c.* Not many years afterwards a Spaniard of distinction wandered everywhere in search of it; and no wonder, as Robertson observes, when Columbus himself could imagine that he had found the seat of Paradise.

CANTO XL

① *P. Martyr*, dec. i.

② They believed that the souls of good men were conveyed to a pleasant valley, abounding in guavas and other delicious fruits. — *Herrera*, I. iii. 3. *Hist. del Almirante*, c. 62.

③ "The dead walk abroad at night, and feast with the living" (*F. Columbus*, c. 62); and "eat of the fruit called Guannaba." — *P. Martyr*, dec. i. 9.

④ War reverses the order of nature. In time of peace, says Herodotus, the sons bury their fathers; in time of war, the fathers bury their sons! But the gods have willed it so. — *L.* 87.

⑤ An ancient Cacique, in his lifetime and after his death, employed by the Zemi to alarm his people. — See *Hist.* c. 62.

⑥ The author is speaking in his inspired character. Hidden things are revealed to him, and placed before his mind as if they were present.

⑦ Nor could they (the Powers of Darkness) have more effectually prevented the progress of the faith, than by desolating the New World; by burying nations alive in mines, or consigning them, in all their errors, to the sword. — *Relacion de B. de las Casas*.

⑧ Not man alone, but many other animals, became extinct there.

⑨ *P. Martyr*, dec. iii. c. 7.

⑩ *Rocheforte*, c. xi.

CANTO XII.

(1) For a summary of his life and character, see "An Account of the European Settlements." — P. I. c. 8. Of him it might have been said, as it was afterwards said of Bacon, and a nobler tribute there could not be: "In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole for him in a word or syllable, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest." — *B. Jonson*.

(2) It is remarkable that these phenomena still remain among the mysteries of nature.

(3) E disubito parve giorno a giorno
Essere aggiunto, come quei, che puote,
Avesse'l Ciel d'un' altro Sole adorno.

Paradiso, I. 61.

(4) Te tua fata docebo. — *Virg.*
Saprai di tua vita il viaggio. — *Dante*.

(5) *P. Martyr, Epist.* 133, 152.

(6) When he entered the Tagus, all the seamen ran from all parts to behold, as it were some wonder, a ship that had escaped so terrible a storm. — *Hist.* c. 40.

(7) I wrote on a parchment that I had discovered what I had promised; and, having put it into a cask, I threw it into the sea. — *Ibid.* c. 37.

(8) See the *Eumenides* of *Æschylus*, v. 305, &c.

(9) Balboa immediately concluded it to be the ocean for which Columbus had searched in vain; and when, at length, after a toilsome march among the mountains, his guides pointed out to him the summit from which it might be seen, he commanded his men to halt, and went up alone. — *Herrera*, I. x. 1.

(10) I always saw them in his room, and he ordered them to be buried with his body. — *Hist.* c. 86.

(11) His person, says *Herrera*, had an air of grandeur. His hair, from many hardships, had long been gray. In him you saw a man of an unconquerable courage and high thoughts; patient of wrongs, calm in adversity, ever trusting in God; and, had he lived in ancient times, statues and temples would have been erected to him without number, and his name would have been placed among the stars.

(12) See the *Eumenides* of *Æschylus*, v. 246. *Agamemnon* of *Æschylus*, v. 82.

(13) "There go the sons of him who discovered those fatal countries," &c. — *Hist.* c. 85.

(14) One of these, on account of his extraordinary sagacity and fierceness, received the full allowance of a soldier. His name was Berezillo.

(15) With my own eyes I saw kingdoms as full of people as hives are full of bees; and now where are they? — *Las Casas*.

(16) No unusual effect of an exuberant vegetation. "The air was so vitiated," says an African traveller, "that our torches burnt dim, and seemed ready to be extinguished; and even the human voice lost its natural tone."

(17) See Washington's Farewell Address to his fellow-citizens.

(18) "There are those alive," said an illustrious orator, "whose memory might touch the two extremities. Lord Bathurst, in 1704, was of an age to comprehend such things; and, if his angel had then drawn up the curtain, and, while he was gazing with admiration, had pointed out to him a speck, and had told him, 'Young man, there is America, which, at this day, serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; yet shall, before you taste of death,' " &c. — *Burke in 1775.*

(19) How simple were the manners of the early colonists! The first ripening of any European fruit was distinguished by a family festival. Garcilasso de la Vega relates how his dear father, the valorous Andres, collected together in his chamber seven or eight gentlemen to share with him three asparagus, the first that ever grew on the table-land of Cusco. When the operation of dressing them was over (and it is minutely described) he distributed the two largest among his friends; begging that the company would not take it ill if he reserved the third for himself, *as it was a thing from Spain.*

North America became instantly an asylum for the oppressed; Huguenots, and Catholics, and sects of every name and country. Such were the first settlers in Carolina and Maryland, Pennsylvania and New England. Nor is South America altogether without a claim to the title. Even now, while I am writing, the ancient house of Braganza is on its passage across the Atlantic,

Cum sociis, natoque, Penatibus, et magnis dis.

(20) Je me transporte quelquefois au delà d'un siècle. J'y vois le bonheur à côté de l'industrie, la douce tolérance remplaçant la farouche inquisition; j'y vois un jour de fête; Péruviens, Mexicains, Américains libres, François s'embrassant comme des frères, et bénissant le règne de la liberté, qui doit amener partout une harmonie universelle. Mais les mines, les esclaves, que deviendront-ils? Les mines se fermeront; les esclaves seront les frères de leurs maîtres. — *Brissot.*

There is a prophetic stanza, written a century ago by Bp. Berkeley, which I must quote, though I may suffer by the comparison:

Westward the course of empire takes its way.

The four first acts already past,

A fifth shall close the drama with the day.

Time's noblest offspring is the last.

(21) See *Paradise Lost*, X.

(22) Cortes. A peine put-il obtenir audience de Charles-Quint: un jour il fendit la presse qui entourait le coche de l'empereur, et monta sur l'étrier de la portière. Charles demanda quel était cet homme; "C'est," répondit Cortes, "celui qui vous a donné plus d'états que vos pères ne vous ont laissé de villes." — *Voltaire.*

(17) "Almost all," says Las Casas, "have perished. The innocent blood which they had shed cried aloud for vengeance; the sighs, the tears of so many victims, went up before God."

(24) L'Espagne a fait comme ce roi insensé qui demanda que tout ce qu'il toucheroit se convertît en or, et qui fut obligé de revenir aux dieux pour les prier de finir sa misère. — *Montesquieu.*

- (1) The Convent of La Rábida.
- (2) See *Bernal Diaz*, c. 203; and also a well-known portrait of Cortes, ascribed to Titian. Cortes was now in the forty-third, Pizarro in the fiftieth year of his age.
- (3) *Augustin Zarate*, lib. iv. c. 9.
- (4) An interpolation.
- (5) Late Superior of the House.
- (6) In the chancel of the cathedral of St. Domingo.
An anachronism. The body of Columbus was not yet removed from Seville.
It is almost unnecessary to point out another in the Ninth Canto. The telescope was not then in use; though described long before, with great accuracy, by Roger Bacon.
- (7) The words of the epitaph. "A Castilla y a Leon nuevo Mundo dio Colon."
- (8) Mexico.
- (9) Afterwards the arms of Cortes and his descendants.
- (10) *Fernandez*, lib. ii. c. 63.
- (11) *B. Diaz*, c. 203.
- (12) "After the death of Guatimotzin," says B. Diaz, "he became gloomy and restless, rising continually from his bed, and wandering about in the dark." "Nothing prospered with him; and it was ascribed to the curses he was loaded with."

JACQUELINE.

1813.

JACQUELINE.

I.

T WAS Autumn ; through Provence had ceased
The vintage, and the vintage-feast.
The sun had set behind the hill,
The moon was up, and all was still,
And from the convent's neighboring tower
The clock had tolled the midnight-hour,
When Jacqueline came forth alone,
Her kerchief o'er her tresses thrown ;
A guilty thing and full of fears,
Yet, ah ! how lovely in her tears !
She starts, and what has caught her eye ?
What — but her shadow gliding by ?
She stops, she pants ; with lips apart
She listens — to her beating heart !
Then, through the scanty orchard stealing,
The clustering boughs her track concealing,
She flies, nor casts a thought behind,
But gives her terrors to the wind ;
Flies from her home, the humble sphere
Of all her joys and sorrows here,
Her father's house of mountain-stone,
And by a mountain-vine o'ergrown.

At such an hour in such a night,
So calm, so clear, so heavenly bright,
Who would have seen, and not confessed
It looked as all within were blest?
What will not woman, when she loves?
Yet lost, alas! who can restore her? —
She lifts the latch, the wicket moves;
And now the world is all before her.

Up rose St. Pierre, when morning shone;
— And Jacqueline, his child, was gone!
O, what the maddening thought that came?
Dishonor coupled with his name!
By Condé at Rocroy he stood;
By Turenne, when the Rhine ran blood.
Two banners of Castile he gave
Aloft in Notre Dame to wave;
Nor did thy cross, St. Louis, rest
Upon a purer, nobler breast.
He slung his old sword by his side,
And snatched his staff and rushed to save;
Then sunk — and on his threshold cried,
“O, lay me in my grave!
— Constance! Claudine! where were ye then?
But stand not there. Away! away!
Thou, Frederic, by thy father stay.
Though old, and now forgot of men,
Both must not leave him in a day.”
Then, and he shook his hoary head,
“Unhappy in thy youth!” he said.
“Call as thou wilt, thou call’st in vain;
No voice sends back thy name again.

To mourn is all thou hast to do ;
Thy playmate lost, and teacher too.”
And who but she could soothe the boy,
Or turn his tears to tears of joy ?
Long had she kissed him as he slept,
Long o’er his pillow hung and wept ;
And, as she passed her father’s door,
She stood as she would stir no more.
But she is gone, and gone forever !
No, never shall they clasp her — never !
They sit and listen to their fears ;
And he, who through the breach had led
Over the dying and the dead,
Shakes if a cricket’s cry he hears !

O ! she was good as she was fair.
None — none on earth above her !
As pure in thought as angels are,
To know her was to love her.
When little, and her eyes, her voice,
Her every gesture, said “ rejoice,”
Her coming was a gladness ;
And, as she grew, her modest grace,
Her downcast look, ’t was heaven to trace,
When, shading with her hand her face,
She half inclined to sadness.
Her voice, whate’er she said, enchanted ;
Like music to the heart it went.
And her dark eyes — how eloquent !
Ask what they would, ’t was granted.
Her father loved her as his fame ;
— And Bayard’s self had done the same !

Soon as the sun the glittering pane
On the red floor in diamonds threw,
His songs she sung and sung again,
Till the last light withdrew.
Every day, and all day long,
He mused or slumbered to a song.
But she is dead to him, to all !
Her lute hangs silent on the wall ;
And on the stairs, and at the door,
Her fairy-step is heard no more !
At every meal an empty chair
Tells him that she is not there ;
She, who would lead him where he went,
Charm with her converse while he leant ;
Or, hovering, every wish prevent ;
At eve light up the chimney-nook,
Lay there his glass within his book ;
And that small chest of curious mould
(Queen Mab's, perchance, in days of old),
Tusk of elephant and gold ;
Which, when a tale is long, dispenses
Its fragrant dust to drowsy senses.
In her who mourned not, when they missed her,
The old a child, the young a sister ?
No more the orphan runs to take
From her loved hand the barley-cake.
No more the matron in the school
Expects her in the hour of rule,
To sit amid the elfin brood,
Praising the busy and the good.
The widow trims her hearth in vain.
She comes not — nor will come again

Not now, his little lesson done,
With Frederic blowing bubbles in the sun ;
Nor spinning by the fountain side
(Some story of the days of old,
Barbe Bleue or Chaperon Rouge half-told
To him who would not be denied) ;
Not now, to while an hour away,
Gone to the falls in Valombrè,
Where 't is night at noon of day ;
Nor wandering up and down the wood,
To all but her a solitude,
Where once a wild deer, wild no more,
Her chaplet on his antlers wore,
And at her bidding stood.

II.

THE day was in the golden west ;
And, curtained close by leaf and flower,
The doves had cooed themselves to rest
In Jacqueline's deserted bower ;
The doves — that still would at her casement peck,
And in her walks had ever fluttered round
With purple feet and shining neck,
True as the echo to the sound.
That casement, underneath the trees,
Half open to the western breeze,
Looked down, enchanting Garonnelle,
Thy wild and mulberry-shaded dell,
Round which the Alps of Piedmont rose,
The blush of sunset on their snows :

While, blithe as lark on summer-morn,
When green and yellow waves the corn,
When harebells blow in every grove,
And thrushes sing "I love! I love!"*
Within (so soon the early rain
Scatters, and 't is fair again;
Though many a drop may yet be seen
To tell us where a cloud has been) —
Within lay Frederick, o'er and o'er,
Building castles on the floor,
And feigning, as they grew in size,
New troubles and new dangers;
With dimpled cheeks and laughing eyes,
As he and fear were strangers.

St. Pierre sat by, nor saw nor smiled.
His eyes were on his loved Montaigne;
But every leaf was turned in vain.
For in that hour remorse he felt,
And his heart told him he had dealt
Unkindly with his child.
A father may a while refuse;
But who can for another choose?
When her young blushes had revealed
The secret from herself concealed,
Why promise what her tears denied,
That she should be De Courcy's bride?
— Wouldst thou, presumptuous as thou art,
O'er Nature play the tyrant's part,
And with the hand compel the heart?
O rather, rather hope to bind
The ocean-wave, the mountain-wind;

* Cantando "Io amo! Io amo!" — TASSO

Or, fix thy foot upon the ground
To stop the planet rolling round.

The light was on his face; and there
You might have seen the passions driven —
Resentment, Pity, Hope, Despair —
Like clouds across the face of Heaven.
Now he sighed heavily; and now,
His hand withdrawing from his brow,
He shut the volume with a frown,
To walk his troubled spirit down:
— When (faithful as that dog of yore*
Who wagged his tail and could no more)
Manchon, who long had snuffed the ground,
And sought and sought, but never found,
Leapt up and to the casement flew,
And looked and barked, and vanished through.
“’T is Jacqueline! ’T is Jacqueline!”
Her little brother laughing cried.
“I know her by her kirtle green,
She comes along the mountain-side;
Now turning by the traveller’s seat,—
Now resting in the hermit’s cave,—
Now kneeling, where the pathways meet,
To the cross on the stranger’s grave.
And, by the soldier’s cloak, I know
(There, there along the ridge they go)
D’Arcy, so gentle and so brave!
Look up — why will you not?” he cries,
His rosy hands before his eyes;
For on that incense-breathing eve
The sun shone out, as loth to leave.

* Argus.

"See — to the rugged rock she clings !
She calls, she faints, and D'Arcy springs ;
D'Arcy, so dear to us, to all ;
Who, for you told me on your knee,
When in the fight he saw you fall,
Saved you for Jacqueline and me !"

And true it was ! And true the tale !
When did she sue and not prevail ?
Five years before — it was the night
That on the village-green they parted,
The lilied banners streaming bright
O'er maids and mothers broken-hearted ;
The drum — it drowned the last adieu,
When D'Arcy from the crowd she drow.
"One charge I have, and one alone,
Nor that refuse to take,
My father — if not for his own,
O, for his daughter's sake !"
Inly he vowed — 't was all he could ;
And went and sealed it with his blood.

Nor can ye wonder. When a child,
And in her playfulness she smiled,
Up many a ladder-path* he guided
Where meteor-like the chamois glided,
Through many a misty grove.
They loved — but under Friendship's name ;
And Reason, Virtue fanned the flame,
Till in their houses Discord came,
And 't was a crime to love.

* Called in the language of the country *Pas-de-l'Echelle*.

Then what was Jacqueline to do ?
Her father's angry hours she knew,
And when to soothe, and when persuade ;
But now her path De Courcy crossed,
Led by his falcon through the glade —
He turned, beheld, admired the maid ;
And all her little arts were lost !
De Courcy, Lord of Argentiere !
Thy poverty, thy pride, St. Pierre,
Thy thirst for vengeance, sought the snare.
The day was named, the guests invited ;
The bridegroom, at the gate, alighted ;
When up the windings of the dell
A pastoral pipe was heard to swell,
And, lo ! an humble Piedmontese,
Whose music might a lady please,
This message through the lattice bore
(She listened, and her trembling frame
Told her at once from whom it came),
“ O, let us fly — to part no more ! ”

III.

THAT morn ('t was in Ste. Julianne's cell,
As at Ste. Julianne's sacred well
Their dream of love began) —
That morn, ere many a star was set,
Their hands had on the altar met
Before the holy man

— And now, her strength, her courage spent,
And more than half a penitent,
She comes along the path she went.
And now the village gleams at last ;
The woods, the golden meadows passed,
Where, when, Toulouse, thy splendor shone,
The Troubadour, from grove to grove,
Chanting some roundelay of love,
Would wander till the day was gone.
“ All will be well, my Jacqueline !
O, tremble not — but trust in me.
The good are better made by ill,
As odors crushed are sweeter still ;
And, gloomy as thy past has been,
Bright shall thy future be ! ”
So saying, through the fragrant shade
Gently along he led the maid,
While Manchon round and round her played :
And, as that silent glen they leave,
Where by the spring the pitchers stand,
Where glow-worms light their little lamps at eve,
And fairies revel as in fairy-land
(When Lubin calls, and Blanche steals round,
Her finger on her lip, to see ;
And many an acorn-cup is found
Under the greenwood tree),
From every cot above, below,
They gather as they go —
Sabot, and coif, and collerette,
The housewife's prayer, the grandame's blessing !
Girls that adjust their locks of jet,
And look and look and linger yet,
The lovely bride caressing ;

Babes that had learnt to lisp her name,
And heroes he had led to fame.

But what felt D'Arcy, when at length
Her father's gate was open flung?
Ah! then he found a giant's strength;
For round him, as for life, she clung!
And when, her fit of weeping o'er,
Onward they moved a little space,
And saw an old man sitting at the door,—
Saw his wan cheek, and sunken eye
That seemed to gaze on vacancy,—
Then, at the sight of that beloved face,
At once to fall upon his neck she flew;
But—not encouraged—back she drew,
And trembling stood in dread suspense,
Her tears her only eloquence!
All, all—the while—an awful distance keeping;
Save D'Arcy, who nor speaks nor stirs;
And one, his little hand in hers,
Who weeps to see his sister weeping.

Then Jacqueline the silence broke.
She clasped her father's knees and spoke,
Her brother kneeling too;
While D'Arcy as before looked on,
Though from his manly cheek was gone
Its natural hue.

“His praises from your lips I heard,
Till my fond heart was won;
And, if in aught his sire has erred,
O, turn not from the son!—
She, whom in joy, in grief, you nursed
Who climbed and called you father first,

By that dear name conjures —
 On her you thought — but to be kind !
 When looked she up, but you inclined ?
 These things, forever in her mind,
 O, are they gone from yours ?
 Two kneeling at your feet behold ;
 One — one how young ! — nor yet the other old.
 O, spurn them not — nor look so cold ! —
 If Jacqueline be cast away,
 Her bridal be her dying day.
 — Well, well might she believe in you !
 She listened, and she found it true.”

He shook his aged locks of snow ;
 And twice he turned, and rose to go.
 She hung ; and was St. Pierre to blame,
 If tears and smiles together came ?
 “ O, no — begone ! I ’ll hear no more.”
 But, as he spoke, his voice relented.
 “ That very look thy mother wore
 When she implored, and old Le Roc consented.
 True, I have erred and will atone ;
 For still I love him as my own.
 And now, in my hands, yours with his unite ;
 A father’s blessing on your heads alight !
 . . . Nor let the least be sent away.
 All hearts shall sing ‘ Adieu to sorrow ! ’
 St. Pierre has found his child to-day ;
 And old and young shall dance to-morrow.”

Had Louis* then before the gate dismounted,
 Lost in the chase at set of sun ;

* Louis the Fourteenth.

Like Henry when he heard recounted *
The generous deeds himself had done
(What time the miller's maid Colette
Sung, while he supped, her chansonnette),
Then — when St. Pierre addressed his village-train,
Then had the monarch with a sigh confessed
A joy by him unsought and unpossessed,
— Without it what are all the rest? —
To love, and to be loved again.

* Alluding to a popular story related of Henry the Fourth, of France, similar to ours of "The King and Miller of Mansfield."

HUMAN LIFE.

1819.

THE ARGUMENT.

Introduction. Ringing of Bells in a neighboring Village on the Birth of an Heir. General Reflections on Human Life. The subject proposed. Childhood. Youth. Manhood. Love. Marriage. Domestic Happiness and Affliction. War. Peace. Civil Dissension. Retirement from Active Life. Old Age and its Enjoyments. Conclusion.

HUMAN LIFE.

THE lark has sung his carol in the sky;
The bees have hummed their noon-tide harmony.
Still in the vale the village-bells ring round,
Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound:
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years — and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin;
The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine:
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
" 'T was on these knees he sate so oft and smiled."

And soon again shall music swell the breeze;
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
And violets scattered round; and old and young,

In every cottage-porch with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze,¹ and, gazing, bless the scene;
While, her dark eyes declining,² by his side
Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle-bride.

And once, alas! nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower;
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weepings heard where only joy has been;
When by his children borne, and from his door
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.

And such is Human Life; so, gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!
Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full, methinks, of wild and wondrous change,
As any that the wandering tribes require,
Stretched in the desert round their evening-fire;
As any sung of old in hall or bower
To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching-hour!

Born in a trance, we wake, observe, inquire;
And the green earth, the azure sky, admire.
Of Elfin-size — forever as we run,
We cast a longer shadow in the sun!
And now a charm, and now a grace is won!
We grow in stature, and in wisdom too!
And, as new scenes, new objects, rise to view,
Think nothing done while aught remains to do.³

Yet, all forgot, how oft the eye-lids close,
And from the slack hand drops the gathered rose!
How oft, as dead, on the warm turf we lie,
While many an emmet comes with curious eye
And on her nest the watchful wren sits by!

Nor do we speak or move, or hear or see ;
So like what once we were, and once again shall be !

And say, how soon, where, blithe as innocent,
The boy at sunrise carolled as he went,
An aged pilgrim on his staff shall lean,
Tracing in vain the footsteps o'er the green ;
The man himself how altered, not the scene !
Now journeying home with nothing but the name ;
Way-worn and spent, another and the same !

No eye observes the growth or the decay.
To-day we look as we did yesterday ;
And we shall look to-morrow as to-day.
Yet while the loveliest smiles, her locks grow gray !
And in her glass could she but see the face
She 'll see so soon among another race,
How would she shrink ! — Returning from afar,
After some years of travel, some of war,
Within his gate Ulysses stood unknown
Before a wife, a father, and a son !

And such is Human Life, the general theme.
Ah ! what at best, what but a longer dream ?
Though with such wild romantic wanderings fraught,
Such forms in Fancy's richest coloring wrought,
That, like the visions of a love-sick brain,
Who would not sleep and dream them o'er again ?

Our pathway leads but to a precipice ;
And all must follow, fearful as it is !
From the first step 't is known ; but — No delay !
On, 't is decreed. We tremble and obey.
A thousand ills beset us as we go.
— " Still, could I shun the fatal gulf " — Ah, no,

'T is all in vain — the inexorable Law !
Nearer and nearer to the brink we draw.
Verdure springs up ; and fruits and flowers invite,
And groves and fountains — all things that delight.
“ O, I would stop, and linger if I might ! ” —
We fly ; no resting for the foot we find ;⁴
All dark before, all desolate behind !
At length the brink appears — but one step more !
We faint — On, on ! — we falter — and 't is o'er !

Yet here high passions, high desires unfold,
Prompting to noblest deeds ; here links of gold
Bind soul to soul ; and thoughts divine inspire
A thirst unquenchable, a holy fire
That will not, cannot but with life expire !

Now, seraph-winged, among the stars we soar ;⁵
Now distant ages, like a day, explore,
And judge the act, the actor now no more ;
Or, in a thankless hour, condemned to live,⁶
From others claim what these refuse to give,
And dart, like MILTON, an unerring eye
Through the dim curtains of Futurity.⁷

Wealth, pleasure, ease, all thought of self resigned,
What will not man encounter for mankind ?
Behold him now unbar the prison-door,⁸
And, lifting Guilt, Contagion, from the floor,
To peace and health, and light and life restore ;
Now in Thermopylæ remain to share
Death — nor look back, nor turn a footstep there,
Leaving his story to the birds of air ;
And now like Pylades (in Heaven they write
Names such as his in characters of light)

Long with his friend in generous enmity,⁹
Pleading, insisting in his place to die!

Do what he will, he cannot realize
Half he conceives — the glorious vision flies.
Go where he may, he cannot hope to find
The truth, the beauty pictured in his mind.
But if by chance an object strike the sense,
The faintest shadow of that excellence,
Passions, that slept, are stirring in his frame;
Thoughts undefined, feelings without a name!
And some, not here called forth, may slumber on
Till this vain pageant of a world is gone;
Lying too deep for things that perish here,
Waiting for life — but in a nobler sphere!

Look where he comes! Rejoicing in his birth,
A while he moves as in a heaven on earth!
Sun, moon, and stars — the land, the sea, the sky,
To him shine out as in a galaxy!
But soon 't is past¹⁰ — the light has died away!
With him it came (it was not of the day)
And he himself diffused it, like the stone
That sheds a while a lustre all its own,¹¹
Making night beautiful. 'T is past, 't is gone,
And in his darkness as he journeys on,
Nothing revives him but the blessed ray
That now breaks in, nor ever knows decay,
Sent from a better world to light him on his way.

How great the Mystery! Let others sing
The circling Year, — the promise of the Spring,
The Summer's glory, and the rich repose
Of Autumn, and the Winter's silvery snows.

Man through the changing scene let us pursue,
Himself how wondrous in his changes too !
Not Man, the sullen savage in his den ;
But Man called forth in fellowship with men ;
Schooled and trained up to wisdom from his birth ;¹²
God's noblest work — His image upon earth !

The day arrives, the moment wished and feared ;¹³
The child is born, by many a pang endeared.
And now the mother's ear has caught his cry ;
O, grant the cherub to her asking eye !
He comes . . . she clasps him. To her bosom pressed,
He drinks the balm of life and drops to rest.

Her by her smile how soon the stranger knows ;
How soon by his the glad discovery shows !
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy !
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs, are heard.
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
When rosy Sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
Locked in her arms, his arms across her flung
(That name most dear forever on his tongue),
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings,
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart ;
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love !

But soon a nobler task demands her care.
Apart she joins his little hands in prayer,
Telling of Him who sees in secret there ! —

And now the volume on her knee has caught
His wandering eye — now many a written thought,
Never to die, with many a lisping sweet,
His moving, murmuring lips endeavor to repeat.

Released, he chases the bright butterfly;
O, he would follow — follow through the sky!
Climbs the gaunt mastiff slumbering in his chain,
And chides and buffets, clinging by the mane;
Then runs, and, kneeling by the fountain-side,
Sends his brave ship in triumph down the tide,
A dangerous voyage; or, if now he can,
If now he wears the habit of a man,
Flings off the coat so much his pride and pleasure,
And, like a miser digging for his treasure,
His tiny spade in his own garden plies,
And in green letters sees his name arise!
Where'er he goes, forever in her sight,
She looks, and looks, and still with new delight!

Ah! who, when fading of itself away,
Would cloud the sunshine of his little day!
Now is the May of life. Exulting round,
Joy wings his feet, Joy lifts him from the ground!
Pointing to such, well might Cornelia say,
When the rich casket shone in bright array,
"These are MY Jewels!"¹⁴ Well of such as he,
When JESUS spake, well might the language be,
"Suffer these little ones to come to me!"¹⁵

Thoughtful by fits, he scans and he reveres
The brow engraven with the thoughts of years;¹⁶
Close by her side his silent homage given
As to some pure intelligence from Heaven;

His eyes cast downward with ingenuous shame,
His conscious cheeks, conscious of praise or blame,
At once lit up as with a holy flame !
He thirsts for knowledge, speaks but to inquire ;
And soon with tears relinquished to the sire,
Soon in his hand to Wisdom's temple led,
Holds secret converse with the mighty dead ;
Trembles and thrills and weeps as they inspire,
Burns as they burn, and with congenial fire !¹⁷
Like her most gentle, most unfortunate,¹⁸
Crowned but to die — who in her chamber sate
Musing with Plato, though the horn was blown,
And every ear and every heart was won,
And all in green array were chasing down the sun !

Then is the Age of Admiration !¹⁹ — Then
Gods walk the earth, or beings more than men ;
Who breathe the soul of inspiration round,
Whose very shadows consecrate the ground !
Ah ! then comes thronging many a wild desire,
And high imagining and thought of fire !
Then from within a voice exclaims " Aspire !"
Phantoms, that upward point, before him pass,
As in the cave athwart the wizard's glass ;
They, that on youth a grace, a lustre shed,
Of every age — the living and the dead !
Thou, all-accomplished SURREY, thou art known ;
The flower of knighthood, nipt as soon as blown !
Melting all hearts but Geraldine's alone !
And, with his beaver up, discovering there
One who loved less to conquer than to spare,
Lo ! the Black Warrior, he, who, battle-spent,
Bare-headed served the captive in his tent !

Young B ——— in the groves of Academe,
Or where Ilyssus winds his whispering stream;
Or where the wild bees swarm with ceaseless hum,
Dreaming old dreams — a joy for years to come;
Or on the rock within the sacred fane; —
Scenes such as MILTON sought, but sought in vain: ²⁰
And MILTON's self (at that thrice-honored name
Well may we glow — as men, we share his fame) — ²¹
And MILTON's self, apart with beaming eye,
Planning he knows not what — that shall not die!

O, in thy truth secure, thy virtue bold,
Beware the poison in the cup of gold,
The asp among the flowers! Thy heart beats high,
As bright and brighter breaks the distant sky!
But every step is on enchanted ground.
Danger thou lov'st, and Danger haunts thee round.

Who spurs his horse against the mountain-side;
Then, plunging, slakes his fury in the tide?
Draws, and cries ho! and, where the sunbeams fall,
At his own shadow thrusts along the wall?
Who dances without music; and anon
Sings like the lark — then sighs as woe-begone,
And folds his arms, and, where the willows wave,
Glides in the moonshine by a maiden's grave?
Come hither, boy, and clear thy open brow.
Yon summer-clouds, now like the Alps, and now
A ship, a whale, change not so fast as thou.

He hears me not! — Those sighs were from the heart.
Too, too well taught, he plays the lover's part.
He who at masques, nor feigning nor sincere,
With sweet discourse would win a lady's ear,

Lie at her feet and on her slipper swear
That none were half so faultless, half so fair,
Now through the forest hies, a stricken deer,
A banished man, flying when none are near ;
And writes on every tree, and lingers long
Where most the nightingale repeats her song ;
Where most the nymph, that haunts the silent grove,
Delights to syllable the names we love.

Two on his steps attend, in motley clad ;
One woful-wan, one merry but as mad ;
Called Hope and Fear. Hope shakes his cap and bells,
And flowers spring up among the woodland dells.
To Hope he listens, wandering without measure
Through sun and shade, lost in a trance of pleasure ;
And, if to Fear but for a weary mile,
Hope follows fast and wins him with a smile.

At length he goes — a pilgrim to the shrine,
And for a relic would a world resign !
A glove, a shoe-tie, or a flower let fall —
What though the least, Love consecrates them all !
And now he breathes in many a plaintive verse ;
Now wins the dull ear of the wily nurse
At early matins ('t was at matin-time²²
That first he saw and sickened in his prime),
And soon the Sibyl, in her thirst for gold,
Plays with young hearts that will not be controlled.

“ Absence from thee — as self from self it seems ! ”
Scaled is the garden-wall ; and, lo ! her beams
Silvering the east, the moon comes up, revealing
His well-known form along the terrace stealing.
— O, ere in sight he came, 't was his to thrill
A heart that loved him though in secret still.

"Am I awake? or is it . . . can it be
An idle dream? Nightly it visits me!
—That strain," she cries, "as from the water rose;
Now near and nearer through the shade it flows! —
Now sinks departing — sweetest in its close!"
No casement gleams; no Juliet, like the day,
Comes forth and speaks and bids her lover stay.
Still, like ærial music heard from far
As through the doors of Paradise ajar,
Nightly it rises with the evening-star.

— "She loves another! Love was in that sigh!"
On the cold ground he throws himself to die.
Fond youth, beware! Thy heart is most deceiving.
Who wish are fearful; who suspect, believing.
— And soon her looks the rapturous truth avow.
Lovely before, O, say how lovely now!²³
She flies not, frowns not, though he pleads his cause;
Nor yet — nor yet her hand from his withdraws;
But by some secret power surprised, subdued,
(Ah! how resist? And would she if she could?)
Falls on his neck as half unconscious where,
Glad to conceal her tears, her blushes, there.

Then come those full confidings of the past;
All sunshine now, where all was overcast.
Then do they wander till the day is gone,
Lost in each other; and when night steals on,
Covering them round, how sweet her accents are!
O, when she turns and speaks, her voice is far,
Far above singing! — But soon nothing stirs
To break the silence — joy like his, like hers,
Deals not in words; and now the shadows close,
Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows

Less and less earthly ! As departs the day,
All that was mortal seems to melt away,
Till, like a gift resumed as soon as given,
She fades at last into a spirit from Heaven !

Then are they blest indeed ; and swift the hours
Till her young sisters wreath her hair in flowers,
Kindling her beauty — while, unseen, the least
Twitches her robe, then runs behind the rest,
Known by her laugh that will not be suppressed.
Then before All they stand — the holy vow
And ring of gold, no fond illusions now,
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters — there to be a light
Shining within, when all without is night ;
A guardian-angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing ;
Winning him back, when mingling in the throng,
From a vain world we love, alas ! too long,
To fireside happiness, and hours of ease
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.
How oft her eyes read his ! her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined ;
Still subject — ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow.
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell ;
And feeling hearts — touch them but rightly — pour
A thousand melodies unheard before ! ²⁴

Nor many moons o'er hill and valley rise
Ere to the gate with nymph-like step she flies,

And their first-born holds forth, their darling boy,
With smiles how sweet, how full of love and joy,
To meet him coming ; theirs through every year
Pure transports, such as each to each endear !
And laughing eyes and laughing voices fill
Their home with gladness. She, when all are still,
Comes and undraws the curtain as they lie,
In sleep how beautiful ! He, when the sky
Gleams, and the wood sends up its harmony,
When, gathering round his bed, they climb to share
His kisses, and with gentle violence there
Break in upon a dream not half so fair,
Up to the hill-top leads their little feet ;
Or by the forest-lodge, perchance to meet
The stag-herd on its march, perchance to hear
The otter rustling in the sedgy mere ;
Or to the echo near the Abbot's tree,
That gave him back his words of pleasantry —
When the House stood, no merrier man than he !
And, as they wander with a keen delight,
If but a leveret catch their quicker sight
Down a green alley, or a squirrel then
Climb the gnarled oak, and look and climb again,
If but a moth flit by, an acorn fall,
He turns their thoughts to Him who made them all ;²⁸
These with unequal footsteps following fast,
These clinging by his cloak, unwilling to be last.
The shepherd on Tornaro's misty brow,
And the swart seaman, sailing far below,
Not undelighted watch the morning-ray
Purpling the orient — till it breaks away,
And burns and blazes into glorious day !

But happier still is he who bends to trace
That sun, the soul, just dawning in the face ;
The burst, the glow, the animating strife,
The thoughts and passions stirring into life ;
The forming utterance, the inquiring glance,
The giant waking from his ten-fold trance,
Till up he starts as conscious whence he came,
And all is light within the trembling frame !
What then a father's feelings ? Joy and fear
In turn prevail, — joy most ; and through the year
Tempering the ardent, urging night and day
Him who shrinks back or wanders from the way,
Praising each highly — from a wish to raise
Their merits to the level of his praise,
Onward in their observing sight he moves,
Fearful of wrong, in awe of whom he loves !
Their sacred presence who shall dare profane ?
Who, when he slumbers, hope to fix a stain ?
He lives a model in his life to show,
That, when he dies and through the world they go,
Some men may pause and say, when some admire,
“ They are his sons, and worthy of their sire ! ”

But man is born to suffer. On the door
Sickness has set her mark ; and now no more
Laughter within we hear, or wood-notes wild
As of a mother singing to her child.
All now in anguish from that room retire,
Where a young cheek glows with consuming fire,
And innocence breathes contagion — all but one,
But she who gave it birth — from her alone
The medicine-cup is taken. Through the night,²⁸
And through the day, that with its dreary light

Comes unregarded, she sits silent by,²⁷
Watching the changes with her anxious eye ;
While they without, listening below, above,
(Who but in sorrow know how much they love ?)
From every little noise catch hope and fear,
Exchanging still, still as they turn to hear,
Whispers and sighs, and smiles all tenderness,
That would in vain the starting tear repress.

Such grief was ours — it seems but yesterday —
When in thy prime, wishing so much to stay,
'T was thine, Maria, thine without a sigh
At midnight in a sister's arms to die !
O, thou wert lovely — lovely was thy frame,
And pure thy spirit as from Heaven it came !
And, when recalled to join the blest above,
Thou diedst a victim to exceeding love,
Nursing the young to health. In happier hours,
When idle Fancy wove luxuriant flowers,
Once in thy mirth thou bad'st me write on thee ;
And now I write — what thou shalt never see !

At length the father, vain his power to save,
Follows his child in silence to the grave
(That child how cherished, whom he would not give,
Sleeping the sleep of death, for all that live) ;
Takes a last look, when, not unheard, the spade
Scatters the earth as "dust to dust"²⁸ is said,
Takes a last look and goes ; his best relief
Consoling others in that hour of grief,
And with sweet tears and gentle words infusing
The holy calm that leads to heavenly musing.

But hark, the din of arms ! no time for sorrow.
To horse, to horse ! A day of blood to-morrow !

One parting pang, and then — and then I fly
Fly to the field, to triumph — or to die ! —
He goes, and night comes as it never came !²⁹
With shrieks of horror ! — and a vault of flame !
And, lo ! when morning mocks the desolate,
Red runs the river by ; and at the gate
Breathless a horse without his rider stands !
But hush ! . . . a shout from the victorious bands !
And, O, the smiles and tears, a sire restored !
One wears his helm, one buckles on his sword ;
One hangs the wall with laurel-leaves, and all
Spring to prepare the soldier's festival ;
While she best-loved, till then forsaken never,
Clings round his neck as she would cling forever !

Such golden deeds lead on to golden days,
Days of domestic peace — by him who plays
On the great stage how uneventful thought !
Yet with a thousand busy projects fraught,
A thousand incidents that stir the mind
To pleasure, such as leaves no sting behind !
Such as the heart delights in — and records
Within how silently³⁰ — in more than words !
A holiday — the frugal banquet spread
On the fresh herbage near the fountain-head
With quips and cranks — what time the wood-lark there
Scatters his loose notes on the sultry air,
What time the king-fisher sits perched below,
Where, silver-bright, the water-lilies blow : —
A Wake — the booths whitening the village green,
Where Punch and Scaramouch aloft are seen ;
Sign beyond sign in close array unfurled,
Picturing at large the wonders of the world ;

And far and wide, over the vicar's pale,
 Black hoods and scarlet crossing hill and dale,
 All, all abroad, and music in the gale : —
 A wedding dance — a dance into the night
 On the barn-floor, when maiden-feet are light ;
 When the young bride receives the promised dower,
 And flowers are flung, herself a fairer flower : —
 A morning-visit to the poor man's shed,
 (Who would be rich while one was wanting bread ?)
 When all are emulous to bring relief,
 And tears are falling fast — but not for grief : —
 A walk in Spring — GRATTAN, like those with thee³¹
 By the heath-side (who had not envied me ?)
 When the sweet limes, so full of bees in June,
 Led us to meet beneath their boughs at noon ;
 And thou didst say which of the great and wise,
 Could they but hear and at thy bidding rise,
 Thou wouldst call up and question.

Graver things

Come in due order. Every morning brings
 Its holy office ; and the Sabbath-bell,
 That over wood and wild and mountain-dell
 Wanders so far, chasing all thoughts unholy
 With sounds most musical, most melancholy,
 Not on his ear is lost. Then he pursues
 The pathway leading through the aged yews,
 Nor unattended ; and, when all are there,³²
 Pours out his spirit in the house of prayer,
 That house with many a funeral-garland hung³³
 Of virgin-white — memorials of the young,
 The last yet fresh when marriage-chimes were ringing,
 And hope and joy in other hearts were springing ;

That house, where Age led in by Filial Love,
Their looks composed, their thoughts on things above,
The world forgot, or all its wrongs forgiven —
Who would not say they trod the path to Heaven ?

Nor at the fragrant hour — at early dawn —
Under the elm-tree on his level lawn,
Or in his porch, is he less duly found,
When they that cry for justice gather round,
And in that cry her sacred voice is drowned ;
His then to hear, and weigh and arbitrate,
Like ALFRED judging at his palace-gate.
Healed at his touch, the wounds of discord close ;
And they return as friends, that came as foes.

Thus, while the world but claims its proper part,
Oft in the head but never in the heart,
His life steals on ; within his quiet dwelling
That home-felt joy all other joys excelling.
Sick of the crowd, when enters he — nor then
Forgets the cold indifference of men ?

Soon through the gadding vine the sun looks in,³⁴
And gentle hands the breakfast-rite begin.
Then the bright kettle sings its matin-song,
Then fragrant clouds of Mocha and Souchong
Blend as they rise ; and (while without are seen,
Sure of their meal, the small birds on the green ;
And in from far a school-boy's letter flies,
Flushing the sister's cheek with glad surprise)
That sheet unfolds (who reads, and reads it not ?)
Born with the day and with the day forgot ;
Its ample page various as human life,
The pomp, the woe, the bustle, and the strife !

But nothing lasts. In Autumn at his plough
Met and solicited, behold him now

Leaving that humbler sphere his fathers knew,
 The sphere that Wisdom loves, and Virtue too;
 They who subsist not on the vain applause
 Misjudging man now gives and now withdraws.

'T was morn — the sky-lark o'er the furrow sung
 As from his lips the slow consent was wrung;
 As from the glebe his fathers tilled of old,
 The plough they guided in an age of gold,
 Down by the beechwood-side he turned away: —
 And now behold him in an evil day
 Serving the State again — not as before,
 Not foot to foot, the war-whoop at his door, —
 But in the Senate; and (though round him fly
 The jest, the sneer, the subtle sophistry)
 With honest dignity,³⁵ with manly sense,
 And every charm of natural eloquence,
 Like HAMPDEN struggling in his country's cause,³⁶
 The first, the foremost to obey the laws,
 The last to brook oppression. On he moves,
 Careless of blame while his own heart approves,
 Careless of ruin —³⁷ ("For the general good
 'T is not the first time I shall shed my blood.")
 On through that gate misnamed,³⁸ through which before
 Went Sidney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmer, More.
 On into twilight within walls of stone,
 Then to the place of trial;³⁹ and alone,⁴⁰
 Alone before his judges in array
 Stands for his life: there, on that awful day,
 Counsel of friends — all human help denied —
 All but from her who sits the pen to guide,
 Like that sweet saint who sate by RUSSELL'S side
 Under the judgment-seat.⁴¹

But guilty men
Triumph not always. To his hearth again,
Again with honor to his hearth restored,
Lo ! in the accustomed chair and at the board,
Thrice greeting those who most withdraw their claim ⁴³
(The lowliest servant calling by his name),
He reads thanksgiving in the eyes of all,
All met as at a holy festival !
— On the day destined for his funeral !
Lo ! there the friend, ⁴³ who, entering where he lay,
Breathed in his drowsy ear “ Away, away !
Take thou *my* cloak ! — Nay, start not, but obey —
Take it and leave me.” And the blushing maid,
Who through the streets as through a desert strayed ;
And, when her dear, dear father passed along, ⁴⁴
Would not be held — but, bursting through the throng,
Halberd and battle-axe — kissed him o’er and o’er ;
Then turned and went — then sought him as before,
Believing she should see his face no more !
And, O, how changed at once — no heroine here,
But a weak woman worn with grief and fear,
Her darling mother ! ’T was but now she smiled ;
And now she weeps upon her weeping child !
— But who sits by, her only wish below
At length fulfilled — and now prepared to go ?
His hands on hers — as through the mists of night,
She gazes on him with imperfect sight ;
Her glory now, as ever her delight ! ⁴⁵
To her, methinks, a second youth is given ;
The light upon her face a light from Heaven !
An hour like this is worth a thousand passed
In pomp or ease. — ’T is present to the last !

Years glide away untold — 't is still the same !
As fresh, as fair, as on the day it came !

And now once more where most he loved to be,
In his own fields — breathing tranquillity —
We hail him — not less happy, Fox, than thee,
Thee at St. Anne's so soon of care beguiled,
Playful, sincere, and artless as a child !
Thee, who wouldst watch a bird's nest on the spray,
Through the green leaves exploring, day by day.
How oft from grove to grove, from seat to seat,
With thee conversing in thy loved retreat,
I saw the sun go down ! — Ah ! then 't was thine
Ne'er to forget some volume half divine,
Shakspeare's or Dryden's — through the checkered shade
Borne in thy hand behind thee as we strayed ;
And where we sate (and many a halt we made)
To read there with a fervor all thy own,
And in thy grand and melancholy tone,
Some splendid passage not to thee unknown,
Fit theme for long discourse. — Thy bell has tolled !
— But in thy place among us we behold
One who resembles thee.

'T is the sixth hour.

The village-clock strikes from the distant tower.
The ploughman leaves the field ; the traveller hears,
And to the inn spurs forward. Nature wears
Her sweetest smile ; the day-star in the west
Yet hovering, and the thistle's down at rest.

And such, his labor done, the calm he knows,⁴⁶
Whose footsteps we have followed. Round him glows
An atmosphere that brightens to the last ;
The light, that shines, reflected from the past,

— And from the future too ! Active in thought
Among old books, old friends ; and not unsought
By the wise stranger — in his morning-hours,
When gentle airs stir the fresh-blowing flowers,
He muses, turning up the idle weed ;
Or prunes or grafts, or in the yellow mead
Watches his bees at hiving-time ;⁴⁷ and now,
The ladder resting on the orchard-bough,
Culls the delicious fruit that hangs in air,
The purple plum, green fig, or golden pear,
Mid sparkling eyes, and hands uplifted there.

At night, when all, assembling round the fire,
Closer and closer draw till they retire,
A tale is told of India or Japan,
Of merchants from Golconde or Astracan,
What time wild nature revelled unrestrained,
And Sinbad voyaged and the Caliphs reigned : —
Of knights renowned from holy Palestine,
And minstrels, such as swept the lyre divine,
When Blondel came, and Richard in his cell⁴⁸
Heard, as he lay, the song he knew so well : —
Of some Norwegian, while the icy gale
Rings in her shrouds and beats her iron-sail,
Among the shining Alps of polar seas
Immovable — forever there to freeze !⁴⁹
Or some great caravan, from well to well
Winding as darkness on the desert fell,
In their long march, such as the Prophet bids,
To Mecca from the land of Pyramids,
And in an instant lost — a hollow wave
Of burning sand their everlasting grave ! —
Now the scene shifts to Cashmere — to a glade
Where, with her loved gazelle, the dark-eyed maid

(Her fragrant chamber for a while resigned,
Her lute, by fits discoursing with the wind)
Wanders well-pleased, what time the nightingale
Sings to the rose, rejoicing hill and dale ;
And now to Venice — to a bridge, a square,
Glittering with light, all nations masking there,
With light reflected on the tremulous tide,
Where gondolas in gay confusion glide,
Answering the jest, the song on every side ;
To Naples next — and at the crowded gate,
Where Grief and Fear and wild Amazement wait,
Lo ! on his back a son brings in his sire,⁵⁰
Vesuvius blazing like a world on fire ! —
Then, at a sign that never was forgot,
A strain breaks forth (who hears and loves it not ?)
From harp or organ !⁵¹ 'T is at parting given,
That in their slumbers they may dream of Heaven ;
Young voices mingling, as it floats along,
In Tuscan air or Handel's sacred song !

And she inspires, whose beauty shines in all ;
So soon to weave a daughter's coronal,
And at the nuptial rite smile through her tears ; —
So soon to hover round her full of fears,
And with assurance sweet her soul revive
In child-birth —⁵² when a mother's love is most alive :

No, 't is not here that Solitude is known.
Through the wide world he only is alone
Who lives not for another.⁵³ Come what will,
The generous man has his companion still :
The cricket on his hearth ; the buzzing fly,
That skims his roof, or, be his roof the sky,
Still with its note of gladness passes by :

And, in an iron cage condemned to dwell,
The cage that stands within the dungeon-cell,
He feeds his spider — happier at the worst
Than he at large who in himself is curst !

‘O thou all-eloquent, whose mighty mind⁵⁴
Streams from the depth of ages on mankind,
Streams like the day — who, angel-like, hast shed
Thy full effulgence on the hoary head,
Speaking in Cato’s venerable voice,

“Look up, and faint not — faint not, but rejoice !”

From thy Elysium guide him ! Age has now
Stamped with his signet that ingenuous brow ;
And, ’mid his old hereditary trees,
Trees he has climbed so oft, he sits and sees
His children’s children playing round his knees :
Then happiest, youngest, when the quoit is flung,
When side by side the archers’ bows are strung ;
His to prescribe the place, adjudge the prize,
Envyng no more the young their energies
Than they an old man when his words are wise ;
His a delight how pure . . . without alloy ;
Strong in their strength, rejoicing in their joy !

Now in their turn assisting, they repay
The anxious cares of many and many a day ;
And now by those he loves relieved, restored,
His very wants and weaknesses afford
A feeling of enjoyment. In his walks,
Leaning on them, how oft he stops and talks,
While they look up ! Their questions, their replies,
Fresh as the welling waters, round him rise,
Gladdening his spirit : and, his theme the past,
How eloquent he is ! His thoughts flow fast ;

And, while his heart (O ! can the heart grow old ?
False are the tales that in the world are told !)
Swells in his voice, he knows not where to end ;
Like one discoursing of an absent friend.

But there are moments which he calls his own.
Then, never less alone than when alone,
Those whom he loved so long and sees no more,
Loved and still loves—not dead—but gone before,
He gathers round him ; and revives at will
Scenes in his life—that breathe enchantment still—
That come not now at dreary intervals—
But where a light as from the Blessed falls,
A light such guests bring ever—pure and holy—
Lapping the soul in sweetest melancholy !
— Ah ! then less willing (nor the choice condemn)
To live with others than to think of them !

And now behold him up the hill ascending,
Memory and Hope like evening-stars attending ;
Sustained, excited, till his course is run,
By deeds of virtue done or to be done.
When on his couch he sinks at length to rest,
Those by his counsel saved, his power redressed,
Those by the world shunned ever as unblest,
At whom the rich man's dog growls from the gate,
But whom he sought out, sitting desolate,
Come and stand round—the widow with her child,
As when she first forgot her tears and smiled !
They, who watch by him, see not ; but he sees,
Sees and exults.—Were ever dreams like these ?
They, who watch by him, hear not ; but he hears,
And earth recedes, and Heaven itself appears !
'T is past ! That hand we grasped, alas ! in vain !
Nor shall we look upon his face again !

But to his closing eyes, for all were there,
Nothing was wanting; and, through many a year
We shall remember with a fond delight
The words so precious which we heard to-night;
His parting, though a while our sorrow flows,
Like setting suns or music at the close!

Then was the drama ended. Not till then,
So full of chance and change the lives of men,
Could we pronounce him happy. Then secure
From pain, from grief, and all that we endure,
He slept in peace—say rather soared to Heaven,
Upborne from earth by Him to whom 't is given
In his right hand to hold the golden key
That opes the portals of Eternity.

— When by a good man's grave I muse alone,
Methinks an angel sits upon the stone,
And, with a voice inspiring joy, not fear,
Says, pointing upward, "Know, he is not here!"

But let us hence; for now the day is spent,
And stars are kindling in the firmament,⁵⁵
To us how silent! — though like ours perchance
Busy and full of life and circumstance;
Where some the paths of Wealth and Power pursue,
Of Pleasure some, of Happiness a few;
And, as the sun goes round — a sun not ours —
While from her lap another Nature showers
Gifts of her own, some from the crowd retire,
Think on themselves, within, without inquire;
At distance dwell on all that passes there,
All that their world reveals of good and fair;
Trace out the journey through their little day,
And dream, like me, an idle hour away.

NOTES.

① See the *Iliad*, l. xviii. v. 496.

② "Nil actum credens, dum quid superesset agendum." — *Lucan* II. 657.

③ See Bossuet, Sermon sur la Résurrection.

④ "I have considered," says Solomon, "all the works that are under the sun, and behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit." But who believes it, till Death tells it us? It is Death alone that can make man to know himself. He tells the proud and insolent that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant. He takes the account of the rich man, and proves him a beggar, — a naked beggar. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity; and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none have dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world have flattered, thou only hast cast out and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet*. — *Raleigh*.

⑤ Among the most precious gifts with which the Almighty has rewarded us for our diligence in the investigation of his works are the Telescope and the Microscope. They came as it were by chance; they came we know not how; and "they have laid open the infinite in both directions." But what may not come in like manner; when from the situation of a pebble may be learnt the state of the earth, many myriads of ages ago, before it was inhabited by man; and when the fall of an apple to the ground has led us to the knowledge of those laws which regulate every world as it revolves in its orbit? — See *Sir John Herschel's excellent Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy*.

⑥ How much is it to be lamented that the greatest benefactors of mankind, being beyond the age they live in, are so seldom understood before they are gone!

⑦ Fancy can hardly forbear to conjecture with what temper Milton surveyed the silent progress of his work, and marked his reputation stealing its way in a kind of subterraneous current through fear and silence. I cannot but conceive him calm and confident, little disappointed, not at all dejected, relying on his own merit with steady consciousness, and waiting, without impatience, the vicissitudes of opinion and the impartiality of a future generation. — *Johnson*.

After this line, in the MS.

O'er place and time we triumph; on we go,
Ranging at will the realms above, below;
Yet, ah! how little of ourselves we know!

And why the heart beats on, or how the brain
Says to the foot, "Now move, now rest again."
From age to age we search, and search in vain.

(8) An allusion to John Howard. "Wherever he came, in whatever country, the prisons and hospitals were thrown open to him as to the general censor. Such is the force of pure and exalted virtue!"

(9) Aristotle's definition of Friendship, "one soul in two bodies," is well exemplified by some ancient author in a dialogue between Ajax and Achilles. "Of all the wounds you ever received in battle," says Ajax, "which was the most painful to you?"—"That which I received from Hector," replies Achilles.—"But Hector never gave you a wound?"—"Yes, and a mortal one; when he slew my friend, Patroclus."

(10) This light, which is so heavenly in its lustre, and which is everywhere and on everything when we look round us on our arrival here; which, while it lasts, never leaves us, rejoicing us by night as well as by day and lighting up our very dreams; yet, when it fades, fades so fast, and, when it goes, goes out forever,—we may address it in the words of the poet, words which we might apply so often in this transitory life:

Too soon your value from your loss we learn!

R. Sharp's Epistles in Verse, ii.

(11) See "Observations on a Diamond that shines in the dark."—*Boyle's Works, I.*
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(12) Cicero, in his Essay *De Senectute*, has drawn his images from the better walks of life; and Shakspeare, in his *Seven Ages*, has done so too. But Shakspeare treats his subject satirically; Cicero, as a philosopher. In the venerable portrait of Cato we discover no traces of "the lean and slippered pantaloon."

Every object has a bright and a dark side; and I have endeavored to look at things as Cicero has done. By some, however, I may be thought to have followed too much my own dream of happiness; and in such a dream indeed I have often passed a solitary hour. It was castle-building once; now it is no longer so. But whoever would try to realize it would not perhaps repent of his endeavor.

(13) A Persian poet has left us a beautiful thought on this subject, which the reader, if he has not met with it, will be glad to know, and, if he has, to remember.

Thee on thy mother's knees, a new-born child,
In tears we saw, when all around thee smiled.
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Smiles may be thine, when all around thee weep.

(14) The anecdote here alluded to is related by Valerius Maximus, *Lib. iv. c. 4.*

(15) In our early youth, while yet we live only among those we love, we love without restraint, and our hearts overflow in every look, word and action. But when we enter the world, and are repulsed by strangers, forgotten by friends, we grow more and more timid in our approaches even to those we love best.

How delightful to us, then, are the little caresses of children! All sincerity, all affection, they fly into our arms; and then, and then only, do we feel our first confidence, our first pleasure.

(16) This is a law of nature. Age was anciently synonymous with power; and we may always observe that the old are held in more or less honor as men are more or less virtuous. "Shame," says Homer, "bids the youth beware how he accosts the man of many

years." "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of an old man."
— *Leviticus*.

Among us, and wherever birth and possessions give rank and authority, the young and the profligate are seen continually above the old and the worthy; there age can never find its due respect. But among many of the ancient nations it was otherwise; and they reaped the benefit of it. Rien ne maintient plus les mœurs, qu'une extrême subordination des jeunes gens envers les vieillards. Les uns et les autres seront contenus, ceux-là par le respect qu'ils auront pour les vieillards, et ceux-ci par le respect qu'ils auront pour eux-mêmes. — *Montesquieu*.

(17) How many generations have passed away, how many empires and how many languages, since Homer sung his verses to the Greeks! Yet the words which he uttered, and which were only so much fleeting breath, remain almost entire to this day, and will now, in all probability, continue to delight and instruct mankind as long as the world endures.

(18) Before I went into Germany, I came to Brodgate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the duke and duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber reading *Phædo Platonis* in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccaccio. After salutation, and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park? Smiling, she answered me, "I wist, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure which I find in Plato." — *Roger Ascham*.

(19) Dante in his old age was pointed out to Petrarch when a boy; and Dryden to Pope.

Who does not wish that Dante and Dryden could have known the value of the homage that was paid them, and foreseen the greatness of their young admirers?

(20) He had arrived at Naples, and was preparing to visit Sicily and Greece, when, hearing of the troubles in England, he thought it proper to hasten home.

(21) I began thus far to assent . . . to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that by labor and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after-times as they should not willingly let it die. — *Milton*.

Nor can his wish be unfulfilled. Calumniated in his lifetime and writing what few would read, he left it to a voice which none could silence, — a voice which would deliver it to all nations, — in the Old World and the New.

A good book (to quote his own words) is the precious life blood of a master spirit, and to destroy it is to slay an immortality rather than a life.

(22) Love and devotion are said to be nearly allied. Boccaccio fell in love at Naples in the church of St. Lorenzo; as Petrarch had done at Avignon in the church of St. Clair.

(23) Is it not true that the young not only appear to be, but really are, most beautiful in the presence of those they love? It calls forth all their beauty.

(24) Xenophon has left us a delightful instance of conjugal affection.

The King of Armenia not fulfilling his promise, Cyrus entered the country, and having taken him and all his family prisoners, ordered them instantly before him. Armerian, said he, you are free; for you are now sensible of your error. And what will you give me, if I restore your wife to you? — All that I am able. — What, if I restore your children? — All that I am able. — And you, Tigranes, said he, turning to the son, what would you do to save your wife from servitude? Now, Tigranes was but lately married, and had a great

love for his wife. Cyrus, he replied, to save her from servitude, I would willingly lay down my life.

Let each have his own again, said Cyrus ; and, when he was departed, one spoke of his clemency, and another of his valor, and another of his beauty and the graces of his person. Upon which Tigranes asked his wife if she thought him handsome. Really, said she, I did not look at him.—At whom then did you look ?—At him who said he would lay down his life for me.—*Cyropædia*, L. III.

(25) "When such is the ruling, the habitual sentiment of our minds," says Paley, "the world becomes a temple, and life itself one continued act of worship." We breathe aspirations all day long.

(26) Hers the mournful privilege, "adsidere valetudini, fovere deficientem, satiari vultu, complexu."—*Tacitus*.

(27) We may have many friends in life ; but we can only have one mother ; "a discovery," says Gray, "which I never made till it was too late."

The child is no sooner born than he clings to his mother ; nor, while she lives, is her image absent from him in the hour of his distress. Sir John Moore, when he fell from his horse in the battle of Corunna, faltered out with his dying breath some message to his mother ; and who can forget the last words of Conradin, when, in his fifteenth year, he was led forth to die at Naples, "O my mother ! how great will be your grief, when you hear of it !"

(28) How exquisite are those lines of Petrarch !

Le cresse chiome d'oro puro lucente,
E'l lampeggiar d'ell angelico riso,
Che solean far in terrâ un paradiso,
Poca polvere son, che nulla sente.

(29) These circumstances, as well as some others that follow, are happily, as far as they regard England, of an ancient date. To us the miseries inflicted by a foreign invader are now known only by description. Many generations have passed away since our country-women saw the smoke of an enemy's camp.

But the same passions are always at work everywhere, and their effects are always nearly the same ; though the circumstances that attend them are infinitely various.

(30) Si tout cela consistoit en faits, en actions, en paroles, on pourroit le décrire et le rendre en quelque façon : mais comment dire ce qui n'étoit ni dit, ni fait, ni pensé même, mais goûté, mais senti. Le vrai bonheur ne se décrit pas. — *Rousseau*.

(31) How welcome to an old man is the society of a young one ! He, who is here mentioned, would propose a walk wherever we were, unworthy as I was of his notice ; and one as great, if not greater, when we were interrupted in his library at St. Anne's, and I withdrew but for a moment to write down what I wished so much to remember, would say when I returned, "Why do you leave me ?" words which few would forget, and which come again and again to me when half a century is gone by.

(32) So many pathetic affections are awakened by every exercise of social devotion, that most men, I believe, carry away from public worship a better temper towards the rest of mankind than they brought with them. Having all one interest to secure, one Lord to serve, one judgment to look forward to, we cannot but remember our common relationship, and our natural equality is forced upon our thoughts. The distinctions of civil life are almost always insisted upon too much, and whatever conduces to restore the level improves the character on both sides. If ever the poor man holds up his head, it is at

church ; if ever the rich man looks upon him with respect, it is there; and both will be the better the oftener they meet where the feeling of superiority is mitigated in the one and the spirit of the other is erected and confirmed. — *Paley*.

(33) A custom in some of our country churches.

(34) An English breakfast ; which may well excite in others what in Rousseau continued through life, un goût vif pour les déjeûnés. C'est le temps de la journée où nous sommes le plus tranquilles, où nous causons le plus à notre aise.

The luxuries here mentioned, familiar to us as they now are, were almost unknown before the Revolution.

(35) He who resolves to rise in the world by politics or religion can degrade his mind to any degree, when he sets about it. Overcome the first scruple, and the work is done. "You hesitate," said one who spoke from experience. "Put on the mask, young man ; and in a very little while you will not know it from your own face."

(36) Zeuxis is said to have drawn his Helen from an assemblage of the most beautiful women ; and many a writer of fiction, in forming a life to his mind, has recourse to the brightest moments in the lives of others.

I may be suspected of having done so here, and of having designed, as it were, from living models ; but, by making an allusion now and then to those who have really lived, I thought I should give something of interest to the picture, as well as better illustrate my meaning.

(37) "By the Mass !" said the Duke of Norfolk to Sir Thomas More, "by the Mass ! Master More, it is perilous striving with princes ; the anger of a prince is death."—"And is that all, my lord ? then the difference between you and me is but this—*That I shall die to-day, and you to-morrow.*"—*Roper's Life*.

(38) Traitor's gate, the water-gate in the Tower of London.

(39) This very slight sketch of Civil Dissension is taken from our own annals ; but, for an obvious reason, not from those of our own age.

The persons here immediately alluded to lived more than a hundred years ago, in a reign which Blackstone has justly represented as wicked, sanguinary and turbulent ; but such times have always afforded the most signal instances of heroic courage and ardent affection.

Great reverses, like theirs, lay open the human heart. They occur indeed but seldom ; yet all men are liable to them ; all, when they occur to others, make them more or less their own ; and, were we to describe our condition to an inhabitant of some other planet, could we omit what forms so striking a circumstance in human life ?

(40) A prisoner, prosecuted for high treason, may now make his defence by counsel. In the reign of William the Third the law was altered ; and it was in rising to urge the necessity of an alteration, that Lord Shaftesbury, with such admirable quickness, took advantage of the embarrassment that seized him. "If I," said he, "who rise only to give my opinion of this bill, am so confounded that I cannot say what I intended, what must be the condition of that man, who, without any assistance, is pleading for his life ?"

(41) *Lord Russell*. May I have somebody to write, to assist my memory ?

Mr. Attorney General. Yes, a servant.

Lord Chief Justice. Any of your servants shall assist you in writing anything you please for you.

Lord Russell. My wife is here, my Lord, to do it. — *State Trials*, II.

(42) See the *Alcestis* of *Euripides*, v. 194.

(43) Such as Russell found in Cavendish ; and such as many have found.

(44) An allusion to the last interview of Sir Thomas More and his daughter Margaret. "Dear Meg," said he, when afterwards with a coal he wrote to bid her farewell, "I never liked your manner towards me better ; for I like when daughterly love and dear charity have no leisure to look to worldly courtesy." — *Roper's Life*.

(45) Epaminondas, after his victory at Leuctra, rejoiced most of all at the pleasure which it would give his father and mother ; and who would not have envied them their feelings ? Cornelia was called at Rome the mother-in-law of Scipio. "When," said she to her sons, "shall I be called the mother of the Gracchi ?"

(46) At illa quanti sunt, animum tanquam emeritis stipendiis libidinis, ambitionis, contentionis, inimicitiarum, cupiditatum omnium, secum esse, secumque (ut dicitur) vivere ? — *Cic de Senectute*.

(47) Ilinc ubi jam emissum caveis ad sidera cœli
Nare per æstatem liquidam suspexeris agmen,
Contemplator. — *Virg.*

(48) Richard the First. For the romantic story here alluded to we are indebted to the French chroniclers. — See *Fauchet*. Recueil de l'Origine de la Langue et Poésie Fr.

(49) She was under all her sails, and looked less like a ship incrustated with ice than ice in the fashion of a ship. — See the *Voyage of Captain Thomas James*, in 1631.

(50) An act of filial piety represented on the coins of Catana, a Greek city, some remains of which are still to be seen at the foot of Mount *Ætna*.* The story is told of two brothers who, in this manner, saved both their parents. The place from which they escaped was long called the field of the pious ; and public games were annually held there to commemorate the event.

(51) What a pleasing picture of domestic life is given to us by Bishop Berkeley in his letters ! "The more we have of good instruments, the better ; for all my children, not excepting my little daughter, learn to play, and are preparing to fill my house with harmony against all events, that, if we have worse times, we may have better spirits."

(52) See the *Alcestis* of *Euripides*, v. 328.

(53) How often, says an excellent writer, do we err in our estimate of happiness ! When I hear of a man who has noble parks, splendid palaces, and every luxury in life, I always inquire whom he has to love ; and, if I find he has nobody, or does not love those he has, in the midst of all his grandeur I pronounce him a being in deep adversity.

(54) Cicero. It is remarkable that, among the comforts of old age, he has not mentioned those arising from the society of women and children. Perhaps the husband of Terentia and "the father of Marcus felt something on the subject, of which he was willing to spare himself the recollection."

(55) An old writer breaks off in a very lively manner at a later hour of the night. "But the *Ilyades* run low in the heavens, and to keep our eyes open any longer were to act our *Antipodes*. The huntsmen are up in America, and they are already past their first sleep in Persia."

* It is introduced also, and very happily, by two great masters ; by Virgil in the Sack of Troy, and by Raphael in the *Incendio di Borgo*.

Before I conclude I would say something in favor of the old-fashioned triplet, which I have here ventured to use so often. Dryden seems to have delighted in it, and in many of his poems has used it much oftener than I have done, as for instance in the *Hind and Panther*,* and in *Theodore and Honoria*, where he introduces it three, four and even five times in succession.

If I have erred anywhere in the structure of my verse from a desire to follow yet earlier and higher examples, I rely on the forgiveness of those *in whose ear the music of our old versification is still sounding.*†

* Pope used to mention this poem as the most correct specimen of Dryden's versification. It was, indeed, written when he had completely formed his manner, and may be supposed to exhibit, negligence excepted, his deliberate and ultimate scheme of metre. — *Johnson*.

† With regard to trisyllables, as their accent is very rarely on the last, they cannot properly be any rhymes at all; yet nevertheless I highly commend those who have judiciously and sparingly introduced them as such. — *Gray*.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ODE TO SUPERSTITION.¹

HENCE to the realms of Night, dire Demon, hence !
Thy chain of adamant can bind
That little world, the human mind,
And sink its noblest powers to impotence.
Wake the lion's loudest roar,
Clot his shaggy mane with gore,
With flashing fury bid his eye-balls shine ;
Meek is his savage, sullen soul, to thine !
Thy touch, thy deadening touch, has steeled the breast,
Whence, through her April-shower, soft Pity smiled ;
Has closed the heart each godlike virtue blessed,
To all the silent pleadings of his child.²
At thy command he plants the dagger deep,
At thy command exults, though Nature bids him weep !

When, with a frown that froze the peopled earth,³
Thou dartedst thy huge head from high,
Night waved her banners o'er the sky,
And brooding, gave her shapeless shadows birth.

Rocking on the billowy air,
 Ha ! what withering phantoms glare !
 As blows the blast with many a sudden swell,
 At each dead pause, what shrill-toned voices yell !
 The sheeted spectre, rising from the tomb,
 Points to the murderer's stab, and shudders by ;
 In every grove is felt a heavier gloom,
 That veils its genius from the vulgar eye :
 The spirit of the water rides the storm,
 And, through the mist, reveals the terrors of his form.

I. 3.

O'er solid seas, where Winter reigns,
 And holds each mountain-wave in chains,
 The fur-clad savage, ere he guides his deer
 By glistening star-light through the snow,
 Breathes softly in her wondering car
 Each potent spell thou bad'st him know.
 By thee inspired, on India's sands,
 Full in the sun the Brahmin stands ;
 And, while the panting tigress hies
 To quench her fever in the stream,
 His spirit laughs in agonies,
 Smit by the scorplings of the noontide beam.
 Mark who mounts the sacred pyre,⁴
 Blooming in her bridal vest :
 She hurls the torch ! she fans the fire !
 To die is to be blest :
 She clasps her lord to part no more,
 And, sighing, sinks ! but sinks to soar.
 O'ershadowing Scotia's desert coast,
 The Sisters sail in dusky state,⁵

And, wrapt in clouds, in tempests tost,
 Weave the airy web of Fate;
 While the lone shepherd, near the shipless main,⁶
 Sees o'er her hills advance the long-drawn funeral train.

II. 1.

Thou spak'st, and, lo! a new creation glowed.
 Each unhewn mass of living stone
 Was clad in horrors not its own,
 And at its base the trembling nations bowed.
 Giant Error, darkly grand,
 Grasped the globe with iron hand.
 Circled with seats of bliss, the Lord of Light
 Saw prostrate worlds adore his golden height.
 The statue, waking with immortal powers,⁷
 Springs from its parent earth, and shakes the spheres;
 The indignant pyramid sublimely towers,
 And braves the efforts of a host of years.
 Sweet Music breathes her soul into the wind;
 And bright-eyed Painting stamps the image of the mind.

II. 2.

Round the rude ark old Egypt's sorcerers rise!
 A timbrelled anthem swells the gale,
 And bids the God of Thunders hail;⁸
 With lowings loud the captive god replies.
 Clouds of incense woo thy smile,
 Scaly monarch of the Nile!⁹
 But, ah! what myriads claim the bended knee!¹⁰
 Go, count the busy drops that swell the sea.
 Proud land! what eye can trace thy mystic lore,
 Locked up in characters as dark as night?¹¹

What eye those long, long labyrinths dare explore,¹³
 To which the parted soul oft wings her flight;
 Again to visit her cold cell of clay,
 Charmed with perennial sweets, and smiling at decay?

II. 3.

On yon hoar summit, mildly bright¹³
 With purple ether's liquid light,
 High o'er the world, the white-robed Magi gaze
 On dazzling bursts of heavenly fire;
 Start at each blue, portentous blaze,
 Each flame that flits with adverse spire.
 But say, what sounds my ear invade
 From Delphi's venerable shade?
 The temple rocks, the laurel waves!
 "The god! the god!" the Sibyl cries.¹⁴
 Her figure swells! she foams, she raves!
 Her figure swells to more than mortal size!
 Streams of rapture roll along,
 Silver notes ascend the skies:
 Wake, Echo, wake and catch the song,
 O, catch it, ere it dies!
 The Sibyl speaks, the dream is o'er,
 The holy harpings charm no more.
 In vain she checks the god's control;
 His madding spirit fills her frame,
 And moulds the features of her soul,
 Breathing a prophetic flame.
 The cavern frowns; its hundred mouths unclose!
 And, in the thunder's voice, the fate of empire flows!

III. 1.

Mona, thy Druid-rites awake the dead !
 Rites thy brown oaks would never dare
 Even whisper to the idle air ;
 Rites that have chained old Ocean on 'his bed.
 Shivered by thy piercing glance,
 Pointless falls the hero's lance.
 Thy magic bids the imperial eagle fly,¹⁵
 And blasts the laureate wreath of victory.
 Hark, the bard's soul inspires the vocal string !
 At every pause dread Silence hovers o'er :
 While murky Night sails round on raven wing,
 Deepening the tempest's howl, the torrent's roar ;
 Chased by the Morn from Snowdon's awful brow,
 Where late she sate and scowled on the black wave below.

III. 2.

Lo ! steel-clad War his gorgeous standard rears !
 The red-cross squadrons madly rage,¹⁶
 And mow through infancy and age ;
 Then kiss the sacred dust and melt in tears.
 Veiling from the eye of day,
 Penance dreams her life away ;
 In cloistered solitude she sits and sighs,
 While from each shrine still, small responses rise.
 Hear, with what heartfelt beat the midnight bell
 Swings its slow summons through the hollow pile !
 The weak, wan votarist leaves her twilight cell,
 To walk, with taper dim, the winding aisle ;
 With choral chantings vainly to aspire
 Beyond this nether sphere, on Rapture's wing of fire.

III. 3.

Lord of each pang the nerves can feel,
Hence with the rack and reeking wheel.
Faith lifts the soul above this little ball !
While gleams of glory open round,
And circling choirs of angels call,
Canst thou, with all thy terrors crowned,
Hope to obscure that latent spark,
Destined to shine when suns are dark ?
Thy triumphs cease ! through every land,
Hark ! Truth proclaims, thy triumphs cease !
Her heavenly form, with glowing hand,
Benignly points to piety and peace.
Flushed with youth, her looks impart
Each fine feeling as it flows ;
Her voice the echo of a heart
Pure as the mountain snows :
Celestial transports round her play,
And softly, sweetly die away.
She smiles ! and where is now the cloud
That blackened o'er thy baleful reign ?
Grim darkness furls his leaden shroud,
Shrinking from her glance in vain.
Her touch unlocks the day-spring from above,
And, lo ! it visits man with beams of light and love.

THE SAILOR.

1786.

THE Sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,
As all its lessening turrets blueely fade;
He climbs the mast to feast his eye once more,
And busy Fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah! now, each dear, domestic scene he knew,
Recalled and cherished in a foreign clime,
Charms with the magic of a moonlight view;
Its colors mellowed, not impaired, by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,
Through all the horrors of the stormy main;
This, the last wish that would with life depart,
To meet the smile of her he loves again.

When Morn first faintly draws her silver line,
Or Eve's gray cloud descends to drink the wave;
When sea and sky in midnight darkness join,
Still, still he sees the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hovering o'er,
Attends his little bark from pole to pole;
And, when the beating billows round him roar,
Whispers sweet hope to soothe his troubled soul.

Carved is her name in many a spicy grove,
In many a plantain-forest, waving wide;
Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,
And giant palms o'erarch the golden tide.

But, lo ! at last he comes with crowded sail !
Lo ! o'er the cliff what eager figures bend !
And hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale !
In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

'T is she, 't is she herself ! she waves her hand !
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvas furled ;
Soon through the whitening surge he springs to land,
And clasps the maid he singled from the world.

A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill ;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear ;
A willow brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

AN ITALIAN SONG.

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and murmurs there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent green-wood shade;
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

THE ALPS AT DAY-BREAK.

THE sunbeams streak the azure skies,
And line with light the mountain's brow:
With hounds and horns the hunters rise,
And chase the roebuck through the snow.

From rock to rock, with giant-bound,
High on their iron poles they pass ;
Mute, lest the air, convulsed by sound,
Rend from above a frozen mass.

The goats wind slow their wonted way,
Up craggy steepes and ridges rude ;
Marked by the wild wolf for his prey,
From desert cave or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud,
And as the echoing cliffs reply,
The huts peep o'er the morning-cloud,
Perched, like an eagle's nest, on high.

ON A TEAR.

O ! THAT the chemist's magic art
Could crystallize this sacred treasure :
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from CHLOE'S eye ;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell —
The spring of Sensibility !

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light !
In thee the rays of Virtue shine ;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul !
 Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
 When first we feel the rude control
 Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
 In every clime, in every age ;
 Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
 In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law¹⁷ which moulds a tear,
 And bids it trickle from its source,
 That law preserves the earth a sphere,
 And guides the planets in their course.

WRITTEN IN A SICK CHAMBER.

1793.

THERE, in that bed so closely curtained round,
 Worn to a shade and wan with slow decay,
 A father sleeps ! O, hushed be every sound !
 Soft may we breathe the midnight hours away !

He stirs—yet still he sleeps. May heavenly dreams
 Long o'er his smooth and settled pillow rise ;
 Nor fly, till morning through the shutter streams,
 And on the hearth the glimmering rush-light dies !

* * * * *

TO TWO SISTERS.¹⁸

1795.

WELL may you sit within, and, fond of grief,
Look in each other's face, and melt in tears.
Well may you shun all counsel, all relief.
O, she was great in mind, though young in years !

Changed is that lovely countenance, which shed
Light when she spoke ; and kindled sweet surprise,
As o'er her frame each warm emotion spread,
Played round her lips, and sparkled in her eyes.

Those lips so pure, that moved but to persuade,
Still to the last enlivened and endeared.
Those eyes at once her secret soul conveyed,
And ever beamed delight when you appeared.

Yet has she fled the life of bliss below,
That youthful Hope in bright perspective drew ?
False were the tints ! false as the feverish glow
That o'er her burning cheek Distemper throw !

And now in joy she dwells, in glory moves !
(Glory and joy reserved for you to share.)
Far, far more blest in blessing those she loves
Than they, alas ! unconscious of her care.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

On thee, blest youth, a father's hand confers
The maid thy earliest, fondest wishes knew.
Each soft enchantment of the soul is hers ;
Thine be the joys to firm attachment due.

As on she moves with hesitating grace,
She wins assurance from his soothing voice ;
And, with a look the pencil could not trace,
Smiles through her blushes, and confirms the choice.

Spare the fine tremors of her feeling frame !
To thee she turns — forgive a virgin's fears !
To thee she turns with surest, tenderest claim ;
Weakness that charms, reluctance that endears !

At each response the sacred rite requires,
From her full bosom bursts the unbidden sigh.
A strange mysterious awe the scene inspires ;
And on her lips the trembling accents die.

O'er her fair face what wild emotions play !
What lights and shades in sweet confusion blend !
Soon shall they fly, glad harbingers of day,
And settled sunshine on her soul descend !

Ah ! soon, thine own confest, ecstatic thought !
That hand shall strew thy summer-path with flowers ;
And those blue eyes, with mildest lustre fraught,
Gild the calm current of domestic hours !

WRITTEN TO BE SPOKEN BY MRS. SIDDONS.¹⁹

YES, 't is the pulse of life ! my fears were vain ;
 I wake, I breathe, and am myself again.
 Still in this nether world ; no seraph yet !
 Nor walks my spirit, when the sun is set,
 With troubled step to haunt the fatal board,
 Where I died last — by poison or the sword ;
 Blanching each honest cheek with deeds of night,
 Done here so oft by dim and doubtful light.

— To drop all metaphor, that little bell
 Called back reality, and broke the spell.
 No heroine claims your tears with tragic tone ;
 A very woman — scarce restrains her own !
 Can she, with fiction, charm the cheated mind,
 When to be grateful is the part assigned ?
 Ah, no ! she scorns the trappings of her art ;
 No theme but truth, no prompter but the heart !

But, Ladies, say, must I alone unmask ?
 Is here no other actress, let me ask.
 Believe me, those, who best the heart dissect,
 Know every woman studies stage-effect.
 She moulds her manners to the part she fills,
 As Instinct teaches, or as Humor wills ;
 And, as the grave or gay her talent calls,
 Acts in the drama, till the curtain falls.

First, how her little breast with triumph swells,
 When the red coral rings its golden bells !
 To play in pantomime is then the *rage*,
 Along the carpet's many-colored stage ;

Or lisp her merry thoughts with loud endeavor,
Now here, now there,— in noise and mischief ever !

A school-girl next, she curls her hair in papers,
And mimics father's gout, and mother's vapors ;
Discards her doll, bribes Betty for romances ;
Playful at church, and serious when she dances ;
Tramples alike on customs and on toes,
And whispers all she hears to all she knows ;
Terror of caps, and wigs, and sober notions !
A romp ! that *longest* of perpetual motions !
— Till, tamed and tortured into foreign graces,
She sports her lovely face at public places ;
And with blue, laughing eyes, behind her fan,
First acts her part with that great actor, MAN.

Too soon a flirt, approach her and she flies !
Frowns when pursued, and, when entreated, sighs !
Plays with unhappy men as cats with mice ;
Till fading beauty hints the late advice.
Her prudence dictates what her pride disdained,
And now she sues to slaves herself had chained !

Then comes that good old character, a Wife,
With all the dear, distracting cares of life ;
A thousand cards a day at doors to leave,
And, in return, a thousand cards receive ;
Rouge high, play deep, to lead the ton aspire,
With nightly blaze set PORTLAND-PLACE on fire ;
Snatch half a glimpse at concert, opera, ball,
A meteor, traced by none, though seen by all ;
And, when her shattered nerves forbid to roam,
In very spleen — rehearse the girls at home.

Last the gray Dowager, in ancient flounces,
With snuff and spectacles the age denounces ;

Boasts how the sires of this degenerate Isle
 Knelt for a look, and duelled for a smile.
 The scourge and ridicule of Goth and Vandal,
 Her tea she sweetens, as she sips, with scandal;
 With modern belles eternal warfare wages,
 Like her own birds that clamor from their cages;
 And shuffles round to bear her tale to all,
 Like some old Ruin, "nodding to its fall!"

Thus WOMAN makes her entrance and her exit;
 Not least an actress when she least suspects it.
 Yet Nature oft peeps out and mars the plot,
 Each lesson lost, each poor pretence forgot;
 Full oft, with energy that scorns control,
 At once lights up the features of the soul;
 Unlocks each thought chained down by coward Art,
 And to full day the latent passions start!
 — And she, whose first, best wish is your applause,
 Herself exemplifies the truth she draws.
 Born on the stage — through every shifting scene,
 Obscure or bright, tempestuous or serene,
 Still has your smile her trembling spirit fired!
 And can she act, with thoughts like these inspired?
 No! from her mind all artifice she flings,
 All skill, all practice, now unmeaning things!
 To you, unchecked, each genuine feeling flows;
 For all that life endears — to you she owes.

TO * * * * *.

Go — you may call it madness, folly;
 You shall not chase my gloom away.
 There 's such a charm in melancholy,
 I would not, if I could, be gay.

O, if you knew the pensive pleasure
 That fills my bosom when I sigh,
 You would not rob me of a treasure
 Monarchs are too poor to buy.

A FAREWELL.

ADIEU! A long, a long adieu!
 I must be gone while yet I may.
 Oft shall I weep to think of you;
 But here I will not, cannot stay.

The sweet expression of that face,
 Forever changing, yet the same,
 Ah no! I dare not turn to trace.
 It melts my soul, it fires my frame!

Yet give me, give me, ere I go,
 One little lock of those so blest,
 That lend your cheek a warmer glow,
 And on your white neck love to rest.

— Say, when, to kindle soft delight,
 That hand has chanced with mine to meet,
 How could its thrilling touch excite
 A sigh so short, and yet so sweet?

O say — but no, it must not be.
 Adieu ! A long, a long adieu !
 — Yet still, methinks, you frown on me ;
 Or never could I fly from you.

FROM A GREEK EPIGRAM.

WHILE on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,
 And the blue vales a thousand joys recall,
 See, to the last, last verge her infant steals !
 O, fly ! — yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall.
 Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,
 And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

FROM EURIPIDES.

THERE is a streamlet issuing from a rock.
 The village-girls, singing wild madrigals,
 Dip their white vestments in its waters clear,
 And hang them to the sun. There first we met,
 There on that day. Her dark and eloquent eyes
 'T was heaven to look upon ; and her sweet voice,
 A's tunable as harp of many strings,
 At once spoke joy and sadness to my soul !

Dear is that valley to the murmuring bees ;
 And all, who know it, come and come again.
 The small birds build there ; and at summer-noon
 Oft have I heard a child, gay among flowers,
 As in the shining grass she sate concealed,
 Sing to herself.

FROM AN ITALIAN SONNET.

Love, under Friendship's vesture white,
Laughs, his little limbs concealing;
And oft in sport, and oft in spite,
Like Pity meets the dazzled sight,
Smiles through his tears revealing.

But now as Rage the god appears!
He frowns, and tempests shake his frame! —
Frowning, or smiling, or in tears,
'T is Love; and Love is still the same.

CAPTIVITY.

CAGED in old woods, whose reverend echoes wake
When the hern screams along the distant lake,
Her little heart oft flutters to be free,
Oft sighs to turn the unrelenting key.
In vain! the nurse that rusted relic wears,
Nor moved by gold — nor to be moved by tears:
And terraced walls their black reflection throw
On the green-mantled moat that sleeps below

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

WHILE through the broken pane the tempest sighs,
And my step falters on the faithless floor,
Shades of departed joys around me rise,
With many a face that smiles on me no more;
With many a voice that thrills of transport gave
Now silent as the grass that tufts their grave!

A CHARACTER.

As through the hedge-row shade the violet steals,
And the sweet air its modest leaf reveals ;
Her softer charms, but by their influence known,
Surprise all hearts, and mould them to her own.

TO AN OLD OAK.

TRUNK of a giant now no more !
Once did thy limbs to heaven aspire ;
Once, by a track untried before,
Strike as resolving to explore
Realms of infernal fire.²⁰

Round thee, alas ! no shadows move !
From thee no sacred murmurs breathe !
Yet within thee, thyself a grove,
Once did the eagle scream above,
And the wolf howl beneath.

There once the red-cross knight reclined,
His resting-place, a house of prayer ;
And, when the death-bell smote the wind
From towers long fled by human kind,
He knelt and worshipped there !

Then Culture came, and days serene ;
And village-sports, and garlands gay.
Full many a pathway crossed the green ;
And maids and shepherd-youths were seen
To celebrate the May.

Father of many a forest deep,
Whence many a navy thunder-fraught !
Erst in thy acorn-cells asleep,
Soon destined o'er the world to sweep,
Opening new spheres of thought !

Wont in the night of woods to dwell,
The holy Druid saw thee rise ;
And, planting there the guardian-spell,
Sung forth, the dreadful pomp to swell
Of human sacrifice !

Thy singed top and branches bare
Now straggle in the evening-sky ;
And the wan moon wheels round to glare
On the long corse that shivers there
Of him who came to die !

TO THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF LADY * *.

1800.

AH ! why with tell-tale tongue reveal²¹
What most her blushes would conceal ?
Why lift that modest veil to trace
The seraph-sweetness of her face ?
Some fairer, better sport prefer ;
And feel for us, if not for her.

For this presumption, soon or late,
Know thine shall be a kindred fate.
Another shall in vengeance rise —
Sing Harriet's cheeks, and Harriet's eyes :
And, echoing back her wood-notes wild,
— Trace all the mother in the child !

TO THE GNAT.

WHEN by the greenwood side, at summer eve,
 Poetic visions charm my closing eye ;
 And fairy-scenes, that Fancy loves to weave,
 Shift to wild notes of sweetest minstrelsy ;
 'T is thine to range in busy quest of prey,
 Thy feathery antlers quivering with delight,
 Brush from my lids the hues of heaven away,
 And all is solitude, and all is night !
 — Ah ! now thy barbéd shaft, relentless fly,
 Unsheaths its terrors in the sultry air !
 No guardian sylph, in golden panoply,
 Lifts the broad shield, and points the glittering spear.
 Now near and nearer rush thy whirring wings,
 Thy dragon-scales still wet with human gore.
 Hark, thy shrill horn its fearful larum flings !
 — I wake in horror, and dare sleep no more !

TO A VOICE THAT HAD BEEN LOST.²³

Vane, quid affectas faciem mihi ponere, pictor ?
 Aeris et linguae sum filia ;
 Et, si vis similem pingere, pingere sonum. — AUSONIUS.

ONCE more, Enchantress of the soul,
 Once more we hail thy soft control.
 — Yet whither, whither didst thou fly ?
 To what bright region of the sky ?
 Say, in what distant star to dwell ?
 (Of other worlds thou seem'st to tell)

Or trembling, fluttering here below,
Resolved and unresolved to go,
In secret didst thou still impart
Thy raptures to the pure in heart ?

Perhaps to many a desert shore,
Thee, in his rage, the tempest bore ;
Thy broken murmurs swept along,
Mid echoes yet untuned by song ;
Arrested in the realms of frost,
Or in the wilds of ether lost.

Far happier thou ! 't was thine to soar,
Careering on the wingéd wind.
Thy triumphs who shall dare explore ?
Suns and their systems left behind.
No tract of space, no distant star,
No shock of elements at war,
Did thee detain. Thy wing of fire
Bore thee amid the cherub-choir ;
And there a while to thee 't was given
Once more that voice²³ beloved to join,
Which taught thee first a flight divine,
And nursed thy infant years with many a strain from
Heaven !

TO THE BUTTERFLY.

CHILD of the sun ! pursue thy rapturous flight,
Mingling with her thou lov'st in fields of light ;
And, where the flowers of Paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.

There shall thy wings, rich as an evening-sky,
Expand and shut with silent ecstasy !
-- Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept.
And such is man ; soon from his cell of clay
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day !

AN EPITAPH ON A ROBIN-REDBREAST.²⁴

TREAD lightly here, for here, 't is said,
When piping winds are hushed around,
A small note wakes from underground,
Where now his tiny bones are laid.
No more in lone and leafless groves,
With ruffled wing and faded breast,
His friendless, homeless spirit roves ;
— Gone to the world where birds are blest !
Where never cat glides o'er the green,
Or school-boy's giant form is seen ;
But Love, and Joy, and smiling Spring,
Inspire their little souls to sing !

TO THE FRAGMENT OF A STATUE OF HERCULES.

COMMONLY CALLED THE TORSO.

AND dost thou still, thou mass of breathing stone
(Thy giant limbs to night and chaos hurled),
Still sit as on the fragment of a world ;
Surviving all, majestic and alone ?

What though the Spirits of the North, that swept
Rome from the earth when in her pomp she slept,
Smote thee with fury, and thy headless trunk
Deep in the dust mid tower and temple sunk ;
Soon to subdue mankind 't was thine to rise,
Still, still unquelled thy glorious energies !
Aspiring minds, with thee conversing, caught
Bright revelations of the Good they sought ;²⁵
By thee that long-lost spell in secret given,
To draw down gods, and lift the soul to Heaven !²⁶

TO²⁷

Ah ! little thought she, when, with wild delight,
By many a torrent's shining track she flew,
When mountain-glens and caverns full of night
O'er her young mind divine enchantment threw,
That in her veins a secret horror slept,
That her light footsteps should be heard no more,
That she should die — nor watched, alas ! nor wept
By thee, unconscious of the pangs she bore.
Yet round her couch indulgent Fancy drew
The kindred forms her closing eye required.
There didst thou stand — there, with the smile she knew ;
She moved her lips to bless thee, and expired.
And now to thee she comes ; still, still the same
As in the hours gone unregarded by !
To thee, how changed, comes as she ever came ;
Health on her cheek, and pleasure in her eye !

Nor less, less oft, as on that day, appears,
When lingering, as prophetic of the truth,
By the way-side she shed her parting tears —
Forever lovely in the light of Youth!

THE BOY OF EGREMOND.

“SAY, what remains when Hope is fled?”
She answered, “Endless weeping!”
For in the herdsman’s eye she read
Who in his shroud lay sleeping.
At Embsay rung the matin-bell,
The stag was roused on Barden-fell;
The mingled sounds were swelling, dying,
And down the Wharfe a hern was flying;
When near the cabin in the wood,
In tartan-clad and forest-green,
With hound in leash and hawk in hood,
The Boy of Egremond was seen.²⁸
Blithe was his song, a song of yore;
But where the rock is rent in two,
And the river rushes through,
His voice was heard no more!
’T was but a step! the gulf he passed;
But that step — it was his last!
As through the mist he winged his way
(A cloud that hovers night and day),
The hound hung back, and back he drew
The master and his merlin too.

That narrow place of noise and strife
 Received their little all of life !
 There now the matin-bell is rung ;
 The " Miserere ! " duly sung ;
 And holy men in cowl and hood
 Are wandering up and down the wood.
 But what avail they ? Ruthless Lord,
 Thou didst not shudder when the sword
 Here on the young its fury spent,
 The helpless and the innocent.
 Sit now and answer, groan for groan.
 The child before thee is thy own.
 And she who wildly wanders there,
 The mother in her long despair,
 Shall oft remind thee, waking, sleeping,
 Of those who by the Wharfe were weeping ;
 Of those who would not be consoled
 When red with blood the river rolled.

WRITTEN IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND,

SEPTEMBER 2, 1812.

BLUE was the loch, the clouds were gone,
 Ben-Lomond in his glory shone,
 When, Luss, I left thee ; when the breeze
 Bore me from thy silver sands,
 Thy kirk-yard wall among the trees,
 Where, gray with age, the dial stands ;
 That dial so well known to me !
 — Though many a shadow it had shed,

Beloved sister, since with thee
The legend on the stone was read.

The fairy-isles fled far away;
That with its woods and uplands green,
Where shepherd-huts are dimly seen,
And songs are heard at close of day;
That too, the deer's wild covert, fled,
And that, the asylum of the dead:
While, as the boat went merrily,
Much of ROB ROY the boatman told;
His arm that fell below his knee,
His cattle-ford and mountain-hold.

Tarbat,²⁹ thy shore I climbed at last;
And, thy shady region passed,
Upon another shore I stood,
And looked upon another flood;³⁰
Great Ocean's self! ('T is He who fills
That vast and awful depth of hills);
Where many an elf was playing round,
Who treads unshod his classic ground;
And speaks, his native rocks among,
As FINGAL spoke, and OSSIAN sung.

Night fell; and dark and darker grew
That narrow sea, that narrow sky,
As o'er the glimmering waves we flew;
The sea-bird rustling, wailing by.
And now the grampus, half-descried,
Black and huge above the tide;
The cliffs and promontories there,
Front to front, and broad and bare;
Each beyond each, with giant-feet
Advancing as in haste to meet.

The shattered fortress, whence the Dane
Blew his shrill blast, nor rushed in vain,
Tyrant of the drear domain;
All into midnight-shadow sweep —
When day springs upward from the deep !³¹
Kindling the waters in its flight,
The prow wakes splendor ; and the oar,
That rose and fell unseen before,
Flashes in a sea of light !
Glad sign, and sure ! for now we hail
Thy flowers, Glenfinnart, in the gale ;
And bright indeed the path should be,
That leads to Friendship and to thee !
O blest retreat, and sacred too !
Sacred as when the bell of prayer
Tolled duly on the desert air,
And crosses decked thy summits blue.
Oft, like some loved romantic tale,
Oft shall my weary mind recall,
Amid the hum and stir of men,
Thy beechen-grove and waterfall,
Thy ferry with its gliding sail,
And her — the Lady of the Glen !

ON . . . ASLEEP.

SLEEP on, and dream of Heaven a while.
Though shut so close thy laughing eyes,
Thy rosy lips still wear a smile,
And move, and breathe delicious sighs ! —

Ah ! now soft blushes tinge her cheeks,
 And mantle o'er her neck of snow.
 Ah ! now she murmurs, now she speaks,
 What most I wish — and fear to know.

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps !
 Her fair hands folded on her breast.
 — And now, how like a saint she sleeps !
 A seraph in the realms of rest !

Sleep on secure ! Above control,
 Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee !
 And may the secret of thy soul
 Remain within its sanctuary !

AN INSCRIPTION IN THE CRIMEA.

SHEPHERD, or Huntsman, or worn Mariner,
 Whate'er thou art, who wouldst allay thy thirst,
 Drink and be glad. This cistern of white stone,
 Arched, and o'erwrought with many a sacred verse,
 This iron-cup chained for the general use,
 And these rude seats of earth within the grove,
 Were given by FATIMA. Borne hence a bride,
 'T was here she turned from her beloved sire,
 To see his face no more.³² O, if thou canst
 ('T is not far off), visit his tomb with flowers ;
 And with a drop of this sweet water fill
 The two small cells scooped in the marble there,
 That birds may come and drink upon his grave,
 Making it holy³³

AN INSCRIPTION FOR A TEMPLE DEDICATED TO
THE GRACES.³⁴

APPROACH with reverence. There are those within
Whose dwelling-place is Heaven. Daughters of Jove
From them flow all the decencies of life ;
Without them nothing pleases, Virtue's self
Admired, not loved : and those on whom they smile,
Great though they be, and wise, and beautiful,
Shine forth with double lustre.

REFLECTIONS.

MAN to the last is but a froward child ;
So eager for the future, come what may,
And to the present so insensible !
O, if he could in all things as he would,
Years would as days and hours as moments be ;
He would, so restless is his spirit here,
Give wings to Time, and wish his life away !

ALAS ! to our discomfort and his own,
Oft are the greatest talents to be found
In a fool's keeping. For what else is he,
However worldly wise and worldly strong,
Who can pervert and to the worst abuse
The noblest means to serve the noblest ends ;
Who can employ the gift of eloquence,
That sacred gift, to dazzle and delude ;
Or, if achievement in the field be his,

Climb but to gain a loss, suffering how much,
And how much more inflicting ! Everywhere,
Cost what they will, such cruel freaks are played ;
And hence the turmoil in this world of ours,
The turmoil never ending, still beginning,
The wailing and the tears.—When CÆSAR came,
He who could master all men but himself,
Who did so much and could so well record it ;
Even he, the most applauded in his part,
Who, when he spoke, all things summed up in him,
Spoke to convince, nor ever, when he fought,
Fought but to conquer—what a life was his,
Slaying so many, to be slain at last,³⁵
A life of trouble and incessant toil,
And all to gain what is far better missed !

THE heart, they say, is wiser than the schools ;
And well they may. All that is great in thought,
That strikes at once as with electric fire,
And lifts us, as it were, from earth to heaven,
Comes from the heart ; and who confesses not
Its voice as sacred, nay, almost divine,
When inly it declares on what we do,
Blaming, approving ? Let an erring world
Judge as it will, we care not while we stand
Acquitted there ; and oft, when clouds on clouds
Compass us round and not a track appears,
Oft is an upright heart the surest guide,
Surer and better than the subtlest head ;
Still with its silent counsels through the dark
Onward and onward leading.

THIS Child, so lovely and so cherub-like
(No fairer spirit in the heaven of heavens),
Say, must he know remorse ? Must Passion come,
Passion in all or any of its shapes,
To cloud and sully what is now so pure ?
Yes, come it must. For who, alas ! has lived,
Nor in the watches of the night recalled
Words he has wished unsaid and deeds undone ?
Yes, come it must. But if, as we may hope,
He learns ere long to discipline his mind,
And onward goes, humbly and cheerfully,
Assisting them that faint, weak though he be,
And in his trying hours trusting in God —
Fair as he is, he shall be fairer still ;
For what was Innocence will then be Virtue.

O, IF the Selfish knew how much they lost,
What would they not endeavor, not endure,
To imitate, as far as in them lay,
Him who his wisdom and his power employs
In making others happy !

HENCE to the Altar and with her thou lov'st,
With her who longs to strew thy way with flowers ;
Nor lose the blessed privilege to give
Birth to a race immortal as yourselves.
Which, trained by you, shall make a Heaven on earth
And tread the path that leads from earth to Heaven.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1848.

IF Day reveals such wonders by her light,
What by her darkness cannot Night reveal ?
For at her bidding, when she mounts her throne
The heavens unfold, and from the depths of space
Sun beyond sun, as when called forth they came,
Each with the worlds that round him rolled rejoicing,
Sun beyond sun in numbers numberless
Shine with a radiance that is all their own !

FROM AN ITALIAN SONNET.

I SAID to Time, " This venerable pile,
Its floor the earth, its roof the firmament,
Whose was it once ? " He answered not, but fled
Fast as before. I turned to Fame, and asked.
" Names such as his, to thee they must be known.
Speak ! " But she answered only with a sigh,
And, musing mournfully, looked on the ground.
Then to Oblivion I addressed myself,
A dismal phantom, sitting at the gate ;
And, with a voice as from the grave, he cried,
" Whose it was once I care not ; now 't is mine."

WRITTEN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.³⁶

OCTOBER 10, 1806.

WHOE'ER thou art, approach, and, with a sigh,
Mark where the small remains of Greatness lie.³⁷
There sleeps the dust of Fox forever gone ;
How near the place where late his glory shone !
And, though no more ascends the voice of prayer,
Though the last footsteps cease to linger there,
Still, like an awful dream that comes again,
Alas ! at best, as transient and as vain,
Still do I see (while through the vaults of night
The funeral-song once more proclaims the rite)
The moving pomp along the shadowy aisle,
That, like a darkness, filled the solemn pile ;
The illustrious line, that in long order led,
Of those, that loved him living, mourned him dead ;
Of those the few, that for their country stood
Round him who dared be singularly good ;
All, of all ranks, that claimed him for their own ;
And nothing wanting — but himself alone !³⁸

O, say, of him now rests there but a name ;
Wont, as he was, to breathe ethereal flame ?
Friend of the absent, guardian of the dead !
Who but would here their sacred sorrows shed ?
(Such as he shed on NELSON'S closing grave ;
How soon to claim the sympathy he gave !)
In him, resentful of another's wrong,
The dumb were eloquent, the feeble strong.
Truth from his lips a charm celestial drew —
Ah ! who so mighty and so gentle too ?

What though with war the madding nations rung,
 'Peace,' when he spoke, was ever on his tongue !
 Amid the frowns of power, the tricks of state,
 Fearless, resolved, and negligently great !
 In vain malignant vapors gathered round ;
 He walked, erect, on consecrated ground.
 The clouds, that rise to quench the orb of day,
 Reflect its splendor, and dissolve away !

When in retreat he laid his thunder by,
 For lettered ease and calm philosophy,
 Blest were his hours within the silent grove,
 Where still his godlike spirit deigns to rove ;
 Blest by the orphan's smile, the widow's prayer,
 For many a deed, long done in secret there.
 There shone his lamp on Homer's hallowed page.
 There, listening, sate the hero and the sage ;
 And they, by virtue and by blood allied,
 Whom most he loved, and in whose arms he died.

Friend of all human-kind ! not here alone
 (The voice, that speaks, was not to thee unknown)
 Wilt thou be missed. — O'er every land and sea
 Long, long shall England be revered in thee !
 And, when the storm is hushed — in distant years
 Foes on thy grave shall meet, and mingle tears !

 WRITTEN AT DROPMORE,

JULY, 1831.

GRENVILLE, to thee my gratitude is due
 For many an hour of studious musing here,
 For many a day-dream, such as hovered round
 Hafiz or Sadi ; through the golden East,

Search where we would, no fairer bowers than these,
Thine own creation ; where, called forth by thee,
" Flowers worthy of Paradise, with rich inlay,
Broider the ground," and every mountain-pine
Elsewhere unseen (his birth-place in the clouds,
His kindred sweeping with majestic march
From cliff to cliff along the snowy ridge
Of Caucasus, or nearer yet the moon)
Breathes heavenly music. — Yet much more I owe
For what so few, alas ! can hope to share,
Thy converse ; when, among thy books reclined,
Or in thy garden-chair that wheels its course
Slowly and silently through sun and shade,
Thou speak'st, as ever thou art wont to do,
In the calm temper of philosophy ;
— Still to delight, instruct, whate'er the theme.

WRITTEN AT STRATHFIELD SAYE.

THESE are the groves a grateful people gave
For noblest service ; and, from age to age,
May they, to such as come with listening ear,
Relate the story ! Sacred is their shade ;
Sacred the calm they breathe — O, how unlike
What in the field 't was his so long to know !
Where many a mournful, many an anxious thought,³⁹
Troubling, perplexing, on his weary mind
Preyed, ere to arms the morning-trumpet called ;
Where, till the work was done and darkness fell,
Blood ran like water, and, go where thou wouldst,
Death in thy pathway met thee, face to face.

For on, regardless of himself, he went;
And, by no change elated or depressed,
Fought, till he won the imperishable wreath,
Leading the conquerors captive; on he went,
Bating nor heart nor hope, whoe'er opposed;
The greatest warriors, in their turn, appearing;
The last that came, the greatest of them all —
One scattering hosts as born but to subdue,
And even in bondage withering hearts with fear.

When such the service, what the recompense?
Yet, and I err not, a renown as fair,
And fairer still, awaited him at home;
Where to the last, day after day, he stood,
The party-zeal, that round him raged, restraining;
— His not to rest, while his the strength to serve.⁴⁰

WRITTEN IN JULY, 1834.

GREY, thou hast served, and well, the sacred cause
That Hampden, Sydney died for. Thou hast stood,
Scorning all thought of self, from first to last,
Among the foremost in that glorious field;
From first to last; and, ardent as thou art,
Held on with equal step as best became
A lofty mind, loftiest when most assailed;
Never, though galled by many a barbed shaft,
By many a bitter taunt from friend and foe,
Swerving or shrinking. Happy in thy youth,
Thy youth the dawn of a long summer-day;
But in thy age still happier; thine to earn
The gratitude of millions yet unborn;

Thine to conduct, through ways how difficult,
 A mighty people in their march sublime
 From Good to Better. Great thy recompense,
 When in their eyes thou read'st what thou hast done;
 And may'st thou long enjoy it; may'st thou long
 Preserve for them what they still claim as theirs,
 That generous fervor and pure eloquence,
 Thine from thy birth and Nature's noblest gifts,
 To guard what they have gained !

 WRITTEN IN 1834.

WELL, when her day is over, be it said
 That, though a speck on the terrestrial globe,
 Found with long search and in a moment lost,
 She made herself a name — a name to live
 While science, eloquence, and song divine,
 And wisdom, in self-government displayed,
 And valor, such as only in the Free,
 Shall among men be honored.

Every sea

Was covered with her sails; in every port
 Her language spoken; and, where'er you went,
 Exploring, to the east or to the west,
 Even to the rising or the setting day,
 Her arts and laws and institutes were there,
 Moving with silent and majestic march,
 Onward and onward, where no pathway was;
 There her adventurous sons, like those of old,
 Founding vast empires⁴¹ — empires in their turn

Destined to shine through many a distant age
With sun-like splendor.

Wondrous was her wealth,
The world itself her willing tributary ;
Yet, to accomplish what her soul desired,
All was as nothing ; and the mightiest kings,
Each in his hour of strife exhausted, fallen,
Drew strength from her, their coffers from her own
Filled to o'erflowing. When her fleets of war
Had swept the main,—had swept it and were gone,
Gone from the eyes and from the minds of men,
Their dreadful errand so entirely done,—
Up rose her armies ; on the land they stood,
Fearless, erect ; and in an instant smote
Him with his legions.⁴²

Yet ere long 't was hers,
Great as her triumphs, to eclipse them all,
To do what none had done, none had conceived,
An act how glorious, making joy in Heaven ;
When, such her prodigality, condemned
To toil and toil, alas ! how hopelessly,
Herself in bonds, for ages unredeemed —
As with a godlike energy she sprung,
All else forgot, and, burdened as she was,
Ransomed the African.⁴³

NOTES.

- (1) Written in 1785.
- (2) The sacrifice of Iphigenia.
- (3) Lucretius, I. 63.
- (4) The funeral rite of the Hindoos.
- (5) The Fates of the northern mythology. — See *Mallet's Antiquities*.
- (6) An allusion to the second sight.
- (7) *Æn.* II. 172, &c.
- (8) The bull, Apis.
- (9) The crocodile.
- (10) According to an ancient proverb, it was less difficult in Egypt to find a god than a DECEIT.
- (11) The Hieroglyphics.
- (12) The Catacombs.
- (13) "The Persians," says Herodotus, "have no temples, altars or statues. They sacrifice on the tops of the highest mountains." — I. 131.
- (14) *Æn.* VI. 46, &c.
- (15) See *Tacitus*, I. xiv. c. 29.
- (16) This remarkable event happened at the siege and sack of Jerusalem, in the last year of the eleventh century. — *Matth. Paris*, IV. 2.
- (17) The law of gravitation.
- (18) On the death of a young sister.
- (19) After a tragedy, performed for her benefit at the Theatre Royal, in Drury Lane, April 27, 1795.
- (20) Radice in Tartara tendit. — *Virg.*
- (21) Alluding to some verses which she had written on an elder sister.

(22) In the winter of 1805.

(23) Mrs. Sheridan's.

(24) Inscribed on an urn in the flower-garden at Hafod.

(25) In the gardens of the Vatican, where it was placed by Julius II., it was long the favorite study of those great men to whom we owe the revival of the arts, Michael Angelo, Raphael and the Caracci.

(26) Once in the possession of Praxiteles, if we may believe an ancient epigram on the Guidian Venus. — *Analecta Vet. Poetarum*, III. 200.

(27) On the death of her sister, in 1805.

(28) In the twelfth century William Fitz-Duncan laid waste the valleys of Craven with fire and sword; and was afterwards established there by his uncle, David, King of Scotland.

He was the last of the race; his son, commonly called the Boy of Egremond, dying before him in the manner here related; when a Priory was removed from Embsay to Bolton, that it might be as near as possible to the place where the accident happened. That place is still known by the name of the *Strid*; and the mother's answer, as given in the first stanza, is to this day often repeated in Wharfedale. — See *Whitaker's Hist. of Craven*.

(29) Signifying in the Gaelic language an isthmus.

(30) Loch-Long.

(31) A phenomenon described by many navigators.

(32) There is a beautiful story, delivered down to us from antiquity, which will here, perhaps, occur to the reader.

Icarius, when he gave Penelope in marriage to Ulysses, endeavored to persuade him to dwell in Lacedæmon, and, when all he urged was to no purpose, he entreated his daughter to remain with him. When Ulysses set out with his bride for Ithaca, the old man followed the chariot till, overcome by his importunity, Ulysses consented that it should be left to Penelope to decide whether she would proceed with him or return with her father. It is related, says Pausanias, that she made no reply, but that she covered herself with her veil; and that Icarius, perceiving at once by it that she inclined to Ulysses, suffered her to depart with him.

A statue was afterwards placed by her father as a memorial in that part of the road where she had covered herself with her veil. It was still standing there in the days of Pausanias, and was called the statue of Modesty.

(33) A Turkish superstition.

(34) At Woburn Abbey.

(35) He is said to have slain a million of men in Gaul alone.

(36) After the funeral of the Right Hon. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

(37) Venez voir le peu qui nous reste de tant de grandeur, &c. — *Bossuet. Oraison funèbre de Louis de Bourbon*.

(38) Et rien enfin ne manque dans tous ces honneurs, que celui à qui on les rend. — *Bossuet. Oraison funèbre de Louis de Bourbon*.

(39) How strange, said he to me, are the impressions that sometimes follow a battle ! After the battle of Assaye I slept in a farm-house, and so great had been the slaughter that whenever I awoke, which I did continually through the night, it struck me that I had lost all my friends, nor could I bring myself to think otherwise till morning came, and one by one I saw those that were living.

(40) On Friday, the 19th of November, 1830, there was an assembly at Bridgewater House, a house which has long ceased to be, and of which no stone is now resting on another. It was there that I saw a lady whose beauty was the least of her attractions, and she said, "I never see you now."—"When may I come?"—"Come on Sunday at five."—"At five, then, you shall see me."—"Remember five."—And through the evening, wherever I went, a voice followed me, repeating, in a tone of mock solemnity, "Remember five!" It was the voice of one who had overheard us; and little did he think what was to take place at five.

On Sunday, when the time drew near, it struck me as I was leaving Lord Holland's, in Burlington-street, that I had some engagement, so little had I thought of it, and I repaired to the house, No. 4, in Carlton Gardens. There were the Duke of Wellington's horses at the door, and I said, "The duke is here."—"But you are expected, sir."—I went in and found him sitting with the lady of the house, the lady who had made the appointment, nor was it long before he spoke as follows:

"They want me to place myself at the head of a faction, but I tell them that I never will.

"To-morrow I shall give up my office and go down into my county, to restore order there, if I can restore it. When I return, I shall take my place in Parliament, to approve when I can approve; and when I cannot, to say so. I have now served my country forty years, twenty in the field and ten—if not more—in the cabinet; nor, while I live, shall I be found wanting, wherever I may be. But never—no, never—will I place myself at the head of a faction."

Having met Lord Grey, who was to succeed him in his office, again and again under my roof, and knowing our intimacy, he meant that these words should be repeated to him; and so they were, word for word, on that very night.

(41) North America speaks for itself; and so indeed may we say of India, when such a territory is ours in a region so remote; when a company of merchants, from such small beginnings, have established a dominion so absolute,—a dominion over a people for ages civilized and cultivated, while we were yet in the woods.

(42) Alluding to the battle of Waterloo. The illustrious man who commanded there on our side, and who, in his anxiety to do justice to others, never fails to forget himself, said to me many years afterwards, with some agitation, when relating an occurrence of that day, "It was a battle of giants! a battle of giants!"

(43) Parliament had only to register the edict of the people.—*Channing*

ITALY.

PREFACE.

IN this poem the author has endeavored to describe his journey through a beautiful country ; and it may not perhaps be uninteresting to those who have learnt to live in past times as well as present, and whose minds are familiar with the events and the people that have rendered Italy so illustrious ; for, wherever he came, he could not but remember ; nor is he conscious of having slept over any ground that has been " dignified by wisdom, bravery or virtue."

Much of it was originally published as it was written on the spot. He has since, on a second visit, revised it throughout, and added many stories from the old chroniclers, and many notes illustrative of the manners, customs and superstitions, there.

ITALY.

THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

DAY glimmered in the east, and the white Moon
Hung like a vapor in the cloudless sky,
Yet visible, when on my way I went,
Glad to be gone ; a pilgrim from the North,
Now more and more attracted as I drew
Nearer and nearer. Ere the artisan
Had from his window leant, drowsy, half-clad,
To snuff the morn, or the caged lark poured forth,
From his green sod upspringing as to heaven
(His tuneful bill o'erflowing with a song
Old in the days of HOMER, and his wings
With transport quivering), on my way I went
Thy gates, GENEVA, swinging heavily,
Thy gates so slow to open, swift to shut ;
As on that Sabbath-eve when he arrived,¹
Whose name is now thy glory, now by thee,
Such virtue dwells in those small syllables.
Inscribed to consecrate the narrow street.
His birth-place,— when, but one short step too late,
In his despair, as though the die were cast,

He flung him down to weep, and wept till dawn;
Then rose to go, a wanderer through the world.

'T is not a tale that every hour brings with it.²

Yet at a city-gate, from time to time,
Much may be learnt; nor, London, least at thine,
Thy hive the busiest, greatest of them all,
Gathering, enlarging still. Let us stand by,
And note who passes. Here comes one, a youth,
Glowing with pride, the pride of conscious power,
A CHATTERTON — in thought admired, caressed,
And crowned like PETRARCH in the Capitol;
Ere long to die, to fall by his own hand,
And fester with the vilest. Here come two,
Less feverish, less exalted — soon to part,
A GARRICK and a JOHNSON; Wealth and Fame
Awaiting one, even at the gate; Neglect
And Want the other. But what multitudes,
Urged by the love of change, and, like myself,
Adventurous, careless of to-morrow's fare,
Press on — though but a rill entering the sea,
Entering and lost! Our task would never end.

Day glimmered and I went, a gentle breeze
Ruffling the LEMAN Lake. Wave after wave,
If such they might be called, dashed as in sport,
Not anger, with the pebbles on the beach
Making wild music, and far westward caught
The sunbeam — where, alone and as entranced,
Counting the hours, the fisher in his skiff
Lay with his circular and dotted line
On the bright waters. When the heart of man
Is light with hope, all things are sure to please;
And soon a passage-boat swept gayly by,

Laden with peasant-girls and fruits and flowers,
And many a chanticleer and partlet caged
For VEVEY'S market-place — a motley group
Seen through the silvery haze. But soon 't was gone.
The shifting sail flapped idly to and fro,
Then bore them off. I am not one of those
So dead to all things in this visible world,
So wondrously profound, as to move on
In the sweet light of heaven, like him of old³
(His name is justly in the Calendar)
Who through the day pursued this pleasant path
That winds beside the mirror of all beauty,⁴
And, when at eve his fellow-pilgrims sate,
Discoursing of the lake, asked where it was.
They marvelled, as they might; and so must all,
Seeing what now I saw: for now 't was day,
And the bright sun was in the firmament,
A thousand shadows of a thousand hues
Checkering the clear expanse. A while his orb
Hung o'er thy trackless fields of snow, MONT BLANC,
Thy seas of ice and ice-built promontories,
That change their shapes forever as in sport;
Then travelled onward and went down behind
The pine-clad heights of JURA, lighting up
The woodman's casement, and perchance his axe
Borne homeward through the forest in his hand;
And, on the edge of some o'erhanging cliff,
That dungeon-fortress⁵ never to be named,⁶
Where, like a lion taken in the toils,
Toussaint breathed out his brave and generous spirit.
Little did he, who sent him there to die,
Think, when he gave the word, that he himself,

Great as he was, the greatest among men,
 Should in like manner be so soon conveyed
 Athwart the deep,—and to a rock so small
 Amid the countless multitude of waves,
 That ships have gone and sought it, and returned,
 Saying it was not!

MEILLERIE.

THESE gray majestic cliffs that tower to heaven,
 These glimmering glades and open chestnut groves,
 That echo to the heifer's wandering bell,
 Or woodman's axe, or steers-man's song beneath,
 As on he urges his fir-laden bark,
 Or shout of goatherd boy above them all,
 Who loves not? And who blesses not the light,
 When through some loop-hole he surveys the lake
 Blue as a sapphire-stone, and richly set
 With chateaux, villages, and village-spires,
 Orchards and vineyards, alps and alpine snows?
 Here would I dwell; nor visit, but in thought,
 FERNEY far south, silent and empty now
 As now thy once luxurious bowers, RIPAILLE;⁷
 VEVEY, so long an exiled patriot's⁸ home;
 Or CHILLON's dungeon-floors beneath the wave,
 Channelled and worn by pacing to and fro;
 LAUSANNE, where GIBBON in his sheltered walk
 Nightly called up the shade of ancient ROME;⁹
 Or COPPET, and that dark untrodden grove¹⁰
 Sacred to Virtue, and a daughter's tears!
 Here would I dwell, forgetting and forgot;

And oft methinks (of such strange potency
 The spells that Genius scatters where he will)
 Oft should I wander forth like one in search,
 And say, half-dreaming, "Here ST. PREUX has stood!"
 Then turn and gaze on CLARENS!

Yet there is,

Within an eagle's flight and less, a scene
 Still nobler if not fairer (once again
 Would I behold it ere these eyes are closed,
 For I can say, "I also have been there!")
 That sacred lake¹¹ withdrawn among the hills,
 Its depth of waters flanked as with a wall
 Built by the giant-race before the flood;
 Where not a cross or chapel but inspires
 Holy delight, lifting our thoughts to God
 From godlike men,—men in a barbarous age
 That dared assert their birthright, and displayed
 Deeds half-divine, returning good for ill;
 That in the desert sowed the seeds of life,
 Framing a band of small republics there,
 Which still exist, the envy of the world!
 Who would not land in each, and tread the ground;
 Land where TELL leaped ashore; and climb to drink
 Of the three hallowed fountains? He that does
 Comes back the better; and relates at home
 That he was met and greeted by a race
 Such as he read of in his boyish days;
 Such as MILTIADES at Marathon
 Led, when he chased the Persians to their ships.

There, while the well-known boat is heaving in,
 Piled with rude merchandise, or launching forth,
 Thronged with wild cattle for Italian fairs,

There in the sunshine, 'mid their native snows,
Children, let loose from school, contend to use
The cross-bow of their fathers ; and o'errun
The rocky field where all, in every age,
Assembling sit, like one great family,
Forming alliances, enacting laws ;
Each cliff and head-land and green promontory
Graven to their eyes with records of the past
That prompt to hero-worship, and excite
Even in the least, the lowliest, as he toils,
A reverence nowhere else or felt or feigned ;
Their chronicler great Nature ; and the volume
Vast as her works — above, below, around !
The fisher on thy beach, THERMOPYLÆ,
Asks of the lettered stranger why he came,
First from his lips to learn the glorious truth !
And who that whets his scythe in RUNNEMEDE,
Though but for them a slave, recalls to mind
The barons in array, with their great charter ?
Among the everlasting Alps alone,
There to burn on as in a sanctuary,
Bright and unsullied lives the ethereal flame ;
And 'mid those scenes unchanged, unchangeable.
Why should it ever die ?

ST. MAURICE.

STILL by the LEMAN Lake, for many a mile,
Among those venerable trees I went,
Where damsels sit and weave their fishing-nets,
Singing some national song by the wayside.

But now the fly was gone, the gnat was come ;
Now glimmering lights from cottage-windows broke.
'T was dusk ; and, journeying upward by the RHONE,
That there came down, a torrent from the Alps,
I entered where a key unlocks a kingdom ;
The road and river, as they wind along,
Filling the mountain pass. There, till a ray
Glanced through my lattice, and the household-stir
Warned me to rise, to rise and to depart,
A stir unusual, and accompanied
With many a tuning of rude instruments,
And many a laugh that argued coming pleasure,
Mine host's fair daughter for the nuptial rite
And nuptial feast attiring — there I slept,
And in my dreams wandered once more, well pleased.
But now a charm was on the rocks and woods
And waters ; for, methought, I was with those
I had at morn and even wished for there.

THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

NIGHT was again descending, when my mule,
That all day long had climbed among the clouds,
Higher and higher still, as by a stair
Let down from heaven itself, transporting me,
Stopped, to the joy of both, at that low door,
That door which ever, as self-opened, moves
To them that knock, and nightly sends abroad
Ministering spirits. Lying on the watch,
Two dogs of grave demeanor welcomed me,

All meekness, gentleness, though large of limb;
And a lay-brother of the hospital,
Who, as we toiled below, had heard by fits
The distant echoes gaining on his ear,
Came and held fast my stirrup in his hand
While I alighted. Long could I have stood,
With a religious awe contemplating
That house, the highest in the ancient world,
And destined to perform from age to age
The noblest service, welcoming as guests
All of all nations and of every faith;
A temple, sacred to Humanity!¹²
It was a pile of simplest masonry,
With narrow window and vast buttresses,
Built to endure the shocks of time and chance;
Yet showing many a rent, as well it might,
Warred on forever by the elements,
And in an evil day, nor long ago,
By violent men — when on the mountain-top
The French and Austrian banners met in conflict.
On the same rock beside it stood the church,
Reft of its cross, not of its sanctity;
The vesper-bell, for 't was the vesper hour,
Duly proclaiming through the wilderness,
"All ye who hear, whatever be your work,
Stop for an instant — move your lips in prayer!"
And, just beneath it, in that dreary dale, —
If dale it might be called, so near to heaven, —
A little lake, where never fish leaped up,
Lay like a spot of ink amid the snow;
A star, the only one in that small sky,
On its dead surface glimmering. 'T was a place

Resembling nothing I had left behind,
As if all worldly ties were now dissolved ; —
And, to incline the mind still more to thought,
To thought and sadness, on the eastern shore
Under a beetling cliff stood half in gloom
A lonely chapel destined for the dead,
For such as, having wandered from their way,
Had perished miserably. Side by side,
Within they lie, a mournful company,
All in their shrouds, no earth to cover them ;
Their features full of life, yet motionless
In the broad day, nor soon to suffer change,
Though the barred windows, barred against the wolf,
Are always open ! — But the North blew cold ;
And, bidden to a spare but cheerful meal,
I sate among the holy brotherhood
At their long board. The fare indeed was such
As is prescribed on days of abstinence,
But might have pleased a nicer taste than mine ;
And through the floor came up, an ancient crone
Serving unseen below ; while from the roof
(The roof, the floor, the walls, of native fir)
A lamp hung flickering, such as loves to fling
Its partial light on apostolic heads,
And sheds a grace on all. Theirs Time as yet
Had changed not. Some were almost in the prime ;
Nor was a brow o'ercast. Seen as they sate,
Ranged round their ample hearth-stone in an hour
Of rest, they were as gay, as free from guile,
As children ; answering, and at once, to all
The gentler impulses, to pleasure, mirth ;
Mingling, at intervals, with rational talk

Music ; and gathering news from them that came,
 As of some other world. But when the storm
 Rose, and the snow rolled on in ocean-waves,
 When on his face the experienced traveller fell,
 Sheltering his lips and nostrils with his hands,
 Then all was changed ; and, sallying with their pack
 Into that blank of nature, they became
 Unearthly beings. "Anselm, higher up,
 Just where it drifts, a dog howls loud and long,
 And now, as guided by a voice from Heaven,
 Digs with his feet. That noble vehemence,
 Whose can it be, but his who never erred ?¹³
 A man lies underneath ! Let us to work !—
 But who descends MONT VELAN ? 'T is La Croix.
 Away, away ! if not, alas ! too late.
 Homeward he drags an old man and a boy,
 Faltering and falling, and but half awaked,
 Asking to sleep again." Such their discourse.

Oft has a venerable roof received me ;
 St. BRUNO'S once¹⁴—where, when the winds were hushed,
 Nor from the cataract the voice came up,
 You might have heard the mole work underground,
 So great the stillness there ; none seen throughout,
 Save when from rock to rock a hermit crossed
 By some rude bridge — or one at midnight tolled
 To matins, and white habits, issuing forth,
 Glided along those aisles interminable,¹⁵
 All, all observant of the sacred law
 Of Silence. Nor is that sequestered spot,
 Once called "Sweet Waters," now "The Shady Vale,"¹
 To me unknown ; that house so rich of old,
 So courteous,¹⁷ and, by two that passed that way,¹⁸

Amplly requited with immortal verse,
 The poet's payment. — But, among them all,
 None can with this compare, the dangerous seat
 Of generous, active Virtue. What though Frost
 Reign everlastingly, and ice and snow
 Thaw not, but gather — there is that within,
 Which, where it comes, makes Summer ; and, in thought,
 Oft am I sitting on the bench beneath
 Their garden-plot, where all that vegetates
 Is but some scanty lettuce, to observe
 Those from the south ascending, every step
 As though it were their last, — and instantly
 Restored, renewed, advancing as with songs,
 Soon as they see, turning a lofty crag,
 That plain, that modest structure, promising
 Bread to the hungry, to the weary rest.

THE DESCENT.

MY mule refreshed — and, let the truth be told,
 He was nor dull nor contradictory,¹⁹
 But patient, diligent, and sure of foot,
 Shunning the loose stone on the precipice,
 Snorting suspicion while with sight, smell, touch,
 Trying, detecting, where the surface smiled ;
 And with deliberate courage sliding down,
 Where in his sledge the Laplander had turned
 With looks aghast — my mule refreshed, his bells
 Jingled once more, the signal to depart,
 And we set out in the gray light of dawn,
 Descending rapidly — by waterfalls

Fast-frozen, and among huge blocks of ice
That in their long career had stopped mid-way.
At length, unchecked, unbidden, he stood still ;
And all his bells were muffled. Then my guide,
Lowering his voice, addressed me : " Through this gap
On and say nothing — lest a word, a breath
Bring down a winter's snow — enough to overwhelm
The armed files that, night and day, were seen
Winding from cliff to cliff in loose array
To conquer at MARENGO. Though long since,
Well I remember how I met them here,
As the sun set far down, purpling the west ;
And how NAPOLEON, he himself, no less,
Wrapt in his cloak, — I could not be deceived, —
Reined in his horse, and asked me, as I passed,
How far 't was to St. Remi. Where the rock
Juts forward, and the road, crumbling away,
Narrows almost to nothing at the base,
'T was there ; and down along the brink he led
To victory ! — DESAIX,²⁰ who turned the scale,
Leaving his life-blood in that famous field
(When the clouds break, we may discern the spot
In the blue haze), sleeps, as you saw at dawn,
Just where we entered, in the Hospital-church."
So saying, for a while he held his peace,
Awe-struck beneath that dreadful canopy ;
But soon, the danger passed, launched forth again.

JORASSE.

JORASSE was in his three-and-twentieth year;
Graceful and active as a stag just roused;
Gentle withal, and pleasant in his speech,
Yet seldom seen to smile. He had grown up
Among the hunters of the Higher Alps;
Had caught their starts and fits of thoughtfulness,
Their haggard looks, and strange soliloquies,
Arising (so say they that dwell below)
From frequent dealings with the Mountain-Spirits.
But other ways had taught him better things;
And now he numbered, marching by my side,
The great, the learned, that with him had crossed
The frozen tract — with him familiarly
Through the rough day and rougher night conversed
In many a chalêt round the Peak of Terror;²¹
Round Tacul, Tour, Well-horn, and Rosenlau,
And her whose throne is inaccessible,²²
Who sits, withdrawn in virgin majesty,
Nor oft unveils. Anon an Avalanche
Rolled its long thunder; and a sudden crash,
Sharp and metallic, to the startled ear
Told that far-down a continent of ice
Had burst in twain. But he had now begun;
And with what transport he recalled the hour
When, to deserve, to win his blooming bride,
Madelaine of Annecy, to his feet he bound
The iron crampons, and, ascending, trod
The upper realms of frost; then, by a cord
Let half-way down, entered a grot star-bright,
And gathered from above, below, around,²³

The pointed crystals ! — Once, nor long before ²⁴
(Thus did his tongue run on, fast as his feet,
And with an eloquence that Nature gives
To all her children — breaking off by starts
Into the harsh and rude, oft as the mule
Drew his displeasure), once, nor long before,
Alone at day-break on the Mettenberg
He slipped and fell ; and, through a fearful cleft
Gliding insensibly from ledge to ledge,
From deep to deeper and to deeper still,
Went to the Under-world ! Long while he lay
Upon his rugged bed — then waked like one
Wishing to sleep again and sleep forever !
For, looking round, he saw, or thought he saw,
Innumerable branches of a cave,
Winding beneath that solid crust of ice ;
With here and there a rent that showed the stars !
What then, alas ! was left him but to die ?
What else in those immeasurable chambers,
Strewn with the bones of miserable men,
Lost like himself ? Yet must he wander on,
Till cold and hunger set his spirit free !
And, rising, he began his dreary round ;
When hark ! the noise as of some mighty flood
Working its way to light ! Back he withdrew,
But soon returned, and, fearless from despair,
Dashed down the dismal channel ; and all day
If day could be where utter darkness was,
Travelled incessantly ; the craggy roof
Just overhead, and the impetuous waves,
Nor broad nor deep, yet with a giant's strength,
Lashing him on. At last as in a pool

The water slept ; a pool sullen, profound,
Where, if a billow chanced to heave and swell,
It broke not ; and the roof, descending, lay
Flat on the surface. Statue-like he stood,
His journey ended ; when a ray divine
Shot through his soul. Breathing a prayer to Her
Whose ears are never shut, the Blessed Virgin,
He plunged and swam — and in an instant rose,
The barrier passed, in sunshine ! Through a vale,
Such as in ARCADY, where many a thatch
Gleams through the trees, half seen and half embowered,
Glittering the river ran ; and on the bank
The young were dancing ('t was a festival-day)
All in their best attire. There first he saw
His Madelaine. In the crowd she stood to hear,
When all drew round, inquiring ; and her face,
Seen behind all and varying, as he spoke,
With hope and fear and generous sympathy,
Subdued him. From that very hour he loved.

The tale was long, but coming to a close,
When his wild eyes flashed fire ; and, all forgot,
He listened and looked up. I looked up too ;
And twice there came a hiss that through me thrilled !
'T was heard no more. A chamois on the cliff
Had roused his fellows with that cry of fear,
And all were gone. But now the theme was changed
And he recounted his hair-breadth escapes,
When with his friend, Hubert of Bionnay
(His ancient carbine from his shoulder slung,
His axe to hew a stair-way in the ice),
He tracked their wanderings. By a cloud surprised,
Where the next step had plunged them into air,

Long had they stood, locked in each other's arms,
Amid the gulfs that yawned to swallow them;
Each guarding each through many a freezing hour,
As on some temple's highest pinnacle,
From treacherous slumber. O, it was a sport
Dearer than life, and but with life relinquished!
"My sire, my grandsire died among these wilds.
As for myself," he cried, and he held forth
His wallet in his hand, "this do I call
My winding-sheet — for I shall have no other!"
And he spoke truth. Within a little month
He lay among these awful solitudes
(’T was on a glacier — half-way up to heaven),
Taking his final rest. Long did his wife,
Suckling her babe, her only one, look out
The way he went at parting, — but he came not;
Long fear to close her eyes, from dusk till dawn
Plying her distaff through the silent hours,
Lest he appear before her — lest in sleep,
If sleep steal on, he come as all are wont,
Frozen and ghastly blue or black with gore,
To plead for the last rite.

MARGUERITE DE TOURS.

Now the gray granite, starting through the snow,
Discovered many a variegated moss²⁵
That to the pilgrim resting on his staff
Shadows out capes and islands; and ere long
Numberless flowers, such as disdain to live
In lower regions, and delighted drink

The clouds before they fall, flowers of all hues,
With their diminutive leaves covered the ground.
There, turning by a venerable larch,
Shivered in two yet most majestic
With his long level branches, we observed
A human figure sitting on a stone
Far down by the way-side — just where the rock
Is riven asunder, and the Evil One
Has bridged the gulf, a wondrous monument²⁶
Built in one night, from which the flood beneath,
Raging along, all foam, is seen, not heard,
And seen as motionless ! — Nearer we drew ;
And, lo ! a woman young and delicate,
Wrapt in a russet cloak from head to foot,
Her eyes cast down, her cheek upon her hand,
In deepest thought. Over her tresses fair,
Young as she was, she wore the matron-cap :
And, as we judged, not many moons would change
Ere she became a mother. Pale she looked,
Yet cheerful ; though, methought, once, if not twice,
She wiped away a tear that would be coming ;
And in those moments her small hat of straw,
Worn on one side, and glittering with a band
Of silk and gold, but ill concealed a face
Not soon to be forgotten. Rising up
On our approach, she travelled slowly on ;
And my companion, long before we met,
Knew, and ran down to greet her. She was born
(Such was her artless tale, told with fresh tears)
In VAL D'AOSTA ; and an Alpine stream,
Leaping from crag to crag in its short course
To join the DORA, turned her father's mill.

There did she blossom, till a Valaisan,
A townsman of MARTIGNY, won her heart,
Much to the old man's grief. Long he refused,
Loth to be left; disconsolate at the thought.
She was his only one, his link to life;
And in despair — year after year gone by —
One summer-morn they stole a match and fled.
The act was sudden; and, when far away,
Her spirit had misgivings. Then, full oft,
She pictured to herself that aged face
Sickly and wan, in sorrow, not in wrath;
And, when at last she heard his hour was near,
Went forth unseen, and, burdened as she was,
Crossed the high Alps on foot to ask forgiveness,
And hold him to her heart before he died.
Her task was done. She had fulfilled her wish,
And now was on her way, rejoicing, weeping.
A frame like hers had suffered; but her love
Was strong within her; and right on she went,
Fearing no ill. May all good angels guard her!
And should I once again, as once I may,
Visit MARTIGNY, I will not forget
Thy hospitable roof, MARGUERITE DE TOURS;
Thy sign the silver swan. Heaven prosper thee!

THE BROTHERS.

In the same hour the breath of life receiving,
They came together and were beautiful;
But, as they slumbered in their mother's lap,
How mournful was their beauty! She would sit,

And look and weep, and look and weep again;
For Nature had but half her work achieved,
Denying, like a step-dame, to the babes
Her noblest gifts; denying speech to one,
And to the other — reason.

But at length
(Seven years gone by, seven melancholy years)
Another came, as fair and fairer still;
And then, how anxiously the mother watched
Till reason dawned and speech declared itself!
Reason and speech were his; and down she knelt,
Clasping her hands in silent ecstasy.

On the hill-side, where still their cottage stands
(’T is near the upper falls in Lauterbrounn;
For there I sheltered now, their frugal hearth
Blazing with mountain-pine when I appeared,
And there, as round they sate, I heard their story),
On the hill-side, among the cataracts,
In happy ignorance the children played;
Alike unconscious, through their cloudless day,
Of what they had and had not; everywhere
Gathering rock-flowers; or, with their utmost might,
Loosening the fragment from the precipice,
And, as it tumbled, listening for the plunge;
Yet, as by instinct, at the customed hour
Returning; the two eldest, step by step,
Lifting along, and with the tenderest care,
Their infant brother.

Once the hour was past;
And, when she sought, she sought and could not find;
And when she found — where was the little one?

Alas ! they answered not ; yet still she asked,
Still in her grief forgetting.

With a scream,
Such as an eagle sends forth when he soars,
A scream that through the wild scatters dismay,
The idiot-boy looked up into the sky,
And leaped and laughed aloud and leaped again ;
As if he wished to follow in its flight
Something just gone, and gone from earth to heaven :
While he, whose every gesture, every look,
Went to the heart, for from the heart it came,²⁷
He who nor spoke nor heard — all things to him,
Day after day, as silent as the grave
(To him unknown the melody of birds,
Of waters — and the voice that should have soothed
His infant sorrows, singing him to sleep),
Fled to her mantle as for refuge there,
And, as at once o'ercome with fear and grief,
Covered his head and wept. A dreadful thought
Flashed through her brain. "Has not some bird of prey
Thirsting to dip his beak in innocent blood —
It must, it must be so !" — And so it was.

There was an eagle that had long acquired
Absolute sway, the lord of a domain
Savage, sublimé ; nor from the hills alone
Gathering large tribute, but from every vale ;
Making the ewe, whene'er he deigned to stoop,
Bleat for the lamb. Great was the recompense
Assured to him who laid the tyrant low ;
And near his nest in that eventful hour,
Calmly and patiently, a hunter stood,

A hunter, as it chanced, of old renown,
And, as it chanced, their father.

In the South

A speck appeared, enlarging ; and ere long,
As on his journey to the golden sun,
Upward he came, the felon in his flight,
Ascending through the congregated clouds,
That, like a dark and troubled sea, obscured
The world beneath. " But what is in his grasp ?
Ha ! 't is a child — and may it not be ours ?
I dare not, cannot ; and yet why forbear,
When, if it lives, a cruel death awaits it ? —
May He who winged the shaft when Tell stood forth
And shot the apple from the youngling's head,²³
Grant me the strength, the courage ! " As he spoke,
He aimed, he fired ; and at his feet they fell,
The eagle and the child — the child unhurt —
Though, such the grasp, not even in death relinquished.²⁴

THE ALPS.

WHO first beholds those everlasting clouds,
Seed-time and harvest, morning, noon and night,
Still where they were, steadfast, immovable,—
Those mighty hills, so shadowy, so sublime,
As rather to belong to heaven than earth,—
But instantly receives into his soul
A sense, a feeling that he loses not,
A something that informs him 't is an hour
Whence he may date henceforward and forever ?

To me they seemed the barriers of a world,

Saying, Thus far, no further ! and as o'er
The level plain I travelled silently,
Nearing them more and more, day after day,
My wandering thoughts my only company,
And they before me still — oft as I looked,
A strange delight was mine, mingled with fear,
A wonder as at things I had not heard of !
And still and still I felt as if I gazed
For the first time ! Great was the tumult there,
Deafening the din when in barbaric pomp
The Carthaginian on his march to ROME
Entered their fastnesses. Trampling the snows,
The war-horse reared ; and the towered elephant
Upturned his trunk into the murky sky,
Then tumbled headlong, swallowed up and lost,
He and his rider.

Now the scene is changed ;
And o'er the Simplon, o'er the Splugen, winds
A path of pleasure. Like a silver zone
Flung about carelessly, it shines afar,
Catching the eye in many a broken link,
In many a turn and traverse as it glides ;
And oft above and oft below appears,
Seen o'er the wall by him who journeys up,
As if it were another, through the wild
Leading along he knows not whence or whither.
Yet through its fairy course, go where it will.
The torrent stops it not, the rugged rock
Opens and lets it in ; and on it runs,
Winning its easy way from clime to clime
Through glens locked up before. — Not such *my* path !
The very path for them that dare defy

Danger, nor shrink, wear he what shape he will;
 That o'er the caldron, when the flood boils up,
 Hang as in air, gazing and shuddering on
 Till fascination comes and the brain turns!³⁰
 The very path for them, that list, to choose
 Where best to plant a monumental cross,
 And live in story like EMPEDOCLES;
 A track for heroes, such as he who came,
 Ere long, to win, to wear the iron crown;
 And (if aright I judge from what I felt
 Over the DRANCE, just where the Abbot fell,
 Rolled downward in an after-dinner's sleep)³¹
 The same as HANNIBAL'S. But now 't is passed,
 That turbulent chaos; and the promised land
 Lies at my feet in all its loveliness!
 To him who starts up from a terrible dream,
 And, lo! the sun is shining, and the lark
 Singing aloud for joy — to him is not
 Such sudden ravishment as now I feel
 At the first glimpsés of fair ITALY.

COMO.

I LOVE to sail along the LARIAN Lake³²
 Under the shore — though not, where'er he dwelt,³³
 To visit PLINY; not, in loose attire,
 When from the bath or from the tennis-court,
 To catch him musing in his plane-tree walk,
 Or angling from his window:³⁴ and, in truth,
 Could I recall the ages past and play
 The fool with Time, I should perhaps reserve-

My leisure for Catullus on *his* lake,³⁵
 Though to fare worse, or VIRGIL at his farm
 A little further on the way to MANTUA.
 But such things cannot be. So I sit still,
 And let the boatman shift his little sail,
 His sail so forkéd and so swallow-like,
 Well-pleased with all that comes. The morning-air
 Plays on my cheek how gently, flinging round
 A silvery gleam ! and now the purple mists
 Rise like a curtain ; now the sun looks out,
 Filling, o'erflowing with his glorious light
 This noble amphitheatre of hills ;
 And now appear as on a phosphor-sea
 Numberless barks, from MILAN, from PAVIA ;
 Some sailing up, some down, and some at rest,
 Lading, unlading at that small port-town
 Under the promontory — its tall tower
 And long flat roofs, just such as GASPAR drew,
 Caught by a sunbeam slanting through a cloud ;
 A quay-like scene, glittering and full of life,
 And doubled by reflection.

What delight,

After so long a sojourn in the wild,
 To hear once more the peasant at his work !
 — But in a clime like this where is he not ?
 Along the shores, among the hills, 't is now
 The hey-day of the vintage ; all abroad,
 But most the young and of the gentler sex,
 Busy in gathering ; all among the vines,
 Some on the ladder and some underneath,
 Filling their baskets of green wicker-work,
 While many a canzonet and frolic laugh

Come through the leaves ; the vines in light festoons
From tree to tree, the trees in avenues,
And every avenue a covered walk
Hung with black clusters. 'T is enough to make
The sad man merry, the benevolent one
Melt into tears — so general is the joy !
While up and down the cliffs, over the lake,
Wains oxen-drawn and panniered mules are seen,
Laden with grapes and dropping rosy wine.
Here I received from thee, BASILICO,
One of those courtesies so sweet, so rare !
When, as I rambled through thy vineyard ground
On the hill-side, thy little son was sent,
Charged with a bunch almost as big as he,
To press it on the stranger. May thy vats
O'erflow, and he, thy willing gift-bearer,
Live to become a giver ; and, at length,
When thou art full of honor and wouldst rest,
The staff of thine old age !

In a strange land
Such things, however trivial, reach the heart,
And through the heart the head, clearing away
The narrow notions that grow up at home,
And in their place grafting good-will to all.
At least I found it so, nor less at eve,
When, bidden as a lonely traveller
('T was by a little boat that gave me chase
With oar and sail, as homeward-bound I crossed
The bay of TRAMEZZINE), right readily
I turned my prow and followed, landing soon
Where steps of purest marble met the wave ;

Where, through the trellises and corridors,
Soft music came as from ARMIDA'S palace,
Breathing enchantment o'er the woods and waters;
And through a bright pavilion, bright as day,
Forms such as hers were flitting, lost among
Such as of old in sober pomp swept by,
Such as adorn the triumphs and the feasts
By PAOLO⁸⁶ painted; where a fairy-queen,
That night her birth-night, from her throne received
(Young as she was, no floweret in her crown,
Hyacinth or rose, so fair and fresh as she)
Our willing vows, and by the fountain-side
Led in the dance, disporting as she pleased,
Under a starry sky — while I looked on,
As in a glade of CASHMERE or SHIRAZ,
Reclining, quenching my sherbet in snow,
And reading in the eyes that sparkled round
The thousand love-adventures written there.

Can I forget — no, never, such a scene,
So full of witchery. Night lingered still,
When with a dying breeze I left BELLAGGIO;
But the strain followed me; and still I saw
Thy smile, ANGELICA; and still I heard
Thy voice — once and again bidding adieu.

BERGAMO.

THE song was one that I had heard before,
But where I knew not. It inclined to sadness;
And, turning round from the delicious fare
My landlord's little daughter BARBARA

Had from her apron just rolled out before me,
Figs and rock-melons — at the door I saw
Two boys of lively aspect. Peasant-like
They were, and poorly clad, but not unskilled ;
With their small voices and an old guitar
Winning their way to my unguarded heart
In that, the only universal tongue.
But soon they changed the measure, entering on
A pleasant dialogue of sweet and sour,
A war of words, with looks and gestures waged
Between TRAPPANTI and his ancient dame,
MONA LUCILIA. To and fro it went ;
While many a titter on the stairs was heard,
And BARBARA'S among them. When it ceased,
Their dark eyes flashed no longer, yet, methought,
In many a glance as from the soul, disclosed
More than enough to serve them. Far or near,
Few looked not for their coming ere they came,
Few, when they went, but looked till they were gone ,
And not a matron, sitting at her wheel,
But could repeat their story. Twins they were,
And orphans, as I learnt, cast on the world ;
Their parents lost in an old ferry-boat
That, three years since, last Martinmas, went down,
Crossing the rough BENACUS.³⁷ — May they live
Blameless and happy — rich they cannot be,
Like him who, in the days of minstrelsy,³⁸
Came in a beggar's weeds to PETRARCH'S door,
Asking, beseeching for a lay to sing,
And soon in silk (such then the power of song)
Returned to thank him ; or like that old man,
Old not in heart, who by the torrent-side

Descending from the TYROL, as night fell,
 Knocked at a city-gate near the hill-foot,
 The gate that bore so long, sculptured in stone,
 An eagle on a ladder, and at once
 Found welcome — nightly in the bannered hall
 Tuning his harp to tales of chivalry
 Before the great MASTINO, and his guests,³⁹
 The three-and-twenty kings, by adverse fate,
 By war or treason or domestic strife,
 Reft of their kingdoms, friendless, shelterless,
 And living on his bounty.

But who comes,
 Brushing the floor with what was once, methinks,
 A hat of ceremony? On he glides,
 Slip-shod, ungartered; his long suit of black
 Dingy, thread-bare, though, patch by patch, renewed
 Till it has almost ceased to be the same.
 At length arrived, and with a shrug that pleads
 "'T is my necessity!" he stops and speaks,
 Screwing a smile into his dinnerless face.
 "Blame not a poet, signor, for his zeal —
 When all are on the wing, who would be last?
 The splendor of thy name has gone before thee;
 And ITALY from sea to sea exults,
 As well indeed she may! But I transgress.⁴⁰
 He, who has known the weight of praise himself,
 Should spare another." Saying so, he laid
 His sonnet, an impromptu, at my feet
 (If his, then PETRARCH must have stolen it from him),
 And bowed and left me; in his hollow hand
 Receiving my small tribute, a zecchine,
 Unconsciously, as doctors do their fees.

My omelet, and a flagon of hill-wine,⁴¹
 Pure as the virgin-spring, had happily
 Fled from all eyes; or, in a waking dream,
 I might have sat as many a great man has,
 And many a small, like him of Santillane,
 Bartering my bread and salt for empty praise.⁴²

ITALY.

AM I in ITALY? Is this the Mincius?
 Are those the distant turrets of Verona?
 And shall I sup where JULIET at the masque⁴³
 Saw her loved MONTAGUE, and now sleeps by him?
 Such questions hourly do I ask myself;⁴⁴
 And not a stone, in a cross-way, inscribed
 "To Mantua" — "To Ferrara,"⁴⁵ — but excites
 Surprise, and doubt, and self-congratulation.

O ITALY, how beautiful thou art!
 Yet I could weep — for thou art lying, alas!
 Low in the dust; and we admire thee now
 As we admire the beautiful in death.
 Thine was a dangerous gift, when thou wert born,
 The gift of Beauty. Would thou hadst it not;
 Or wert as once, awing the caitiffs vile
 That now beset thee, making thee their slave!
 Would they had loved thee less, or feared thee more!⁴⁶
 — But why despair? Twice hast thou lived already;⁴⁷
 Twice shone among the nations of the world,
 As the sun shines among the lesser lights
 Of heaven; and shalt again. The hour shall come,
 When they who think to bind the ethereal spirit,

Who, like the eagle cowering o'er his prey,
 Watch with quick eye, and strike and strike again
 If but a sinew vibrate,⁴⁸ shall confess
 Their wisdom folly. Even now the flame
 Bursts forth where once it burnt so gloriously,
 And, dying, left a splendor like the day,
 That like the day diffused itself, and still
 Blesses the earth — the light of genius, virtue,
 Greatness in thought and act, contempt of death,
 Godlike example. Echoes that have slept
 Since ATHENS, LACEDÆMON, were themselves,
 Since men invoked "By those in MARATHON!"
 Awake along the ÆGEAN; and the dead,
 They of that sacred shore, have heard the call,
 And through the ranks, from wing to wing, are seen
 Moving as once they were — instead of rage
 Breathing deliberate valor.

 COLL'ALTO.

"IN this neglected mirror (the broad frame
 Of massy silver serves to testify
 That many a noble matron of the house
 Has sat before it) once, alas! was seen
 What led to many sorrows. From that time
 The bat came hither for a sleeping place;⁴⁹
 And he, who cursed another in his heart,
 Said, 'Be thy dwelling, through the day and night,
 Shunned like COLL'ALTO.'"'—'T was in that old pile,
 Which flanks the cliff with its gray battlements
 Flung here and there, and, like an eagle's nest,

Hangs in the TREVISAN, that thus the steward,
Shaking his locks, the few that Time had left,
Addressed me, as we entered what was called
"My Lady's Chamber." On the walls, the chairs,
Much yet remained of the rich tapestry;
Much of the adventures of SIR LAUNCELOT
In the green glades of some enchanted wood.
The toilet-table was of silver wrought,
Florentine art, when Florence was renowned;
A gay confusion of the elements,
Dolphins and boys, and shells and fruits and flowers:
And from the ceiling, in his gilded cage,
Hung a small bird of curious workmanship,
That, when his mistress bade him, would unfold
(So says the babbling dame, Tradition, there)
His emerald-wings, and sing and sing again
The song that pleased her. While I stood and looked,
A gleam of day yet lingering in the west,
The steward went on. "She had ('t is now long since)
A gentle serving-maid, the fair CRISTINE,
Fair as a lily, and as spotless too;
None so admired, beloved. They had grown up
As play-fellows; and some there were, that said,
Some that knew much, discoursing of CRISTINE,
'She is not what she seems.' When unrequired,
She would steal forth; her custom, her delight,
To wander through and through an ancient grove
Self-planted half-way down, losing herself
Like one in love with sadness; and her veil
And vesture white, seen ever in that place,
Ever as surely as the hours came round,
Among those reverend trees, gave her below

The name of The White Lady. — But the day
Is gone, and I delay thee.

In that chair

The Countess, as it might be now, was sitting,
Her gentle serving-maid, the fair CRISTINE,
Combing her golden hair; and through this door
The Count, her lord, was hastening, called away
By letters of great urgency to VENICE;
When in the glass she saw, as she believed
(’T was an illusion of the Evil One —
Some say he came and crossed it at the time),
A smile, a glance at parting, given and answered,
That turned her blood to gall. That very night
The deed was done. That night, ere yet the moon
Was up on Monte Calvo, and the wolf
Baying as still he does (oft is he heard,
An hour and more, by the old turret-clock),
They led her forth, the unhappy lost CRISTINE,
Helping her down in her distress — to die.

“No blood was spilt; no instrument of death
Lurked — or stood forth, declaring its bad purpose;
Nor was a hair of her unblemished head
Hurt in that hour. Fresh as a flower just blown,
And warm with life, her youthful pulses playing,
She was walled up within the castle-wall.⁵⁰
The wall itself was hollowed secretly;
Then closed again, and done to line and rule.
Wouldst thou descend? — ’T is in a darksome vault
Under the chapel: and there nightly now,
As in the narrow niche, when smooth and fair,
And as if nothing had been done or thought,
The stone-work rose before her, till the light

Glimmered and went — there, nightly at that hour,
(Thou smil'st, and would it were an idle tale !)
In her white veil and vesture, white she stands
Shuddering — her eyes uplifted, and her hands
Joined as in prayer ; then, like a blessed soul
Bursting the tomb, springs forward, and away
Flies o'er the woods and mountains. Issuing forth,
The hunter meets her in his hunting-track ;⁵¹
The shepherd on the heath, starting, exclaims
(For still she bears the name she bore of old)
' 'T is the White Lady ! ' '

VENICE.

THERE is a glorious city in the sea.
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing ; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea.
Invisible ; and from the land we went,
As to a floating city — steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently — by many a dome,
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky ;
By many a pile in more than Eastern pride,
Of old the residence of merchant-kings ;
The fronts of some, though Time had shattered them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,⁵²
As though the wealth within them had run o'er.

Thither I come, and in a wondrous ark
 (That, long before we slipt our cable, rang
 As with the voices of all living things),
 From PADUA, where the stars are, night by night,
 Watched from the top of an old dungeon-tower,
 Whence blood ran once, the tower of Ezzelin —⁵³
 Not as he watched them, when he read his fate
 And shuddered. But of him I thought not then,
 Him or his horoscope ;⁵⁴ far, far from me
 The forms of Guilt and Fear; though some were there,
 Sitting among us round the cabin-board,
 Some who, like him, had cried, "Spill blood enough!"
 And could shake long at shadows. They had played
 Their parts at PADUA, and were floating home,
 Careless and full of mirth; to-morrow a day
 Not in their calendar.⁵⁵— Who, in a strain
 To make the hearer fold his arms and sigh,
 Sings, "Caro, Caro"?— 'Tis the Prima Donna,
 And to her monkey, smiling in his face.
 Who, as transported, cries, "Brava! Ancora"?
 —'Tis a grave personage, an old macaw,
 Perched on her shoulder. But who leaps ashore,
 And with a shout urges the lagging mules; ⁵⁶
 Then climbs a tree that overhangs the stream,
 And, like an acorn, drops on deck again?
 'Tis he who speaks not, stirs not, but we laugh;
 That child of fun and frolic, Arlecchino.⁵⁷
 And mark their poet — with what emphasis
 He prompts the young soubrette, conning her part!
 Her tongue plays truant, and he raps his box,
 And prompts again; forever looking round
 As if in search of subjects for his wit,

His satire ; and as often whispering
Things, though unheard, not unimaginable.

Had I thy pencil, CRABBE (when thou hast done,
Late may it be . . it will, like PROSPERO'S staff,
Be buried fifty fathoms in the earth),
I would portray the Italian. — Now I cannot.
Subtle, discerning, eloquent, the slave
Of Love, of Hate, forever in extremes ;
Gentle when unprovoked, easily won,
But quick in quarrel — through a thousand shades
His spirit flits, chameleon-like ; and mocks
The eye of the observer.

Gliding on,
At length we leave the river for the sea.
At length a voice aloft proclaims " Venezia ! "
And, as called forth, she comes.

A few in fear,
Flying away from him whose boast it was⁵⁸
That the grass grew not where his horse had trod,
Gave birth to VENICE. Like the water-fowl,
They built their nests among the ocean-waves ;
And where the sands were shifting, as the wind
Blew from the north or south — where they that came
Had to make sure the ground they stood upon,
Rose, like an exhalation from the deep,
A vast metropolis,⁵⁹ with glistening spires,
With theatres, basilicas adorned ;
A scene of light and glory, a dominion,
That has endured the longest among men.⁶⁰

And whence the talisman, whereby she rose,
Towering ? 'T was found there in the barren sea
Want led to Enterprise ;⁶¹ and, far or near,

Who met not the Venetian? — now among
The ÆGEAN Isles, steering from port to port,
Landing and bartering; now, no stranger there,
In CAIRO, or without the eastern gate,
Ere yet the Cafila⁶² came, listening to hear
Its bells approaching from the Red-Sea coast;
Then on the Euxine, and that smaller Sea
Of Azoph, in close converse with the Russ,
And Tartar; on his lowly deck receiving
Pearls from the Persian Gulf, gems from Golconde;
Eyes brighter yet, that shed the light of love,
From Georgia, from Circassia. Wandering round,
When in the rich bazaar he saw, displayed,
Treasures from climes unknown, he asked and learnt,
And, travelling slowly upward, drew ere long
From the well-head, supplying all below;
Making the imperial city of the East,
Herself, his tributary. — If we turn
To those black forests, where, through many an age,
Night without day, no axe the silence broke,
Or seldom, save where Rhine or Danube rolled;
Where o'er the narrow glen a castle hangs,
And, like the wolf that hungered at his door,
The baron lived by rapine — there we meet,
In warlike guise, the caravan from VENICE;
When on its march, now lost and now beheld,
A glittering file (the trumpet heard, the scout
Sent and recalled), but at a city-gate
All gayety, and looked for ere it comes;
Winning regard with all that can attract,
Cages, whence every wild cry of the desert,
Jugglers, stage-dancers. Well might CHARLEMAIN,

And his brave peers, each with his visor up,
On their long lances lean and gaze a while,
When the Venetian to their eyes disclosed
The wonders of the East ! Well might they then
Sigh for new conquests !

Thus did VENICE rise,
Thus flourish, till the unwelcome tidings came,
That in the TAGUS had arrived a fleet
From INDIA, from the region of the sun,
Fragrant with spices — that a way was found,
A channel opened, and the golden stream
Turned to enrich another. Then she felt
Her strength departing, yet a while maintained
Her state, her splendor ; till a tempest shook
All things most held in honor among men,
All that the giant with the scythe had spared,
To their foundations, and at once she fell ;⁶³
She who had stood yet longer than the last
Of the four kingdoms — who, as in an ark,
Had floated down, amid a thousand wrecks,
Uninjured, from the Old World to the New,
From the last glimpse of civilized life — to where
Light shone again, and with the blaze of noon.

Through many an age in the mid-sea she dwelt,
From her retreat calmly contemplating
The changes of the earth, herself unchanged.
Before her passed, as in an awful dream,
The mightiest of the mighty. What are these,
Clothed in their purple ? O'er the globe they fling
Their monstrous shadows ; and, while yet we speak,
Phantom-like, vanish with a dreadful scream !
What — but the last that styled themselves the Cæsars ?

And who in long array (look where they come ;
 Their gestures menacing so far and wide)
 Wear the green turban and the heron's plume ?
 Who — but the Caliphs ? followed fast by shapes
 As new and strange — Emperor, and King, and Czar,
 And Soldan, each, with a gigantic stride,
 Trampling on all the flourishing works of peace
 To make his greatness greater, and inscribe
 His name in blood — some, men of steel, steel-clad ;
 Others, nor long, alas ! the interval,
 In light and gay attire, with brow serene
 Wielding Jove's thunder, scattering sulphurous fire
 Mingled with darkness ; and, among the rest,
 Lo ! one by one, passing continually,
 Those who assume a sway beyond them all ;
 Men gray with age, each in a triple crown,
 And in his tremulous hands grasping the keys
 That can alone, as he would signify,
 Unlock Heaven's gate.

 LUIGI.

HAPPY is he who loves companionship,
 And lights on thee, LUIGI. Thee I found,
 Playing at MORA⁶⁴ on the cabin-roof
 With Punchinello. — 'T is a game to strike⁶⁵
 Fire from the coldest heart. What then from thine⁶
 And, ere the twentieth throw, I had resolved,
 Won by thy looks. Thou wert an honest lad ;
 Wert generous, grateful, not without ambition.
 Had it depended on thy will alone,

Thou wouldst have numbered in thy family
 At least six Doges and the first in fame.
 But that was not to be. In thee I saw
 The last, if not the least, of a long line,
 Who in their forest, for three hundred years,
 Had lived and labored, cutting, charring wood ;
 Discovering where they were, to those astray,
 By the reëchoing stroke, the crash, the fall,
 Or the blue wreath that travelled slowly up
 Into the sky. Thy nobler destinies
 Led thee away to jostle in the crowd ;
 And there I found thee — trying once again,
 What for thyself thou hadst prescribed so oft,
 A change of air and diet — once again
 Crossing the sea, and springing to the shore
 As though thou knewest where to dine and sleep.

First in BOLOGNA didst thou plant thyself,
 Serving behind a cardinal's gouty chair,
 Listening and oft replying, jest for jest ;
 Then in FERRARA, everything by turns,
 So great thy genius and so Proteus-like !
 Now serenading in a lover's train,
 And measuring swords with his antagonist ;
 Now carving, cup-bearing in halls of state ;
 And now a guide to the lorn traveller,
 A very Cicerone — yet, alas !
 How unlike him who fulminated in old ROME !
 Dealing out largely in exchange for pence
 Thy scraps of knowledge — through the grassy street
 Leading, explaining — pointing to the bars
 Of Tasso's dungeon, and the Latin verse,
 Graven in the stone, that yet denotes the door
 Of ARIOSTO.

Many a year is gone

Since on the RHINE we parted ; yet, methinks,
 I can recall thee to the life, LUIGI,
 In our long journey ever by my side ;
 Thy locks jet-black, and clustering round a face
 Open as day and full of manly daring.
 Thou hadst a hand, a heart for all that came,
 Herdsman or pedler, monk or muleteer ;
 And few there were that met thee not with smiles.
 Mishap passed o'er thee like a summer-cloud.⁶⁶
 Cares thou hadst none ; and they that stood to hear thee
 Caught the infection and forgot their own.
 Nature conceived thee in her merriest mood,
 Her happiest — not a speck was in the sky ;
 And at thy birth the cricket chirped, LUIGI,
 Thine a perpetual voice — at every turn
 A larum to the echo. In a clime
 Where all were gay, none were so gay as thou ;
 Thou, like a babe, hushed only by thy slumbers ;
 Up hill and down hill, morning, noon and night,
 Singing or talking ; singing to thyself
 When none gave ear, but to the listener talking.

ST. MARK'S PLACE.

OVER how many tracts, vast, measureless,
 Ages on ages roll, and none appear
 Save the wild hunter ranging for his prey ;
 While on this spot of earth, the work of man,
 How much has been transacted ! Emperors, Popes,
 Warriors, from far and wide, laden with spoil,

Landing, have here performed their several parts,
Then left the stage to others. Not a stone
In the broad pavement, but to him who has
An eye, an ear for the inanimate world,
Tells of past ages.

In that temple-porch
(The brass is gone, the porphyry remains⁶⁷)
Did BARBAROSSA fling his mantle off,
And kneeling, on his neck receive the foot
Of the proud Pontiff⁶⁸ — thus at last consoled
For flight, disguise, and many an aguish shake
On his stone pillow.

In that temple-porch,
Old as he was, so near his hundredth year,
And blind — his eyes put out — did DANDOLO
Stand forth, displaying on his crown the cross.
There did he stand, erect, invincible,
Though wan his cheeks, and wet with many tears,
For in his prayers he had been weeping much ;
And now the pilgrims and the people wept
With admiration, saying in their hearts,
“ Surely those aged limbs have need of rest ! ”⁶⁹
There did he stand, with his old armor on,
Ere, gonfalon in hand, that streamed aloft,
As conscious of its glorious destiny,
So soon to float o’er mosque and minaret,
He sailed away, five hundred gallant ships,
Their lofty sides hung with emblazoned shields,
Following his track to fame. He went to die ;
But of his trophies four arrived ere long,
Snatched from destruction — the four steeds divine,
That strike the ground, resounding with their feet,⁷⁰

And from their nostrils snort ethereal flame
Over that very porch ; and in the place
Where in an aftertime, beside the Doge,
Sate one yet greater,⁷¹ one whose verse shall live
When the wave rolls o'er VENICE. High he sate,
High over all, close by the ducal chair,
At the right hand of his illustrious host,
Amid the noblest daughters of the realm,
Their beauty shaded from the western ray
By many-colored hangings ; while, beneath,
Knights of all nations,⁷² some of fair renown
From ENGLAND,⁷³ from victorious EDWARD'S court,
Their lances in the rest, charged for the prize.

Here, among other pageants, and how oft
It met the eye, borne through the gazing crowd,
As if returning to console the least,
Instruct the greatest, did the Doge go round ;
Now in a chair of state, now on his bier.
They were his first appearance, and his last.

The sea, that emblem of uncertainty,
Changed not so fast, for many and many an age,
As this small spot. To-day 't was full of masks ;⁷⁴
And, lo ! the madness of the Carnival,
The monk, the nun, the holy legate masked !
To-morrow came the scaffold and the wheel ;
And he died there by torch-light, bound and gagged
Whose name and crime they knew not. Underneath
Where the Archangel,⁷⁵ as alighted there,
Blesses the city from the topmost tower,
His arms extended — there, in monstrous league,
Two phantom-shapes were sitting, side by side,
Or up, and, as in sport, chasing each other ;

Horror and Mirth. Both vanished in one hour !
But ocean only, when again he claims
His ancient rule, shall wash away their footsteps.

Enter the palace by the marble stairs⁷⁶
Down which the grizzly head of old FALIER
Rolled from the block. Pass onward through the hall,
Where, among those drawn in their ducal robes,
But one is wanting — where, thrown off in heat,
A brief inscription on the Doge's chair
Led to another on the wall as brief ;⁷⁷
And thou wilt track them — wilt from rooms of state,
Where kings have feasted, and the festal song
Rung through the fretted roof, cedar and gold,
Step into darkness ; and be told, " 'T was here,
Trusting, deceived, assembled but to die,
To take a long embrace and part again ;
CARRARA⁷⁸ and his valiant sons were slain ;
He first — then they, whose only crime had been
Struggling to save their father." — Through that door
So soon to cry, smiting his brow, " I am lost ! "
Was with all courtesy, all honor, shown
The great and noble captain, CARMAGNOLA.⁷⁹ —
That deep descent⁸⁰ (thou canst not yet discern
Aught as it is) leads to the dripping vaults
Under the flood, where light and warmth were never !
Leads to a covered bridge, the Bridge of Sighs ;
And to that fatal closet at the foot,
Lurking for prey. —

But let us to the roof,
And, when thou hast surveyed the sea, the land,
Visit the narrow cells that cluster there,
As in a place of tombs. There burning suns,

Day after day, beat unrelentingly;
 Turning all things to dust, and scorching up
 The brain, till Reason fled, and the wild yell
 And wilder laugh burst out on every side,
 Answering each other as in mockery !

Few houses of the size were better filled;
 Though many came and left it in an hour.
 "Most nights," so said the good old Nicolo
 (For three-and-thirty years his uncle kept
 The water-gate below, but seldom spoke,
 Though much was on his mind), "most nights arrived
 The prison-boat, that boat with many oars,
 And bore away as to the Lower World,
 Disburdening in the Canal ORFANO,⁸¹
 That drowning-place, where never net was thrown,
 Summer or Winter, death the penalty;
 And where a secret, once deposited,
 Lay till the waters should give up their dead."

Yet what so gay as VENICE?⁸² Every gale
 Breathed music! and who flocked not, while she reigned,
 To celebrate her Nuptials with the Sea;
 To wear the mask, and mingle in the crowd
 With Greek, Armenian, Persian — night and day
 (There, and there only, did the hour stand still)
 Pursuing through her thousand labyrinths
 The enchantress Pleasure; realizing dreams
 The earliest, happiest — for a tale to catch
 Credulous ears, and hold young hearts in chains,
 Had only to begin, "There lived in VENICE" —

"Who were the six we supped with yesternight?"⁸³
 "Kings, one and all! Thou couldst not but remark
 The style and manner of the six that served them."

"Who answered me just now?"⁸⁴ Who, when I said,
'T is nine,' turned round and said so solemnly,
'Signor, he died at nine'?" — "'T was the Armenian;
The mask that follows thee, go where thou wilt."

"But who moves there, alone among them all?"⁸⁵
"The Cypriot. Ministers from distant courts
Beset his doors, long ere his rising-hour;
His the great secret! Not the golden house
Of Nero, nor those fabled in the East,
Rich though they were, so wondrous rich as his!
Two dogs, coal-black, in collars of pure gold,
Walk in his footsteps.— Who but his familiars?
They walk, and cast no shadow in the sun!

"And mark him speaking. They, that listen, stand
As if his tongue dropped honey; yet his glance
None can endure! He looks nor young nor old;
And at a tourney, where I sat and saw,
A very child (full threescore years are gone)
Borne on my father's shoulder through the crowd,
He looked not otherwise. Where'er he stops,
Though short the sojourn, on his chamber-wall,
Mid many a treasure gleaned from many a clime,
His portrait hangs— but none must notice it!
For TITIAN glows in every lineament,
(Where is it not inscribed, The work is his?)
And TITIAN died two hundred years ago."
— Such their discourse. Assembling in St. Mark's,
All nations met as on enchanted ground!

What though a strange mysterious power was there
Moving throughout, subtle, invisible,
And universal as the air they breathed;
A power that never slumbered, nor forgave?

All eye, all ear, nowhere and everywhere,⁸⁶
Entering the closet and the sanctuary,
No place of refuge for the Doge himself;
Most present when least thought of⁸⁷—nothing dropt
In secret, when the heart was on the lips,
Nothing in feverish sleep, but instantly
Observed and judged—a power, that if but named
In casual converse, be it where it might,
The speaker lowered at once his eyes, his voice,
And pointed upward as to God in heaven —
What though that power was there, he who lived thus,
Pursuing Pleasure, lived as if it were not.
But let him in the midnight air indulge
A word, a thought against the laws of VENICE,
And in that hour he vanished from the earth !

THE GONDOLA.

Boy, call the Gondola; the sun is set.—
It came, and we embarked; but instantly,
As at the waving of a magic wand,
Though she had stept on board so light of foot,
So light of heart, laughing she knew not why,
Sleep overcame her; on my arm she slept.
From time to time I waked her; but the boat
Rocked her to sleep again. The moon was now
Rising full-orbed, but broken by a cloud.
The wind was hushed, and the sea mirror-like.
A single zephyr, as enamored, played
With her loose tresses, and drew more and more
Her veil across her bosom. Long I lay

Contemplating that face so beautiful,
 That rosy mouth, that cheek dimpled with smiles,
 That neck but half concealed, whiter than snow.
 'T was the sweet slumber of her early age.
 I looked and looked, and felt a flush of joy
 I would express, but cannot. Oft I wished
 Gently — by stealth — to drop asleep myself,
 And to incline yet lower that sleep might come;
 Oft closed my eyes as in forgetfulness.
 'T was all in vain. Love would not let me rest.
 But how delightful when at length she waked !
 When, her light hair adjusting, and her veil
 So rudely scattered, she resumed her place
 Beside me ; and, as gayly as before,
 Sitting unconsciously nearer and nearer,
 Poured out her innocent mind !

So, nor long since,
 Sung a Venetian ; and his lay of love,⁸⁸
 Dangerous and sweet, charmed VENICE. For myself
 (Less fortunate, if Love be Happiness),
 No curtain drawn, no pulse beating alarm,
 I went alone beneath the silent moon ;
 Thy square, ST. MARK, thy churches, palaces,
 Glittering and frost-like, and, as day drew on,
 Melting away, an emblem of themselves.

Those porches passed, through which the water-breeze
 Plays, though no longer on the noble forms⁸⁹
 That moved there, sable-vested — and the quay,
 Silent, grass-grown⁹⁰ — adventurer-like I launched
 Into the deep, ere long discovering
 Isles such as cluster in the Southern seas,
 All verdure. Everywhere, from bush and brake.

The musky odor of the serpents came;
Their slimy track across the woodman's path
Bright in the moonshine; and, as round I went,
Dreaming of GREECE, whither the waves were gliding,
I listened to the venerable pines
Then in close converse, and, if right I guessed,
Delivering many a message to the winds,
In secret, for their kindred on Mount IDA.⁹¹

Nor when again in VENICE, when again
In that strange place, so stirring and so still,
Where nothing comes to drown the human voice
But music, or the dashing of the tide,
Ceased I to wander. Now a JESSICA
Sung to her lute, her signal as she sate
At her half-open window. Then, methought,
A serenade broke silence, breathing hope
Through walls of stone, and torturing the proud heart
Of some PRIULI. Once, we could not err
(It was before an old Palladian house,
As between night and day we floated by),
A gondolier lay singing; and he sung,
As in the time when VENICE was herself,
Of TANCRED and ERMINIA.⁹² On our oars
We rested; and the verse was verse divine!
We could not err — perhaps he was the last —
For none took up the strain, none answered him;
And, when he ceased, he left upon my ear
A something like the dying voice of VENICE!

The moon went down; and nothing now was seen
Save where the lamp of a Madonna shone
Faintly — or heard, but when he spoke, who stood
Over the lantern at the prow and cried,

Turning the corner of some reverend pile,
Some school or hospital of old renown,
Though haply none were coming, none were near,
"Hasten or slacken."⁸⁸ But at length Night fled;
And with her fled, scattering, the sons of Pleasure.
Star after star shot by, or, meteor-like,
Crossed me and vanished — lost at once among
Those hundred isles that tower majestically,
That rise abruptly from the water-mark,
Not with rough crag, but marble, and the work
Of noblest architects. I lingered still;
Nor sought my threshold,⁹⁴ till the hour was come
And past, when, flitting home in the gray light,
The young BIANCA found her father's door,⁹⁵
That door so often with a trembling hand,
So often — then so lately left ajar,
Shut; and, all terror, all perplexity,
Now by her lover urged, now by her love,
Fled o'er the waters to return no more.

THE BRIDES OF VENICE.⁹⁶

It was St. Mary's Eve, and all poured forth
For some great festival. The fisher came
From his green islet, bringing o'er the waves
His wife and little one; the husbandman
From the firm land, with many a friar and nun,
And village-maiden, her first flight from home,
Crowding the common ferry. All arrived;
And in his straw the prisoner turned to hear,
So great the stir in VENICE. Old and young

Thronged her three hundred bridges ; the grave Turk
Turbaned, long-vested, and the cozening Jew
In yellow hat and threadbare gabardine,
Hurrying along. For, as the custom was,
The noblest sons and daughters of the state,
Whose names are written in the Book of Gold,
Were on that day to solemnize their nuptials.

At noon a distant murmur, through the crowd
Rising and rolling on, proclaimed them near ;
And never from their earliest hour was seen
Such splendor or such beauty.⁹⁷ Two and two
(The richest tapestry unrolled before them),
First came the brides ; each in her virgin-veil,
Nor unattended by her bridal maids,
The two that, step by step, behind her bore
The small but precious caskets that contained
The dowry and the presents: On she moved
In the sweet seriousness of virgin-youth ;
Her eyes cast down, and holding in her hand
A fan, that gently waved, of ostrich-plumes.
Her veil, transparent as the gossamer,⁹⁸
Fell from beneath a starry diadem ;
And on her dazzling neck a jewel shone,
Ruby or diamond or dark amethyst ;
A jewelled chain, in many a winding wreath,
Wreathing her gold brocade.

Before the church,
That venerable structure now no more⁹⁹
On the sea-brink, another train they met,
No strangers, nor unlooked for ere they came,
Brothers to some, still dearer to the rest ;
Each in his hand bearing his cap and plume

And, as he walked, with modest dignity
Folding his scarlet mantle. At the gate
They join; and slowly up the bannered aisle
Led by the choir, with due solemnity
Range round the altar. In his vestments there
The Patriarch stands; and, while the anthem flows,
Who can look on unmoved — the dream of years
Just now fulfilling! Here a mother weeps,
Rejoicing in her daughter. There a son
Blesses the day that is to make her his;
While she shines forth through all her ornament,
Her beauty heightened by her hopes and fears.

At length the rite is ending. All fall down,
All of all ranks; and, stretching out his hands,
Apostle-like, the holy man proceeds
To give the blessing — not a stir, a breath;
When, hark! a din of voices from without,
And shrieks and groans and outcries as in battle!
And, lo! the door is burst, the curtain rent,
And armed ruffians, robbers from the deep,
Savage, uncouth, led on by BARBERIGO
And his six brothers in their coats of steel,
Are standing on the threshold! Statue-like
A while they gaze on the fallen multitude,
Each with his sabre up, in act to strike;
Then, as at once recovering from the spell,
Rush forward to the altar, and as soon
Are gone again — amid no clash of arms
Bearing away the maidens and the treasures.

Where are they now? — ploughing the distant waves,
Their sails outspread and given to the wind,
They on their decks triumphant. On they speed,

Steering for ISTRIA; their accursed barks
 (Well are they known¹⁰⁰ the galliot and the galley)
 Freightèd, alas! with all that life endears!
 The richest argosies were poor to them!

Now hadst thou seen along that crowded shore
 The matrons running wild, their festal dress
 A strange and moving contrast to their grief;
 And through the city, wander where thou wouldst,
 The men half armed and arming — everywhere
 As roused from slumber by the stirring trump;
 One with a shield, one with a casque and spear;
 One with an axe severing in two the chain
 Of some old pinnace. Not a raft, a plank,
 But on that day was drifting. In an hour
 Half VENICE was afloat. But long before,
 Frantic with grief and scorning all control,
 The youths were gone in a light brigantine,
 Lying at anchor near the arsenal;
 Each having sworn, and by the holy rood,
 To slay or to be slain.

And from the tower
 The watchman gives the signal. In the east
 A ship is seen, and making for the port;
 Her flag St. Mark's. And now she turns the point,
 Over the waters like a sea-bird flying!
 Ha! 't is the same, 't is theirs! from stern to prow
 Green with victorious wreaths, she comes to bring
 All that was lost.

Coasting, with narrow search,
 FRIULI — like a tiger in his spring,
 They had surprised the corsairs where they lay¹⁰¹
 Sharing the spoil in blind security

And casting lots — had slain them, one and all,
All to the last, and flung them far and wide
Into the sea, their proper element ;
Him first, as first in rank, whose name so long
Had hushed the babes of VENICE, and who yet,
Breathing a little, in his look retained
The fierceness of his soul.¹⁰²

Thus were the brides
Lost and recovered; and what now remained
But to give thanks? Twelve breast-plates and twelve
crowns.

By the young victors to their patron-saint
Vowed in the field, inestimable gifts
Flaming with gems and gold, were in due time
Laid at his feet ; ¹⁰³ and ever to preserve
The memory of a day so full of change,
From joy to grief, from grief to joy again,
Through many an age, as oft as it came round,
'T was held religiously. The Doge resigned
His crimson for pure ermine, visiting
At earliest dawn St. Mary's silver shrine ;
And through the city, in a stately barge
Of gold, were borne with songs and symphonies
Twelve ladies young and noble. ¹⁰⁴ Clad they were
In bridal white with bridal ornaments,
Each in her glittering veil ; and on the deck,
As on a burnished throne, they glided by ;
No window or balcony-but adorned
With hangings of rich texture, not a roof
But covered with beholders, and the air
Vocal with joy. Onward they went, their oars
Moving in concert with the harmony,

Through the Rialto¹⁰⁵ to the Ducal Palace,
And at a banquet, served with honor there,
Sat representing, in the eyes of all,
Eyes not unwet, I ween, with grateful tears,
Their lovely ancestors, the Brides of VENICE.

FOSCARI.

LET us lift up the curtain, and observe
What passes in that chamber. Now a sigh,
And now a groan is heard. Then all is still.
Twenty are sitting as in judgment there;¹⁰⁶
Men who have served their country and grown gray
In governments and distant embassies,
Men eminent alike in war and peace;
Such as in effigy shall long adorn
The walls of VENICE — to show what she was!
Their garb is black, and black the arras is,
And sad the general aspect. Yet their looks
Are calm, are cheerful; nothing there like grief,
Nothing or harsh or cruel. Still that noise,
That low and dismal moaning.

Half withdrawn.

A little to the left, sits one in crimson,
A venerable man, fourscore and five.
Cold drops of sweat stand on his furrowed brow.
His hands are clenched; his eyes half-shut and glazed;
His shrunk and withered limbs rigid as marble.
'T is FOSCARI, the Doge. And there is one,
A young man, lying at his feet, stretched out
In torture. 'T is his son. 'T is GIACOMO

His only joy (and has he lived for this?)
Accused of murder. Yesternight the proofs,
If proofs they be, were in the Lion's mouth
Dropt by some hand unseen; and he, himself,
Must sit and look on a beloved son
Suffering the Question.

Twice, to die in peace,
To save, while yet he could, a falling house,
And turn the hearts of his fell adversaries,
Those who had now, like hell-hounds in full cry,
Chased down his last of four, twice did he ask
To lay aside the crown, and they refused,
An oath exacting, never more to ask;
And there he sits, a spectacle of woe,
Condemned in bitter mockery to wear
The bauble he had sighed for.

Once again

The screw is turned; and, as it turns, the son
Looks up, and, in a faint and broken tone,
Murmurs "My father!" The old man shrinks back,
And in his mantle muffles up his face.
"Art thou not guilty?" says a voice, that once
Would greet the sufferer long before they met,
"Art thou not guilty?"—"No! Indeed I am not!"
But all is unavailing. In that court
Groans are confessions; patience, fortitude,
The work of magic; and, released, revived,
For condemnation, from his father's lips
He hears the sentence, "Banishment to CANDIA.
Death, if he leaves it." And the bark sets sail;
And he is gone from all he loves in life!
Gone in the dead of night—unseen of any—

Without a word, a look of tenderness,
To be called up, when, in his lonely hours,
He would indulge in weeping. Like a ghost,
Day after day, year after year, he haunts
An ancient rampart that o'erhangs the sea;
Gazing on vacancy, and hourly there
Starting as from some wild and uncouth dream,
To answer to the watch. — Alas! how changed
From him the mirror of the youth of VENICE;
Whom in the slightest thing, or whim or chance,
Did he but wear his doublet so and so,
All followed; at whose nuptials, when he won
That maid at once the noblest, fairest, best,¹⁰⁷
A daughter of the house that now among
Its ancestors in monumental brass
Numbers eight Doges — to convey her home,
The Bùcentaur went forth; and thrice the sun
Shone on the chivalry, that, front to front,
And blaze on blaze reflecting, met and ranged
To tourney in ST. MARK'S. — But, lo! at last,
Messengers come. He is recalled: his heart
Leaps at the tidings. He embarks: the boat
Springs to the oar, and back again he goes —
Into that very chamber! there to lie
In his old resting-place, the bed of steel;
And thence look up (five long, long years of grief
Have not killed either) on his wretched sire,
Still in that seat — as though he had not stirred
Immovable, and muffled in his cloak.

But now he comes convicted of a crime
Great by the laws of VENICE. Night and day,
Brooding on what he had been, what he was,

'T was more than he could bear. His longing-fits
 Thickened upon him. His desire for home
 Became a madness ; and, resolved to go,
 If but to die, in his despair he writes
 A letter to the sovereign-prince of MILAN
 (To him whose name, among the greatest now,¹⁰⁸
 Had perished, blotted out at once and razed,
 But for the rugged limb of an old oak),
 Soliciting his influence with the state,
 And drops it to be found. — “ Would ye know all ?
 I have transgressed, offended wilfully ;¹⁰⁹
 And am prepared to suffer as I ought.
 But let me, let me, if but for an hour
 (Ye must consent — for all of you are sons,
 Most of you husbands, fathers) — let me first
 Indulge the natural feelings of a man,
 And, ere I die, if such my sentence be,
 Press to my heart ('t is all I ask of you)
 My wife, my children — and my aged mother —
 Say, is she yet alive ? ”

He is condemned

To go ere set of sun, go whence he came,
 A banished man ; and for a year to breathe
 The vapor of a dungeon. But his prayer
 (What could they less ?) is granted.

In a hall

Open and crowded by the common herd,
 'T was there a wife and her four sons yet young,
 A mother borne along, life ebbing fast,
 And an old Doge, mustering his strength in vain,
 Assembled now, sad privilege ! to meet
 One so long lost, one who for them had braved,

For them had sought—death and yet worse than death!
 To meet him, and to part with him forever! —
 Time and their wrongs had changed them all — him most!
 Yet when the wife, the mother, looked again,
 'T was he — 't was he himself — 't was GIACOMO!
 And all clung round him, weeping bitterly;
 Weeping the more, because they wept in vain.
 Unnerved, and now unsettled in his mind
 From long and exquisite pain, he sobs and cries,
 Kissing the old man's cheek, "Help me, my father!
 Let me, I pray thee, live once more among ye:
 Let me go home." — "My son," returns the Doge,
 "Obey. Thy country wills it."¹¹⁰

GIACOMO

That night embarked; sent to an early grave
 For one whose dying words, "The deed was mine!
 He is most innocent! 'T was I who did it!"
 Came when he slept in peace. The ship, that sailed
 Swift as the winds with his deliverance,
 Bore back a lifeless corse. Generous as brave,
 Affection, kindness, the sweet offices
 Of duty and love were from his tenderest years
 To him as needful as his daily bread;
 And to become a by-word in the streets,
 Bringing a stain on those who gave him life,
 And those, alas! now worse than fatherless —
 To be proclaimed a ruffian, a night-stabber,
 He on whom none before had breathed reproach —
 He lived but to disprove it. That hope lost,
 Death followed. O! if justice be in heaven,
 A day must come of ample retribution!
 Then was thy cup, old man, full to the brim.

But thou wert yet alive ; and there was one,
The soul and spring of all that enmity,
Who would not leave thee ; fastening on thy flank,
Hungering and thirsting, still unsatisfied ;
One of a name illustrious as thine own !
One of the Ten ! one of the Invisible Three !^m
'T was LOREDANO. When the whelps were gone,
He would dislodge the lion from his den ;
And, leading on the pack he long had led,
The miserable pack that ever howled
Against fallen greatness, moved that FOSCARI
Be Doge no longer ; urging his great age ;
Calling the loneliness of grief neglect
Of duty, sullenness against the laws.

— " I am most willing to retire," said he .

" But I have sworn, and cannot of myself.
Do with me as ye please." — He was deposed,
He, who had reigned so long and gloriously ;
His ducal bonnet taken from his brow,
His robes stript off, his seal and signet-ring
Broken before him. But now nothing moved
The meekness of his soul. All things alike !

Among the six that came with the decree,
FOSCARI saw one he knew not, and inquired
His name. " I am the son of MARCO MEMMO."
" Ah !" he replied, " thy father was my friend."

And now he goes. " It is the hour and past.
I have no business here." — " But wilt thou not
Avoid the gazing crowd ? That way is private."
" No ! as I entered, so will I retire."
And, leaning on his staff, he left the house,
His residence for five-and-thirty years,

By the same stairs up which he came in state ;
 Those where the giants stand, guarding the ascent,
 Monstrous, terrific. At the foot he stopt,
 And, on his staff still leaning, turned and said,
 " By mine own merits did I come. I go,
 Driven by the malice of mine enemies."
 Then to his boat withdrew, poor as he came,
 Amid the sighs of them that dared not speak.

This journey was his last. When the bell rang
 At dawn, announcing a new Doge to VENICE,
 It found him on his knees before the cross,
 Clasping his aged hands in earnest prayer ;
 And there he died. Ere half its task was done,
 It rang his knell.

But whence the deadly hate
 That caused all this — the hate of LOREDANO ?
 It was a legacy his father left,
 Who, but for FOSCARI, had reigned in Venice,
 And, like the venom in the serpent's bag,
 Gathered and grew ! Nothing but turned to hate ! ¹¹²
 In vain did FOSCARI supplicate for peace,
 Offering in marriage his fair ISABEL.
 He changed not, with a dreadful piety
 Studying revenge ; listening to those alone
 Who talked of vengeance ; grasping by the hand
 Those in their zeal (and none were wanting there)
 Who came to tell him of another wrong,
 Done or imagined. When his father died,
 They whispered, " 'T was by poison ! " and the words
 Struck him as uttered from his father's grave.
 He wrote it on the tomb ¹¹³ ('t is there in marble),
 And with a brow of care, most merchant-like,

Among the debtors in his leger-book ¹¹⁴
 Entered at full (nor month nor day forgot)
 "FRANCESCO FOSCARI — for my father's death."
 Leaving a blank — to be filled up hereafter.
 When FOSCARI'S noble heart at length gave way,
 He took the volume from the shelf again
 Calmly, and with his pen filled up the blank,
 Inscribing, "He has paid me."

Ye who sit
 Brooding from day to day, from day to day
 Chewing the bitter cud, and starting up
 As though the hour was come to whet your fangs,
 And, like the Pisan,¹¹⁵ gnaw the hairy scalp
 Of him who had offended — if ye must,
 Sit and brood on; but, O! forbear to teach
 The lesson to your children.

MARCOLINI.

It was midnight; the great clock had struck and was still echoing through every porch and gallery in the quarter of ST. MARK, when a young citizen, wrapped in his cloak, was hastening home under it from an interview with his mistress. His step was light, for his heart was so. Her parents had just consented to their marriage; and the very day was named. "Lovely GIULIETTA!" he cried. "And shall I then call thee mine at last? Who was ever so blest as thy MARCOLINI?" But, as he spoke, he stopped; for something glittered on the pavement before him. It was a scabbard of rich workmanship; and the discovery, what was it but an earnest of good fortune? "Rest thou there!"

he cried, thrusting it gayly into his belt. "If another claims thee not, thou hast changed masters!" And on he went as before, humming the burden of a song which he and his GIULIETTA had been singing together. But how little do we know what the next minute will bring forth! He turned by the Church of ST. GEMINIANO, and in three steps he met the watch. A murder had just been committed. The senator RENALDI had been found dead at his door, the dagger left in his heart; and the unfortunate MARCOLINI was dragged away for examination. The place, the time, everything served to excite, to justify suspicion; and no sooner had he entered the guard-house than a damning witness appeared against him. The bravo in his flight had thrown away his scabbard; and, smeared with blood, with blood not yet dry, it was now in the belt of MARCOLINI. Its patrician ornaments struck every eye; and, when the fatal dagger was produced and compared with it, not a doubt of his guilt remained. Still there is in the innocent an energy and a composure, an energy when they speak and a composure when they are silent, to which none can be altogether insensible; and the judge delayed for some time to pronounce the sentence, though he was a near relation of the dead. At length, however, it came; and MARCOLINI lost his life, GIULIETTA her reason.

Not many years afterwards the truth revealed itself, the real criminal in his last moments confessing the crime: and hence the custom in VENICE, a custom that long prevailed, for a crier to cry out in the court before a sentence was passed, "*Ricordatevi del povero MARCOLINI!*"¹¹⁶

Great, indeed, was the lamentation throughout the city. and the judge, dying, directed that thenceforth and forever a mass should be sung every night in a chapel of the ducal

church for his own soul, and the soul of MARCOLINI, and the souls of all who had suffered by an unjust judgment. Some land on the BRENTA was left by him for the purpose: and still is the mass sung in the chapel; still every night, when the great square is illuminating and the casinos are filling fast with the gay and the dissipated, a bell is rung as for a service, and a ray of light seen to issue from a small Gothic window that looks toward the place of execution,—the place where, on a scaffold, MARCOLINI breathed his last.

ARQUA.

THREE leagues from PADUA stands and long has stood
(The Paduan student knows it, honors it)
A lonely tomb beside a mountain-church;
And I arrived there as the sun declined
Low in the west. The gentle airs, that breathe
Fragrance at eve, were rising, and the birds
Singing their farewell-song — the very song
They sung the night that tomb received a tenant;
When, as alive, clothed in his canon's stole,
And slowly winding down the narrow path,
He came to rest there. Nobles of the land,
Princes and prelates, mingled in his train,
Anxious by any act, while yet they could,
To catch a ray of glory by reflection;
And from that hour have kindred spirits flocked ¹¹⁷
From distant countries, from the north, the south,
To see where he is laid.

Twelve years ago,
When I descended the impetuous RHONE,

Its vineyards of such great and old renown,¹¹⁸
Its castles, each with some romantic tale,
Vanishing fast — the pilot at the stern,
He who had steered so long, standing aloft,
His eyes on the white breakers, and his hands
On what was now his rudder, now his oar,
A huge misshapen plank — the bark itself
Frail and uncouth, launched to return no more,
Such as a shipwrecked man might hope to build,¹¹⁹
Urged by the love of home. — Twelve years ago,
When like an arrow from the cord we flew,
Two long, long days, silence, suspense on board,
It was to offer at thy fount, VAUCLUSE,
Entering the archéd cave, to wander where
PETRARCH had wandered, to explore and sit
Where in his peasant-dress he loved to sit,
Musing, reciting — on some rock moss-grown,
Or the fantastic root of some old beech,
That drinks the living waters as they stream
Over their emerald-bed ; and could I now
Neglect the place where, in a graver mood,¹²⁰
When he had done and settled with the world,
When all the illusions of his youth were fled,
Indulged perhaps too much, cherished too long,
He came for the conclusion ? Half-way up
He built his house,¹²¹ whence as by stealth he caught,
Among the hills, a glimpse of busy life
That soothed, not stirred. — But knock, and enter in.
This was his chamber. 'Tis as when he went ;
As if he now were in his orchard-grove.
And this his closet. Here he sat and read.
This was his chair ; and in it, unobserved,

Reading, or thinking of his absent friends,
 He passed away as in a quiet slumber.
 . Peace to this region ! Peace to each, to all !
 They know his value — every coming step,
 That draws the gazing children from their play,
 Would tell them, if they knew not. — But could aught
 Ungentle or ungenerous spring up
 Where he is sleeping ; where, and in an age
 Of savage warfare and blind bigotry,
 He cultured all that could refine, exalt ; ¹²³
 Leading to better things ?

GINEVRA.

IF thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
 To MODENA, ¹²³ where still religiously
 Among her ancient trophies is preserved
 BOLOGNA'S bucket (in its chain it hangs ¹²⁴
 Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine),
 Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
 Dwelt in of old by one of the ORSINI.
 Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
 And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
 Will long detain thee ; through their archéd walks,
 Dim at noon-day, discovering many a glimpse
 Of knights and dames such as in old romance,
 And lovers such as in heroic song, —
 Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
 That in the spring-time, as alone they sate,
 Venturing together on a tale of love,
 Read only part that day. ¹²⁵ — A summer-sun

Sets ere one-half is seen ; but, ere thou go,
Enter the house — prithee, forget it not —
And look a while upon a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,¹²⁶
The very last of that illustrious race,
Done by ZAMPIERI¹²⁷ — but by whom I care not.
He who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
As though she said “Beware !” her vest of gold
Brodered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald-stone in every golden clasp ;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart —
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody !

Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heirloom, its companion,
An oaken-chest, half-eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by ANTONY of Trent
With scripture-stories from the life of Christ ;
A chest that came from VENICE, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
That by the way — it may be true or false —
But don't forget the picture ; and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child ; from infancy
The joy, the pride, of an indulgent sire.

Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained to him ?
The young GINEVRA was his all in life,
Still as she grew, forever in his sight ;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, FRANCESCO DORIA,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gayety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue ;
But now the day was come, the day, the hour ;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum ;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to FRANCESCO.

Great was the joy ; but at the bridal feast,
When all sate down, the bride was wanting there.
Nor was she to be found ! Her father cried,
“ ’T is but to make a trial of our love ! ”
And filled his glass to all ; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
’T was but that instant she had left FRANCESCO,
Laughing and looking back and flying still,
Her ivory-tooth imprinted on his finger
But now, alas ! she was not to be found ;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed
But that she was not ! — Weary of his life,
FRANCESCO flew to VENICE, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
ORSINI lived ; and long was to be seen
An old man wandering¹³³ as in quest of something,
Something he could not find — he knew not what.

When he was gone, the house remained a while
Silent and tenantless — then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed ; and 't was said
By one as young, as thoughtless as GINEVRA,
“ Why not remove it from its lurking-place ? ”
'T was done as soon as said ; but on the way
It burst, it fell ; and, lo ! a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred 'of gold.
All else had perished — save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
“ GINEVRA. ” — There, then, had she found a grave !
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy ;
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down forever !

BOLOGNA.

'T WAS night ; the noise and bustle of the day
Were o'er. The mountebank no longer wrought
Miraculous cures — he and his stage were gone ;
And he who, when the crisis of his tale
Came, and all stood breathless with hope and fear,
Sent round his cap ; and he who thrummed his wire
And sang, with pleading look and plaintive strain,
Melting the passenger. Thy thousand cries,^{1,2}

So well portrayed, and by a son of thine,
Whose voice had swelled the hubbub in his youth,
Were hushed, BOLOGNA, silence in the streets,
The squares, when, hark! the clattering of fleet hoofs;
And soon a courier, posting as from far,
Housing and holster, boot and belted coat
And doublet, stained with many a various soil,
Stopt and alighted. 'T was where hangs aloft
That ancient sign, the pilgrim, welcoming
All who arrive there, all perhaps save those
Clad like himself, with staff and scallop-shell,
Those on a pilgrimage. And now approached
Wheels, through the lofty porticos resounding,
Arch beyond arch, a shelter or a shade
As the sky changes. To the gate they came;
And, ere the man had half his story done,
Mine host received the master — one long used
To sojourn among strangers, everywhere
(Go where he would, along the wildest track)
Flinging a charm that shall not soon be lost,
And leaving footsteps to be traced by those
Who love the haunts of genius; one who saw,
Observed, nor shunned the busy scenes of life,
But mingled not, and 'mid the din, the stir,
Lived as a separate spirit.

Much had passed
Since last we parted; and those five short years —
Much had they told! His clustering locks were turned
Gray; nor did aught recall the youth that swam
From SESTOS to ABYDOS. Yet his voice,
Still it was sweet; still from his eye the thought
Flashed lightning-like, nor lingered on the way,

Waiting for words. Far, far into the night
 We sat, conversing — no unwelcome hour,
 The hour we met ; and when Aurora rose,
 Rising, we climbed the rugged Apennine.

Well I remember how the golden sun
 Filled with its beams the unfathomable gulfs,
 As on we travelled, and along the ridge,
 'Mid groves of cork and cistus and wild-fig,
 His motley household came. — Not last nor least,
 BATTISTA, who, upon the moonlight-sea
 Of VENICE, had so ably, zealously,
 Served, and, at parting, thrown his oar away
 To follow through the world ; who without stain
 Had worn so long that honorable badge,
 The gondolier's, in a patrician house
 Arguing unlimited trust.¹³⁰ — Not last nor least,
 Thou, though declining in thy beauty and strength,
 Faithful MORETTO, to the latest hour
 Guarding his chamber-door, and now along
 The silent, sullen strand of MISSOLONGHI
 Howling in grief. — He had just left that place
 Of old renown, once in the ADRIAN sea,¹³¹
 RAVENNA ! where from DANTE'S sacred tomb
 He had so oft, as many a verse declares,¹³²
 Drawn inspiration ; where, at twilight-time,
 Through the pine-forest wandering with loose rein,
 Wandering and lost, he had so oft beheld
 (What is not visible to a poet's eye ?)
 The spectre-knight, the hell-hounds and their prey,
 The chase, the slaughter, and the festal mirth
 Suddenly blasted.¹³³ 'T was a theme he loved,
 But others claimed their turn ; and many a tower,¹³⁴

Shattered, uprooted from its native rock,
 Its strength the pride of some heroic age,
 Appeared and vanished (many a sturdy steer¹³⁵
 Yoked and unyoked) while as in happier days
 He poured his spirit forth. The past forgot,
 All was enjoyment. Not a cloud obscured
 Present or future.

He is now at rest ;
 And praise and blame fall on his ear alike,
 Now dull in death. Yes, BYRON, thou art gone,
 Gone like a star that through the firmament
 Shot and was lost, in its eccentric course
 Dazzling, perplexing. Yet thy heart, methinks,
 Was generous, noble — noble in its scorn
 Of all things low or little ; nothing there
 Sordid or servile. If imagined wrongs
 Pursued thee, urging thee sometimes to do
 Things long regretted, oft, as many know,
 None more than I, thy gratitude would build
 On slight foundations : and, if in thy life
 Not happy, in thy death thou surely wert,
 Thy wish accomplished ; dying in the land
 Where thy young mind had caught ethereal fire —
 Dying in GREECE, and in a cause so glorious !

They in thy train — ah ! little did they think,
 As round we went, that they so soon should sit
 Mourning beside thee, while a nation mourned,
 Changing her festal for her funeral song ;
 That they so soon should hear the minute-gun,
 As morning gleamed on what remained of thee,
 Roll o'er the sea, the mountains, numbering
 Thy years of joy and sorrow.

Thou art gone ;
 And he who would assail thee in thy grave,
 O, let him pause ! For who among us all,
 Tried as thou wert — even from thine earliest years,
 When wandering, yet unspoilt, a highland-boy —
 Tried as thou wert, and with thy soul of flame ;
 Pleasure, while yet the down was on thy cheek,
 Uplifting, pressing, and to lips like thine,
 Her charmed cup — ah ! who among us all
 Could say he had not erred as much, and more ?

 FLORENCE.

OF all the fairest cities of the earth,
 None is so fair as FLORENCE. 'T is a gem
 Of purest ray ; and what a light broke forth,¹³⁶
 When it emerged from darkness ! Search within,
 Without ; all is enchantment ! 'T is the Past
 Contending with the Present ; and in turn
 Each has the mastery.

In this chapel wrought¹³⁷
 One of the few, Nature's interpreters,
 The few, whom genius gives as lights to shine,
 MASACCIO ; and he slumbers underneath.
 Wouldst thou behold his monument ? Look round !
 And know that where we stand stood oft and long,
 Oft till the day was gone, RAPHAEL himself ;
 Nor he alone, so great the ardor there,
 Such, while it reigned, the generous rivalry ;
 He and how many as at once called forth,
 Anxious to learn of those who came before,

To steal a spark from their authentic fire,
 Theirs who first broke the universal gloom,
 Sons of the Morning.

On that ancient seat,
 The seat of stone that runs along the wall,¹³⁸
 South of the church, east of the belfry-tower¹³⁹
 (Thou canst not miss it), in the sultry time
 Would DANTE sit conversing, and with those
 Who little thought that in his hand he held
 The balance, and assigned at his good pleasure
 To each his place in the invisible world,
 To some an upper region, some a lower ;
 Many a transgressor sent to his account,¹⁴⁰
 Long ere in FLORENCE numbered with the dead,
 The body still as full of life and stir
 At home, abroad ; still and as oft inclined
 To eat, drink, sleep ; still clad as others were,
 And at noon-day, where men were wont to meet,
 Met as continually ; when the soul went,
 Relinquished to a demon, and by him
 (So says the bard, and who can read and doubt ?)
 Dwelt in and governed.

Sit thee down a while ;¹⁴¹
 Then, by the gates so marvellously wrought,
 That they might serve to be the gates of Heaven,¹⁴²
 Enter the Baptistery. That place he loved,
 Loved as his own ;¹⁴³ and in his visits there
 Well might he take delight ! For when a child,
 Playing, as many are wont, with venturous feet
 Near and yet nearer to the sacred font,
 Slipped and fell in, he flew and rescued him,
 Flew with an energy, a violence,

That broke the marble — a mishap ascribed
To evil motives; his, alas! to lead
A life of trouble,¹⁴⁴ and ere long to leave
All things most dear to him, ere long to know
How salt another's bread is, and the toil
Of going up and down another's stairs.¹⁴⁵

Nor then forget that chamber of the dead,¹⁴⁶
Where the gigantic shapes of Night and Day,
Turned into stone, rest everlastingly;
Yet still are breathing, and shed round at noon
A two-fold influence — only to be felt —
A light, a darkness, mingling each with each;
Both and yet neither. There, from age to age,
Two ghosts are sitting on their sepulchres.
That is the Duke LORENZO. Mark him well.¹⁴⁷
He meditates, his head upon his hand.
What from beneath his helm-like bonnet scowls?
Is it a face, or but an eyeless skull?
'T is lost in shade; yet, like the basilisk,
It fascinates, and is intolerable.

His mien is noble, most majestic!
Then most so, when the distant choir is heard
At morn or eve — nor fail thou to attend
On that thrice-hallowed day, when all are there;¹⁴⁸
When all, propitiating with solemn songs,
Visit the dead. Then wilt thou feel his power!

But let not Sculpture, Painting, Poesy,
Or they, the masters of these mighty spells,
Detain us. Our first homage is to Virtue.
Where, in what dungeon of the citadel
(It must be known — the writing on the wall¹⁴⁹
Cannot be gone — 't was with the blade cut in,

Ere, on his knees to God, he slew himself),
 Did he, the last, the noblest citizen,¹⁵⁰
 Breathe out his soul, lest in the torturing hour
 He might accuse the guiltless?

That debt paid,

But with a sigh, a tear for human frailty,
 We may return, and once more give a loose
 To the delighted spirit — worshipping,
 In her small temple of rich workmanship,¹⁵¹
 VENUS herself, who, when she left the skies,
 Came hither.

DON GARZIA.

AMONG those awful forms, in elder time
 Assembled, and through many an after-age
 Destined to stand as Genii of the place
 Where men most meet in FLORENCE, may be seen
 His who first played the tyrant. Clad in mail,
 But with his helmet off — in kingly state,
 Aloft he sits upon his horse of brass;¹⁵²
 And they, that read the legend underneath,
 Go and pronounce him happy. Yet, methinks,
 There is a chamber that, if walls could speak,
 Would turn their admiration into pity.
 Half of what passed died with him; but the rest,
 All he discovered when the fit was on,
 All that, by those who listened, could be gleaned
 From broken sentences and starts in sleep,
 Is told, and by an honest chronicler.¹⁵³
 Two of his sons, GIOVANNI and GARZIA

(The eldest had not seen his nineteenth summer),
Went to the chase; but only one returned.
GIOVANNI, when the huntsman blew his horn
O'er the last stag that started from the brake,
And in the heather turned to stand at bay,
Appeared not; and at close of day was found
Bathed in his innocent blood. Too well, alas!
The trembling COSMO guessed the deed, the doer;
And, having caused the body to be borne
In secret to that chamber — at an hour
When all slept sound, save she who bore them both,¹⁵⁴
Who little thought of what was yet to come,
And lived but to be told — he bade GARZIA
Arise and follow him. Holding in one hand
A winking lamp, and in the other a key
Massive and dungeon-like, thither he led;
And, having entered in and locked the door,
The father fixed his eyes upon the son,
And closely questioned him. No change betrayed
Or guilt or fear. Then COSMO lifted up
The bloody sheet. "Look there! Look there!" he cried.
"Blood calls for blood — and from a father's hand!
— Unless thyself wilt save him that sad office.
What!" he exclaimed, when, shuddering at the sight,
The boy breathed out, "I stood but on my guard!"
"Dar'st thou then blacken one who never wronged thee,
Who would not set his foot upon a worm?
Yes, thou must die, lest others fall by thee,
And thou shouldst be the slayer of us all."
Then from GARZIA's belt he drew the blade,
That fatal one which spilt his brother's blood;
And, kneeling on the ground, "Great God!" he cried,

"Grant me the strength to do an act of justice.
 Thou knowest what it costs me; but, alas!
 How can I spare myself, sparing none else?
 Grant me the strength, the will — and, O! forgive
 The sinful soul of a most wretched son!
 'T is a most wretched father who implores it."
 Long on GARZIA'S neck he hung and wept,
 Long pressed him to his bosom tenderly;
 And then, but while he held him by the arm,
 Thrusting him backward, turned away his face,
 And stabbed him to the heart.

Well might a youth,¹⁵⁶

Studious of men, anxious to learn and know,
 When in the train of some great embassy
 He came, a visitant, to COSMO'S court,
 Think on the past; and, as he wandered through
 The ample spaces of an ancient house,¹⁵⁶
 Silent, deserted — stop a while to dwell
 Upon two portraits there, drawn on the wall¹⁵⁷
 Together, as of two in bonds of love,
 Those of the unhappy brothers, and conclude,
 From the sad looks of him who could have told,
 The terrible truth.¹⁵⁸ — Well might he heave a sigh
 For poor humanity, when he beheld
 That very COSMO shaking o'er his fire,
 Drowsy and deaf and inarticulate,
 Wrapt in his night-gown, o'er a sick man's mess,
 In the last stage — death-struck and deadly pale;
 His wife, another, not his ELEANOR,
 At once his nurse and his interpreter.

THE CAMPAGNA OF FLORENCE.

'T IS morning. Let us wander through the fields,
 Where CIMABUE¹⁵⁹ found a shepherd-boy
 Tracing his idle fancies on the ground;
 And let us from the top of FIESOLE,
 Whence GALILEO'S glass¹⁶⁰ by night observed
 The phases of the moon, look round below
 On ARNO'S vale, where the dove-colored steer
 Is ploughing up and down among the vines,
 While many a careless note is sung aloud,
 Filling the air with sweetness — and on thee,
 Beautiful FLORENCE!¹⁶¹ all within thy walls,
 Thy groves and gardens, pinnacles and towers,
 Drawn to our feet.

From that small spire, just caught
 By the bright ray, that church among the rest
 By one of old distinguished as The Bride,¹⁶²
 Let us in thought pursue (what can we better?)
 Those who assembled there at matin-time;¹⁶³
 Who, when vice revelled and along the street
 Tables were set, what time the bearer's bell
 Rang to demand the dead at every door,
 Came out into the meadows; and, a while
 Wandering in idleness, but not in folly,
 Sate down in the high grass and in the shade
 Of many a tree sun-proof — day after day,
 When all was still and nothing to be heard
 But the cicala's voice among the olives,
 Relating in a ring, to banish care,
 Their hundred tales.¹⁶⁴

Round the green hill they went,¹⁶⁵
Round underneath — first to a splendid house,
Gherardi, as an old tradition runs,
That on the left, just rising from the vale ;
A place for luxury — the painted rooms,
The open galleries and middle court,
Not unprepared, fragrant and gay with flowers.
Then westward to another, nobler yet ;
That on the right, now known as the Palmieri,
Where Art with Nature vied — a Paradise
With verdurous walls, and many a trellised walk
All rose and jasmine, many a twilight-glade
Crossed by the deer. Then to the Ladies' Vale ;
And the clear lake, that as by magic seemed
To lift up to the surface every stone
Of lustre there, and the diminutive fish
Innumerable, dropt with crimson and gold,
Now motionless, now glancing to the sun.

Who has not dwelt on their voluptuous day ?
The morning banquet by the fountain-side,¹⁶⁶
While the small birds rejoiced on every bough ;
The dance that followed, and the noontide slumber ;
Then the tales told in turn, as round they lay
On carpets, the fresh waters murmuring ;
And the short interval of pleasant talk
Till supper-time, when many a siren-voice
Sung down the stars ; and, as they left the sky,
The torches, planted in the sparkling grass,
And everywhere among the glowing flowers,
Burnt bright and brighter.— He ¹⁶⁷ whose dream it was
(It was no more) sleeps in a neighboring vale ;
Sleeps in the church, where, in his ear, I ween,

The friar poured out his wondrous catalogue;¹⁶⁸
 A ray, imprimis, of the star that shone
 To the Wise Men; a vial-full of sounds,
 The musical chimes of the great bells that hung
 In SOLOMON'S Temple; and, though last not least,
 A feather from the Angel GABRIEL'S wing,
 Dropt in the Virgin's chamber. That dark ridge,
 Stretching south-east, conceals it from our sight;
 Not so his lowly roof and scanty farm,
 His copse and rill, if yet a trace be left,
 Who lived in Val di Pesa, suffering long
 Want and neglect and (far, far worse) reproach,
 With calm, unclouded mind.¹⁶⁹ The glimmering tower
 On the gray rock beneath, his landmark once,
 Now serves for ours, and points out where he ate
 His bread with cheerfulness. Who sees him not
 ('T is his own sketch — he drew it from himself)¹⁷⁰
 Laden with cages from his shoulder slung,
 And sallying forth, while yet the morn is gray,
 To catch a thrush on every lime-twigg there;
 Or in the wood among his wood-cutters;
 Or in the tavern by the highway-side
 At tric-trac with the miller; or at night,
 Doffing his rustic suit, and, duly clad,
 Entering his closet, and, among his books,
 Among the great of every age and clime,¹⁷¹
 A numerous court, turning to whom he pleased,
 Questioning each why he did this or that,
 And learning how to overcome the fear
 Of poverty and death?

Nearer we hail
 Thy sunny slope, ARCETRI, sung of old

For its green wine ; ¹⁷² dearer to me, to most,
 As dwelt on by that great astronomer, ¹⁷³
 Seven years a prisoner at the city-gate,
 Let in but in his grave-clothes. ¹⁷⁴ Sacred be
 His villa (justly was it called The Gem !) ¹⁷⁵
 Sacred the lawn, where many a cypress threw
 Its length of shadow, while he watched the stars !
 Sacred the vineyard, where, while yet his sight
 Glimmered, at blush of morn he dressed his vines,
 Chanting aloud in gayety of heart
 Some verse of ARIOSTO ! ¹⁷⁶ — There, unseen, ¹⁷⁷
 In manly beauty MILTON stood before him,
 Gazing with reverent awe — MILTON, his guest,
 Just then come forth, all life and enterprise ;
He in his old age and extremity,
 Blind, at noon-day exploring with his staff ; ¹⁷⁸
 His eyes upturned as to the golden sun,
 His eyeballs idly rolling. Little then
 Did GALILEO think whom he received ;
 That in his hand he held the hand of one
 Who could requite him — who would spread his name
 O'er lands and seas ¹⁷⁹ — great as himself, nay, greater
 MILTON as little that in him he saw,
 As in a glass, what he himself should be, ¹⁸⁰
 Destined so soon to fall on evil days
 And evil tongues — so soon, alas ! to live
 In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,
 And solitude.

Well pleased, could we pursue
 The ARNO, from his birthplace in the clouds,
 So near the yellow TIBER'S — springing up ¹⁸¹
 From his four fountains on the Apennine,

That mountain-ridge a sea-mark to the ships
Sailing on either sea. Downward he runs,
Scattering fresh verdure through the desolate wild,
Down by the City of Hermits,¹⁸² and the woods
That only echo to the choral hymn ;
Then through these gardens to the TUSCAN sea,
Reflecting castles, convents, villages,
And those great rivals in an elder day,
FLORENCE and PISA¹⁸³—who have given him fame,
Fame everlasting, but who stained so oft
His troubled waters. Oft, alas ! were seen,
When flight, pursuit, and hideous rout were there,
Hands, clad in gloves of steel, held up imploring ;¹⁸⁴
The man, the hero, on his foaming steed
Borne underneath, already in the realms
Of darkness.—Nor did night or burning noon
Bring respite. Oft, as that great artist saw,¹⁸⁵
Whose pencil had a voice, the cry “To arms !”
And the shrill trumpet hurried up the bank
Those who had stolen an hour to breast the tide,
And wash from their unharnessed limbs the blood
And sweat of battle. Sudden was the rush,¹⁸⁶
Violent the tumult ; for, already in sight,
Nearer and nearer yet the danger drew ;
Each every sinew straining, every nerve,
Each snatching up, and girding, buckling on
Morion and greave and shirt of twisted mail,
As for his life—no more perchance to taste,
ARNO, the grateful freshness of thy glades,
Thy waters—where, exulting, he had felt
A swimmer’s transport, there, alas ! to float
And welter.—Nor between the gusts of war,

When flocks were feeding, and the shepherd's pipe
Gladdened the valley,—when, but not unarmed,
The sower came forth, and, following him that ploughed,
Threw in the seed,—did thy indignant waves
Escape pollution. Sullen was the splash,
Heavy and swift the plunge, when they received
The key that just had grated on the ear
Of UGOLINO, ever closing up
That dismal dungeon thenceforth to be named
The Tower of Famine. — Once indeed 't was thine,
When many a winter-flood, thy tributary,
Was through its rocky glen rushing, resounding,
And thou wert in thy might, to save, restore
A charge most precious. To the nearest ford,
Hastening, a horseman from Arezzo came,
Careless, impatient of delay, a babe
Slung in a basket to the knotty staff
That lay athwart his saddle-bow. He spurs,
He enters; and his horse, alarmed, perplexed,
Halts in the midst. Great is the stir, the strife;
And, lo! an atom on that dangerous sea,¹⁸⁷
The babe is floating! Fast and far he flies;
Now tempest-rocked, now whirling round and round
But not to perish. By thy willing waves
Borne to the shore, among the bulrushes
The ark has rested; and unhurt, secure
As on his mother's breast, he sleeps within,
All peace! or never had the nations heard
That voice so sweet, which still enchants, inspires;
That voice, which sung of love, of liberty.
PETRARCH lay there! — And such the images
That here spring up forever, in the young

Kindling poetic fire ! Such they that came
And clustered round our MILTON, when at eve,
Reclined beside thee, ARNO ;¹⁸⁸ when at eve,
Led on by thee, he wandered with delight,
Framing Ovidian verse, and through thy groves
Gathering wild myrtle. Such the poet's dreams ;
Yet not such only. For, look round and say,
Where is the ground that did not drink warm blood,
The echo that had learnt not to articulate
The cry of murder ? — Fatal was the day
To FLORENCE, when ('t was in a narrow street
North of that temple, where the truly great
Sleep, not unhonored, not unvisited ;
That temple sacred to the Holy Cross —
There is the house — that house of the DONATI,
Towerless,¹⁸⁹ and left long since, but to the last
Braving assault — all rugged, all embossed
Below, and still distinguished by the rings
Of brass, that held in war and festival-time
Their family-standards) — fatal was the day
To Florence, when, at morn, at the ninth hour,
A noble dame in weeds of widowhood,
Weeds by so many to be worn so soon,
Stood at her door ; and, like a sorceress, flung
Her dazzling spell. Subtle she was, and rich,
Rich in a hidden pearl of heavenly light,
Her daughter's beauty ; and too well she knew
Its virtue ! Patiently she stood and watched ;
Nor stood alone — but spoke not. — In her breast
Her purpose lay ; and, as a youth passed by,
Clad for the nuptial rite, she smiled and said,
Lifting a corner of the maiden's veil,

“ This had I treasured up in secret for thee.
This hast thou lost ! ” He gazed and was undone !
Forgetting — not forgot — he broke the bond,
And paid the penalty, losing his life
At the bridge-foot ;¹⁹⁰ and hence a world of woe !¹⁹¹
Vengeance for vengeance crying, blood for blood ;
No intermission ! Law, that slumbers not,
And, like the angel with the flaming sword,
Sits over all, at once chastising, healing,
Himself the avenger, went ; and every street
Ran red with mutual slaughter — though sometimes
The young forgot the lesson they had learnt,
And loved when they should hate — like thee, IMELDA,
Thee and thy PAOLO. When last ye met
In that still hour (the heat, the glare was gone,
Not so the splendor — through the cedar-grove
A radiance streamed like a consuming fire,
As though the glorious orb, in its descent,
Had come and rested there) — when last ye met,
And thy relentless brothers dragged him forth,
It had been well hadst thou slept on, IMELDA,¹⁹²
Nor from thy trance of fear awaked, as night
Fell on that fatal spot, to wish thee dead,
To track him by his blood, to search, to find,
Then fling thee down to catch a word, a look,
A sigh, if yet thou couldst (alas ! thou couldst not),
And die, unseen, unthought of — from the wound
Sucking the poison.¹⁹³

Yet, when slavery came,
Worse followed.¹⁹⁴ Genius, Valor left the land,
Indignant — all that had from age to age
Adorned, ennobled ; and headlong they fell,

Tyrant and slave. For deeds of violence,
Done in broad day and more than half redeemed
By many a great and generous sacrifice
Of self to others, came the unpledged bowl,
The stab of the stiletto. Gliding by
Unnoticed, in slouched hat and muffling cloak,
That just discovered, Caravaggio-like,
A swarthy cheek, black brow, and eye of flame,
The bravo stole, and o'er the shoulder plunged
To the heart's core, or from beneath the ribs
Slanting (a surer path, as some averred)
Struck upward — then slunk off, or, if pursued,
Made for the sanctuary, and there along
The glimmering aisle among the worshippers
Wandered with restless step and jealous look,
Dropping thick blood. — Misnamed to lull alarm,
In every palace was The Laboratory,¹⁹⁵
Where he within brewed poisons swift and slow,
That scattered terror till all things seemed poisonous,
And brave men trembled if a hand held out
A nosegay or a letter; while the great
Drank only from the Venice-glass, that broke,
That shivered, scattering round it as in scorn,
If aught malignant, aught of thine was there,
Cruel TOPHANA;¹⁹⁶ and pawned provinces
For that miraculous gem, the gem that gave
A sign infallible of coming ill,¹⁹⁷
That clouded though the vehicle of death
Were an invisible perfume. Happy then
The guest to whom at sleeping-time 't was said,
But in an under voice (a lady's page
Speaks in no louder), "Pass not on. That door

Leads to another which awaits thy coming,
One in the floor — now left, alas ! unlocked.¹⁹⁸
No eye detects it — lying under-foot,
Just as thou enterest, at the threshold-stone ;
Ready to fall and plunge thee into night
And long oblivion ! ” — In that evil hour
Where lurked not danger ? Through the fairy-land
No seat of pleasure glittering half-way down,
No hunting-place — but with some damning spot
That will not be washed out ! There, at Caiano,¹⁹⁹
Where, when the hawks were mewed and evening came,
PULCI would set the table in a roar
With his wild lay²⁰⁰ — there, where the sun descends,
And hill and dale are lost, veiled with his beams,
The fair Venetian²⁰¹ died, she and her lord —
Died of a posset drugged by him who sate
And saw them suffer, flinging back the charge ;
The murderer on the murdered. — Sobs of grief,
Sounds inarticulate . . suddenly stopt,
And followed by a struggle and a gasp,
A gasp in death, are heard yet in Cerreto,
Along the marble halls and staircases,
Nightly at twelve ; and, at the self-same hour,
Shrieks, such as penetrate the inmost soul,
Such as awake the innocent babe to long,
Long wailing, echo through the emptiness
Of that old den far up among the hills,²⁰²
Frowning on him who comes from Pietra-Mala :
In them, alas ! within five days and less,
Two unsuspecting victims, passing fair,
Welcomed with kisses, and slain cruelly,
One with the knife, one with the fatal noose.

But, lo ! the sun is setting ; ²⁰³ earth and sky ²⁰⁴
One blaze of glory.— What we saw but now,
As though it were not, though it had not been !
He lingers yet ; and, lessening to a point,
Shines like the eye of Heaven — then withdraws ;
And from the zenith to the utmost skirts —
All is celestial red ! The hour is come
When they that sail along the distant seas
Languish for home ; and they that in the morn
Said to sweet friends “ farewell ” melt as at parting ;
When, just gone forth, the pilgrim, if he hears,
As now we hear it, wandering round the hill,
The bell that seems to mourn the dying day,
Slackens his pace and sighs, and those he loved
Loves more than ever. But who feels it not ?
And well may we, for we are far away.

THE PILGRIM.

It was an hour of universal joy. ²⁰⁵
The lark was up and at the gate of heaven,
Singing, as sure to enter when he came ;
The butterfly was basking in my path,
His radiant wings unfolded. From below
The bell of prayer rose slowly, plaintively ;
And odors, such as welcome in the day,
Such as salute the early traveller,
And come and go, each sweeter than the last,
Were rising. Hill and valley breathed delight.
And not a living thing but blessed the hour !

In every bush and brake there was a voice
Responsive !

From the THRASYMENE, that now
Slept in the sun, a lake of molten gold,
And from the shore that once, when armies met,²⁰⁶
Rocked to and fro unfelt, so terrible
The rage, the slaughter, I had turned away ;
The path, that led me, leading through a wood,
A fairy-wilderness of fruits and flowers,
And by a brook that, in the day of strife,²⁰⁷
Ran blood, but now runs amber — when a glade,
Far, far within, sunned only at noon-day,
Suddenly opened. Many a bench was there,
Each round its ancient elm ; and many a track,
Well known to them that from the highway loved
A while to deviate. In the midst a cross
Of mouldering stone as in a temple stood,
Solemn, severe ; coëval with the trees
That round it in majestic order rose ;
And on the lowest step a pilgrim knelt
In fervent prayer. He was the first I saw
(Save in the tumult of a midnight-masque,
A revel, where none cares to play his part,
And they, that speak, at once dissolve the charm) —
The first in sober truth, no counterfeit ;
And, when his orisons were duly paid,
He rose, and we exchanged, as all are wont,
A traveller's greeting.

Young, and of an age
When youth is most attractive, when a light
Plays round and round, reflected, while it lasts,
From some attendant spirit, that ere long

(His charge relinquished with a sigh, a tear)
Wings his flight upward — with a look he won
My favor; and, the spell of silence broke,
I could not but continue. — “Whence,” I asked,
“Whence art thou?” — “From Mont’ alto,” he replied,
“My native village in the Apennines.” —
“And whither journeying?” — “To the holy shrine
Of Saint Antonio in the city of PADUA.
Perhaps, if thou hast ever gone so far,
Thou wilt direct my course.” — “Most willingly;
But thou hast much to do, much to endure,
Ere thou hast entered where the silver lamps
Burn ever. Tell me . . . I would not transgress,
Yet ask I must . . . what could have brought thee forth,
Nothing in act or thought to be atoned for?” —
“It was a vow I made in my distress.
We were so blest, none were so blest as we,
Till sickness came. First, as death-struck, I fell;
Then my beloved sister; and ere long,
Worn with continual watchings, night and day,
Our saint-like mother. Worse and worse she grew;
And in my anguish, my despair, I vowed,
That if she lived, if Heaven restored her to us,
I would forthwith, and in a pilgrim’s weeds,
Visit that holy shrine. My vow was heard;
And therefore am I come.” — “Blest be thy steps;
And may those weeds, so revered of old,
Guard thee in danger!” — “They are nothing worth.
But they are worn in humble confidence;
Nor would I for the richest robe resign them,
Wrought, as they were, by those I love so well
Lauretta and my sister; theirs the task,

But none to them, a pleasure, a delight,
 To ply their utmost skill, and send me forth
 As best became this service. Their last words,
 'Fare thee well, Carlo. We shall count the hours !'
 Will not go from me."—"Health and strength be thine
 In thy long travel ! May no sunbeam strike ;
 No vapor cling and wither ! May'st thou be,
 Sleeping or waking, sacred and secure ;
 And when again thou com'st, thy labor done,
 Joy be among ye ! In that happy hour
 All will pour forth to bid thee welcome, Carlo ;
 And there is one, or I am much deceived,
 One thou hast named, who will not be the last."—
 "O, she is true as Truth itself can be !
 But, ah ! thou know'st her not. Would that thou couldst !
 My steps I quicken when I think of her ;
 For, though they take me further from her door,
 I shall return the sooner."

 AN INTERVIEW.

PLEASURE that comes unlooked-for is thrice welcome ;
 And, if it stir the heart, if aught be there
 That may hereafter in a thoughtful hour
 Wake but a sigh, 't is treasured up among
 The things most precious ! and the day it came
 Is noted as a white day in our lives.

The sun was wheeling westward, and the cliffs
 And nodding woods, that everlastingly
 (Such the dominion of thy mighty voice,²⁰⁸
 Thy voice, VELINO, uttered in the mist)

Hear thee and answer thee, were left at length
For others still as noon; and on we strayed
From wild to wilder, 'nothing hospitable
Seen up or down, no bush or green or dry,²⁰⁹
That ancient symbol at the cottage-door,
Offering refreshment — when LUIGI cried,
“ Well, of a thousand tracks we chose the best ! ”
And, turning round an oak, oracular once,
Now lightning-struck, a cave, a thoroughfare
For all that came, each entrance a broad arch,
Whence many a deer, rustling his velvet coat,
Had issued, many a gypsy and her brood
Peered forth, then housed again — the floor yet gray
With ashes, and the sides, where roughest, hung
Loosely with locks of hair — I looked and saw
What, seen in such an hour by Sancho Panza,
Had given his honest countenance a breadth,
His cheeks a blush of pleasure and surprise,
Unknown before, had chained him to the spot,
And thou, Sir Knight, hadst traversed hill and dale,
Squire-less. — Below and winding far away,
A narrow glade unfolded, such as Spring
Broiders with flowers, and, when the moon is high,
The hare delights to race in, scattering round
The silvery dews.²¹⁰ Cedar and cypress threw
Singly their depth of shadow, checkering
The greensward, and, what grew in frequent tufts,
An underwood of myrtle, that by fits
Sent up a gale of fragrance. Through the midst,
Reflecting, as it ran, purple and gold,
A rainbow's splendor (somewhere in the east
Rain-drops were falling fast), a rivulet

Sported as loth to go; and on the bank
Stood (in the eyes of one, if not of both,
Worth all the rest and more) a sumpter-mule
Well laden, while two menials as in haste
Drew from his ample panniers, ranging round
Viands and fruits on many a shining salver,
And plunging in the cool translucent wave
Flasks of delicious wine. — Anon a horn
Blew, through the champaign bidding to the feast,
Its jocund note to other ears addressed,
Not ours; and, slowly coming by a path,
That, ere it issued from an ilex-grove,
Was seen far inward, though along the glade
Distinguished only by a fresher verdure,
Peasants approached, one leading in a leash
Beagles yet panting, one with various game
In rich confusion slung, before, behind,
Leveret and quail and pheasant. All announced
The chase as over; and ere long appeared,
Their horses full of fire, champing the curb,
For the white foam was dry upon the flank,
Two in close converse, each in each delighting,
Their plumage waving as instinct with life;
A lady young and graceful, and a youth,
Yet younger, bearing on a falconer's glove,
As in the golden, the romantic time,
His falcon hooded. Like some spirit of air,
Or fairy-vision, such as feigned of old,
The lady, while her courser pawed the ground,
Alighted; and her beauty, as she trod
The enamelled bank, bruising nor herb nor flower,
That place illumined. Ah! who should she be,

And with her brother, as when last we met
(When the first lark had sung ere half was said,
And as she stood, bidding adieu, her voice,
So sweet it was, recalled me like a spell) —
Who but Angelica? — That day we gave
To pleasure, and, unconscious of their flight,
Another and another! hers a home
Dropt from the sky amid the wild and rude,
Loretto-like; where all was as a dream,
A dream spun out of some Arabian tale
Read or related in a jasmine bower,
Some balmy eve. The rising moon we hailed,
Duly, devoutly, from a vestibule
Of many an arch, o'er-wrought and lavishly
With many a labyrinth of sylphs and flowers,
When RAPHAEL and his school from FLORENCE came,
Filling the land with splendor²¹¹ — nor less oft
Watched her, declining, from a silent dell,
Not silent once, what time in rivalry
TASSO, GUARINI, waved their wizard-wands,
Peopling the groves from Arcady, and, lo!
Fair forms appeared, murmuring melodious verse,²¹²
— Then, in their day, a sylvan theatre,
Mossy the seats, the stage a verdurous floor,
The scenery rock and shrub-wood, Nature's own;
Nature the architect.

MONTORIO.

GENEROUS, and ardent, and as romantic as he could be, MONTORIO was in his earliest youth, when, on a summer-evening not many years ago, he arrived at the Baths of * * *. With a heavy heart, and with many a blessing on his head, he had set out on his travels at day-break. It was his first flight from home; but he was now to enter the world; and the moon was up and in the zenith when he alighted at the Three Moors,²¹³ a venerable house of vast dimensions, and anciently a palace of the Albertini family, whose arms were emblazoned on the walls.

Every window was full of light, and great was the stir, above and below; but his thoughts were on those he had left so lately; and, retiring early to rest, and to a couch the very first for which he had ever exchanged his own, he was soon among them once more; undisturbed in his sleep by the music that came at intervals from a pavilion in the garden, where some of the company had assembled to dance.

But, secluded as he was, he was not secure from intrusion; and Fortune resolved on that night to play a frolic in his chamber, a frolic that was to determine the color of his life. Boccaccio himself has not recorded a wilder; nor would he, if he had known it, have left the story untold.

At the first glimmering of day he awaked; and, looking round, he beheld—it could not be an illusion; yet anything so lovely, so angelical, he had never seen before—no, not even in his dreams—a lady still younger than himself, and in the profoundest, the sweetest slumber by his side. But, while he gazed, she was gone, and through a door that had escaped his notice. Like a zephyr she trod

the floor with her dazzling and beautiful feet, and, while he gazed, she was gone. Yet still he gazed; and, snatching up a bracelet which she had dropt in her flight, "Then she is earthly!" he cried. "But whence could she come? All innocence, all purity, she must have wandered in her sleep."²¹⁴

When he arose, his anxious eyes sought her everywhere; but in vain. Many of the young and the gay were abroad, and moving as usual in the light of the morning; but, among them all, there was nothing like her. Within or without, she was nowhere to be seen; and, at length, in his despair he resolved to address himself to his hostess.

"Who were my nearest neighbors in that turret?"

"The Marchioness de * * * and her two daughters, the ladies Clara and Violetta; the youngest beautiful as the day!"

"And where are they now?"

"They are gone; but we cannot say whither. They set out soon after sunrise."

At a late hour they had left the pavilion, and had retired to their toilet-chamber, a chamber of oak richly carved, that had once been an oratory, and, afterwards, what was no less essential to a house of that antiquity, a place of resort for two or three ghosts of the family. But, having long lost its sanctity, it had now lost its terrors; and, gloomy as its aspect was, Violetta was soon sitting there alone. "Go," said she to her sister, when her mother withdrew for the night, and her sister was preparing to follow, "go, Clara. I will not be long." And down she sat to a chapter of the *Promessi Sposi*.²¹⁵

But she might well forget her promise, forgetting where she was. She was now under the wand of an enchanter

and she read and read till the clock struck three, and the taper flickered in the socket. She started up as from a trance; she threw off her wreath of roses; she gathered her tresses into a net; ²¹⁶ and, snatching a last look in the mirror, her eyelids heavy with sleep, and the light glimmering and dying, she opened a wrong door, a door that had been left unlocked; and, stealing along on tip-toe, (how often may Innocence wear the semblance of Guilt!) she lay down as by her sleeping sister; and instantly, almost before the pillow on which she reclined her head had done sinking, her sleep was as the sleep of childhood.

When morning came, a murmur strange to her ear alarmed her. — What could it be? — Where was she? — she looked not; she listened not; but, like a fawn from the covert, up she sprung and was gone.

It was she, then, that he sought; it was she who, so unconsciously, had taught him to love; and, night and day, he pursued her, till in the Cathedral of Perugia he discovered her at a solemn service, as she knelt between her mother and her sister among the rich and the poor.

From that hour did he endeavor to win her regard by every attention, every assiduity that love could dictate; nor did he cease till he had won it, and till she had consented to be his: but never did the secret escape from his lips; nor was it till some years afterwards that he said to her, on an anniversary of their nuptials, "Violetta, it was a joyful day to me, a day from which I date the happiness of my life; but, if marriages are written in heaven," and, as he spoke, he restored to her arm the bracelet which he had treasured up so long, "how strange are the circumstances by which they are sometimes brought about; for, if you had not lost yourself, Violetta, I might never have found you."

ROME.

I AM in ROME! Off as the morning-ray
Visits these eyes, waking at once I cry,
Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me?
And from within a thrilling voice replies,
Thou art in ROME! A thousand busy thoughts
Rush on my mind, a thousand images;
And I spring up as girt to run a race!

Thou art in ROME! the city that so long
Reigned absolute, the mistress of the world;
The mighty vision that the prophets saw,
And trembled; that from nothing, from the least,
The lowliest village (what but here and there
A reed-roofed cabin by the river-side?)
Grew into everything; and, year by year,
Patiently, fearlessly, working her way
O'er brook and field, o'er continent and sea,
Not like the merchant with his merchandise,
Or traveller with staff and scrip exploring,
But ever hand to hand and foot to foot,
Through nations numberless in battle-array,
Each behind each, each, when the other fell,
Up and in arms, at length subdued them all.

Thou art in ROME! the city, where the Gauls,
Entering at sunrise through her open gates,
And, through her streets silent and desolate,
Marching to slay, thought they saw gods, not men;
The city, that, by temperance, fortitude,
And love of glory, towered above the clouds,
Then fell — but, falling, kept the highest seat,

And in her loneliness, her pomp of woe!
Where now she dwells, withdrawn into the wild,
Still o'er the mind maintains, from age to age,
Her empire undiminished. — There, as though
Grandeur attracted grandeur, are beheld
All things that strike, ennobled²¹⁷ — from the depths
Of EGYPT, from the classic fields of GREECE,
Her groves, her temples — all things that inspire
Wonder, delight! Who would not say the forms
Most perfect, most divine, had by consent
Flocked thither to abide eternally,
Within those silent chambers where they dwell,
In happy intercourse? — And I am there!
Ah! little thought I, when in school I sate,
A school-boy on his bench, at early dawn
Glowing with Roman story, I should live
To tread the APPIAN,²¹⁸ once an avenue
Of monuments most glorious, palaces,
Their doors sealed up and silent as the night,
The dwellings of the illustrious dead — to turn
Toward TIBER, and, beyond the city-gate,
Pour out my unpremeditated verse
Where on his mule I might have met so oft
HORACE himself²¹⁹ — or climb the PALATINE,
Dreaming of old EVANDER and his guest,
Dreaming and lost on that proud eminence,
Long while the seat of ROME, hereafter found
Less than enough (so monstrous was the brood
Engendered there, so Titan-like) to lodge
One in his madness;²²⁰ and inscribe my name,
My name and date, on some broad aloe-leaf,
That shoots and spreads within those very walls

Where VIRGIL read aloud his tale divine,
 Where his voice faltered and a mother wept
 Tears of delight ! ²²¹

But what the narrow space
 Just underneath ? In many a heap the ground
 Heaves, as if Ruin in a frantic mood
 Had done his utmost. Here and there appears,
 As left to show his handiwork not ours,
 An idle column, a half-buried arch,
 A wall of some great temple.— It was once,
 And long, the centre of their universe, ²²²
 The FORUM — whence a mandate, eagle-winged,
 Went to the ends of the earth. Let us descend
 Slowly. At every step much may be lost.
 The very dust we tread stirs as with life ;
 And not a breath but from the ground sends up
 Something of human grandeur.

We are come,
 Are now where once the mightiest spirits met
 In terrible conflict ; this, while ROME was free,
 The noblest theatre on this side heaven !
 — Here the first BRUTUS stood, when o'er the corse
 Of her so chaste all mourned, and from his cloud
 Burst like a god. Here, holding up the knife
 That ran with blood, the blood of his own child,
 VIRGINIUS called down vengeance. But whence spoke
 They who harangued the people ; turning now ²²³
 To the twelve tables, ²²⁴ now with lifted hands
 To the Capitoline Jove, whose fulgent shape
 In the unclouded azure shone far off,
 And to the shepherd on the Alban mount
 Seemed like a star new-risen ? ²²⁵ Where were ranged
 In rough array, as on their element,

The beaks of those old galleys, destined still ²²⁶
 To brave the brunt of war — at last to know
 A calm far worse, a silence as in death?
 All spiritless; from that disastrous hour
 When he, the bravest, gentlest of them all, ²²⁷
 Scorning the chains he could not hope to break, ²²⁸
 Fell on his sword!

Along the Sacred Way ²²⁹
 Hither the triumph came, and, winding round
 With acclamation, and the martial clang
 Of instruments, and cars laden with spoil,
 Stopped at the sacred stair that then appeared,
 Then through the darkness broke, ample, star-bright,
 As though it led to heaven. 'T was night; but now
 A thousand torches, turning night to day, ²³⁰
 Blazed, and the victor, springing from his seat,
 Went up, and, kneeling as in fervent prayer,
 Entered the Capitol. But what are they
 Who at the foot withdraw, a mournful train
 In fetters? And who, yet incredulous,
 Now gazing wildly round, now on his sons,
 On those so young, well pleased with all they see, ²³¹
 Staggers along, the last? — They are the fallen,
 Those who were spared to grace the chariot-wheels;
 And there they parted, where the road divides,
 The victor and the vanquished — there withdrew:
 He to the festal board, and they to die.

Well might the great, the mighty of the world, ²³²
 They who were wont to fare deliciously
 And war but for a kingdom more or less,
 Shrink back, nor from their thrones endure to look,
 To think that way! Well might they in their pomp

Humble themselves, and kneel and supplicate
To be delivered from a dream like this !

Here CINCINNATUS passed, his plough the while
Left in the furrow ; and how many more,
Whose laurels fade not, who still walk the earth,
Consuls, Dictators, still in Curule state
Sit and decide ; and, as of old in ROME,
Name but their names, set every heart on fire !

Here, in his bonds, he whom the phalanx saved not,²³²
The last on PHILIP'S throne ; and the Numidian,²³⁴
So soon to say, stript of his cumbrous robe,
Stript to the skin, and in his nakedness
Thrust under ground, "How cold this bath of yours !" ²³³
And thy proud queen, PALMYRA, through the sands ²³⁵
Pursued, o'ertaken on her dromedary ;
Whose temples, palaces, a wondrous dream
That passes not away, for many a league
Illumine yet the desert. Some invoked
Death and escaped ; ²³⁶ the Egyptian, when her asp
Came from his covert under the green leaf ; ²³⁷
And HANNIBAL himself ; and she who said,
Taking the fatal cup between her hands, ²³⁸
"Tell him I would it had come yesterday ;
For then it had not been his nuptial gift."

Now all is changed ; and here, as in the wild,
The day is silent, dreary as the night ;
None stirring, save the herdsman and his herd,
Savage alike ; or they that would explore,
Discuss and learnedly ; or they that come
(And there are many who have crossed the earth)
That they may give the hours to meditation,
And wander, often saying to themselves,
"This was the ROMAN FORUM !"

A FUNERAL.

"WHENCE this delay?"—"Along the crowded street
A funeral comes, and with unusual pomp."
So I withdrew a little and stood still,
While it went by. "She died as she deserved,"
Said an Abatè, gathering up his cloak,
And with a shrug retreating as the tide
Flowed more and more. — "But she was beautiful!"
Replied a soldier of the Pontiff's guard.
"And innocent as beautiful!" exclaimed
A matron sitting in her stall, hung round
With garlands, holy pictures, and what not?
Her Alban grapes and Tusculan figs displayed
In rich profusion. From her heart she spoke;
And I accosted her to hear her story.
"The stab," she cried, "was given in jealousy;
But never fled a purer spirit to heaven,
As thou wilt say, or much my mind misleads,
When thou hast seen her face. Last night at dusk,
When on her way from vespers — none were near,
None save her serving-boy who knelt and wept,
But what could tears avail him, when she fell —
Last night at dusk, the clock then striking nine,
Just by the fountain — that before the church,
The church she always used, St. Isidore's —
Alas! I knew her from her earliest youth,
That excellent lady. Ever would she say,
Good-even, as she passed, and with a voice
Gentle as theirs in heaven!" — But now by fits
A dull and dismal noise assailed the ear,

A wail, a chant, louder and louder yet ;
And now a strange fantastic troop appeared !
Thronging, they came — as from the shades below ;
All of a ghostly white ! “ O, say ! ” I cried,
“ Do not the living here bury the dead ?
Do spirits come and fetch them ? What are these,
That seem not of this world, and mock the day ;
Each with a burning taper in his hand ? ” —
“ It is an ancient Brotherhood thou seest.
Such their apparel. Through the long, long line,
Look where thou wilt, no likeness of a man ;
The living masked, the dead alone uncovered.
But mark.” — And, lying on her funeral couch,
Like one asleep, her eyelids closed, her hands
Folded together on her modest breast,
As ’t were her nightly posture, through the crowd
She came at last — and richly, gayly clad,
As for a birth-day feast ! But breathes she not ?
A glow is on her cheek — and her lips move !
And now a smile is there — how heavenly sweet !
“ O, no ! ” replied the dame, wiping her tears,
But with an accent less of grief than anger,
“ No, she will never, never wake again ! ”

Death, when we meet the spectre in our walks,
As we did yesterday and shall to-morrow,
Soon grows familiar — like most other things,
Seen, not observed ; but in a foreign clime,
Changing his shape to something new and strange
(And through the world he changes as in sport,
Affect he greatness or humility),
Knocks at the heart. His form and fashion here
To me, I do confess, reflect a gloom,

A sadness round ; yet one I would not lose ;
 Being in unison with all things else
 In this, this land of shadows, where we live
 More 'in past time than present, where the ground,
 League beyond league, like one great cemetery,
 Is covered o'er with mouldering monuments ;
 And, let the living wander where they will,
 They cannot leave the footsteps of the dead.

Oft, where the burial-rite follows so fast
 The agony, oft coming, nor from far,
 Must a fond father meet his darling child
 (Him who at parting climbed his knees and clung)
 Clay-cold and wan, and to the bearers cry,
 "Stand, I conjure ye !"

Seen thus destitute,
 What are the greatest ? They must speak beyond
 A thousand homilies. When RAPHAEL went,
 His heavenly face the mirror of his mind,
 His mind a temple for all lovely things
 To flock to and inhabit — when he went,
 Wrapt in his sable cloak, the cloak he wore,
 To sleep beneath the venerable Dome,²³⁹
 By those attended, who in life had loved,
 Had worshipped, following in his steps to Fame
 ('T was on an April day, when Nature smiles),
 All Rome was there. But, ere the march began,
 Ere to receive their charge the bearers came,
 Who had not sought him ? And when all beheld
 Him, where he lay, how changed from yesterday,
 Him in that hour cut off, and at his head
 His last great work ;²⁴⁰ when, entering in, they looked
 Now on the dead, then on that masterpiece,²⁴¹

Now on his face, lifeless and colorless,
Then on those forms divine that lived and breathed,
And would live on for ages — all were moved ;
And sighs burst forth, and loudest lamentations.

NATIONAL PREJUDICES.

"ANOTHER assassination ! This venerable city," I exclaimed, " what is it, but as it began, a nest of robbers and murderers ? We must away at sunrise, Luigi." — But before sunrise I had reflected a little, and in the soberest prose. My indignation was gone ; and, when Luigi undrew my curtain, crying, " Up, signor, up ! The horses are at the gate !" " Luigi," I replied, " if thou lovest me, draw the curtain." ²⁴³

It would lessen very much the severity with which men judge of each other, if they would but trace effects to their causes, and observe the progress of things in the moral as accurately as in the physical world. When we condemn millions in the mass as vindictive and sanguinary, we should remember that wherever justice is ill-administered the injured will redress themselves. Robbery provokes to robbery ; murder to assassination. Resentments become hereditary ; and what began in disorder ends as if all hell had broke loose.

Laws create a habit of self-restraint, not only by the influence of fear, but by regulating in its exercise the passion of revenge. If they overawe the bad by the prospect of a punishment certain and well-defined, they console the injured by the infliction of that punishment ; and, as the infliction is a public act, it excites and entails no enmity.

The laws are offended ; and the community for its own sake pursues and overtakes the offender,—often without the concurrence of the sufferer, sometimes against his wishes.²⁴³

Now, those who were not born, like ourselves, to such advantages, we should, surely, rather pity than hate ; and when, at length, they venture to turn against their rulers,²⁴⁴ we should lament, not wonder at, their excesses ; remembering that nations are naturally patient and long-suffering, and seldom rise in rebellion till they are so degraded by a bad government as to be almost incapable of a good one.

“Hate them, perhaps,” you may say, “we should not ; but despise them we must, if enslaved, like the people of ROME, in mind as well as body ; if their religion be a gross and barbarous superstition.”—I respect knowledge ; but I do not despise ignorance. They think only as their fathers thought, worship as they worshipped. They do no more ; and, if ours had not burst their bondage, braving imprisonment and death, might not we at this very moment have been exhibiting, in our streets and our churches, the same processions, ceremonials, and mortifications ?

Nor should we require from those who are in an earlier stage of society what belongs to a later. They are only where we once were ; and why hold them in derision ? It is their business to cultivate the inferior arts before they think of the more refined ; and in many of the last what are we as a nation, when compared to others that have passed away ? Unfortunately it is too much the practice of governments to nurse and keep alive in the governed their national prejudices. It withdraws their attention from what is passing at home, and makes them better tools in the hands of ambition. Hence, next-door neighbors are held up to us from our childhood as *natural enemies* ; and we are urged on like curs to worry each other.²⁴⁵

In like manner we should learn to be just to individuals. Who can say, "In such circumstances I should have done otherwise?" Who, did he but reflect by what slow gradations, often by how many strange concurrences, we are led astray; with how much reluctance, how much agony, how many efforts to escape, how many self-accusations, how many sighs, how many tears,—who, did he but reflect for a moment, would have the heart to cast a stone? Happily these things are known to Him from whom no secrets are hidden; and let us rest in the assurance that His judgments are not as ours are.²⁴⁸

THE CAMPAGNA OF ROME.

HAVE none appeared as tillers of the ground,²⁴⁷
None since they went—as though it still were theirs,
And they might come and claim their own again?
Was the last plough a Roman's?

From this seat,²⁴⁸

Sacred for ages, whence, as VIRGIL sings,
The Queen of Heaven, alighting from the sky,
Looked down and saw the armies in array,²⁴⁹
Let us contemplate; and, where dreams from Jove
Descended on the sleeper, where, perhaps,
Some inspirations may be lingering still,
Some glimmerings of the future or the past,
Let us await their influence; silently
Revolving, as we rest on the green turf,
The changes from that hour when he from TROY
Came up the TIBER; when refulgent shields,
No strangers to the iron-hail of war,

Streamed far and wide, and dashing oars were heard
 Among those woods where Silvia's stag was lying,
 His antlers gay with flowers; among those woods
 Where by the moon, that saw and yet withdrew not,
 Two were so soon to wander and be slain,²⁵⁰
 Two lovely in their lives, nor in their death
 Divided.

Then, and hence to be discerned,
 How many realms, pastoral and warlike, lay
 Along this plain, each with its schemes of power,
 Its little rivalships! ²⁵¹ What various turns
 Of fortune there; what moving accidents
 From ambushade and open violence!
 Mingling, the sounds came up; and hence how oft
 We might have caught among the trees below,
 Glittering with helm and shield, the men of TIBER;²⁵²
 Or in Greek vesture, Greek their origin,
 Some embassy, ascending to PRÆNESTE;²⁵³
 How oft descried, without thy gates, ARICIA,²⁵⁴
 Entering the solemn grove for sacrifice,
 Senate and people! — each a busy hive,
 Glowing with life!

But all ere long are lost
 In one. We look, and where the river rolls
 Southward its shining labyrinth, in her strength
 A city, girt with battlements and towers,
 On seven small hills is rising. Round about,
 At rural work, the citizens are seen,
 None unemployed; the noblest of them all
 Binding their sheaves or on their threshing-floors,
 As though they had not conquered. Everywhere
 Some trace of valor or heroic toil!

Here is the sacred field of the HORATII.²⁵⁵
 There are the QUINTIAN meadows.²⁵⁶ Here the hill²⁵⁷
 How holy, where a generous people, twice,
 Twice going forth, in terrible anger sate
 Armed; and, their wrongs redressed, at once gave way,
 Helmet and shield, and sword and spear thrown down,
 And every hand uplifted, every heart
 Poured out in thanks to Heaven.

Once again
 We look; and, lo! the sea is white with sails
 Innumerable, wafting to the shore
 Treasures untold; the vale, the promontories,
 A dream of glory; temples, palaces,
 Called up as by enchantment; aqueducts
 Among the groves and glades rolling along
 Rivers, on many an arch high overhead;
 And in the centre, like a burning sun,
 The Imperial City! They have now subdued
 All nations. But where they who led them forth;
 Who, when at length released by victory
 (Buckler and spear hung up — but not to rust),
 Held poverty no evil, no reproach,
 Living on little with a cheerful mind,
 The DECII, the FABRICII? Where the spade,
 And reaping-hook, among their household-things
 Duly transmitted? In the hands of men
 Made captive; while the master and his guests,
 Reclining, quaff in gold, and roses swim,
 Summer and winter, through the circling year,
 On their Falernian — in the hands of men
 Dragged into slavery with how many more
 Spared but to die, a public spectacle,

In combat with each other, and required
 To fall with grace, with dignity — to sink .
 While life is gushing, and the plaudits ring
 Faint and yet fainter on their failing car,
 As models for the sculptor.

But their days,
 Their hours are numbered. Hark ! a yell, a shriek,
 A barbarous outcry, loud and louder yet,
 That echoes from the mountains to the sea !
 And mark, beneath us, like a bursting cloud,
 The battle moving onward ! Had they slain
 All, that the earth should from her womb bring forth
 New nations to destroy them ? From the depth
 Of forests, from what none had dared explore,
 Regions of thrilling ice, as though in ice
 Engendered, multiplied, they pour along,
 Shaggy and huge ! Host after host, they come ;
 The Goth, the Vandal ; and again the Goth !

Once more we look, and all is still as night,
 All desolate ! Groves, temples, palaces,
 Swept from the sight ; and nothing visible,
 Amid the sulphurous vapors that exhale
 As from a land accurst, save here and there
 An empty tomb, a fragment like the limb
 Of some dismembered giant. In the midst
 A city stands, her domes and turrets crowned
 With many a cross ; but they, that issue forth,
 Wander like strangers ²⁸⁸ who had built among
 The mighty ruins, silent, spiritless ;
 And on the road, where once we might have met
 CÆSAR and CATO and men more than kings,
 We meet, none else, the pilgrim and the beggar.

THE ROMAN PONTIFFS.

THOSE ancient men, what were they, who achieved
A sway beyond the greatest conquerors ;
Setting their feet upon the necks of kings,
And, through the world, subduing, chaining down
The free, immortal spirit ? Were they not
Mighty magicians ? Theirs a wondrous spell,
Where true and false were with infernal art
Close-interwoven ; where together met
Blessings and curses, threats and promises ;
And with the terrors of Futurity
Mingled whate'er enchants and fascinates,
Music and painting, sculpture, rhetoric,²⁵⁹
And dazzling light and darkness visible,²⁶⁰
And architectural pomp, such as none else !
What in his day the SYRACUSAN sought,
Another world to plant his engines on,
They had ; and, having it, like gods, not men,
Moved this world at their pleasure.²⁶¹ Ere they came,
Their shadows, stretching far and wide were known ;
And two, that looked beyond the visible sphere,
Gave notice of their coming — he who saw
The Apocalypse ; and he of elder time,
Who in an awful vision of the night
Saw the Four Kingdoms. Distant as they were,
Those holy men, well might they faint with fear !²⁶²

CAIUS CESTIUS.

WHEN I am inclined to be serious, I love to wander up and down before the tomb of CAIUS CESTIUS. The Protestant burial-ground is there; and most of the little monuments are erected to the young; young men of promise, cut off when on their travels, full of enthusiasm, full of enjoyment; brides, in the bloom of their beauty, on their first journey; or children borne from home in search of health. This stone was placed by his fellow-travellers, young as himself, who will return to the house of his parents without him; that, by a husband or a father, now in his native country. His heart is buried in that grave.

It is a quiet and sheltered nook, covered in the winter with violets; and the Pyramid, that overshadows it, gives it a classical and singularly solemn air. You feel an interest there, a sympathy you were not prepared for. You are yourself in a foreign land; and they are for the most part your countrymen. They call upon you in your mother-tongue—in English—in words unknown to a native, known only to yourself; and the tomb of CESTIUS, that old majestic pile, has this also in common with them. It is itself a stranger, among strangers. It has stood there till the language spoken round about it has changed; and the shepherd, born at the foot, can read its inscription no longer.

THE NUN.

'T IS over; and her lovely cheek is now
On her hard pillow — there, alas! to be
Nightly, through many and many a dreary hour,
Wan, often wet with tears, and (ere at length
Her place is empty, and another comes)
In anguish, in the ghastliness of death;
Hers never more to leave those mournful walls,
Even on her bier.

'T is over; and the rite,
With all its pomp and harmony, is now
Floating before her. She arose at home,
To be the show, the idol of the day;
Her vesture gorgeous, and her starry head —
No rocket, bursting in the midnight-sky,
So dazzling. When to-morrow she awakes,
She will awake as though she still was there,
Still in her father's house; and, lo! a cell
Narrow and dark, naught through the gloom discerned,
Naught save the crucifix, the rosary,
And the gray habit lying by to shroud
Her beauty and grace.

When on her knees she fell,
Entering the solemn place of consecration,
And from the latticed gallery came a chant
Of psalms, most saint-like, most angelical,
Verse after verse sung out how holily,
The strain returning, and still, still returning,
Methought it acted like a spell upon her,
And she was casting off her earthly dross;

Yet was it sad as sweet, and, ere it closed,
 Came like a dirge. When her fair head was shorn,
 And the long tresses in her hands were laid,
 That she might fling them from her, saying, "Thus,
 Thus I renounce the world and worldly things!"²⁶³
 When, as she stood, her bridal ornaments
 Were, one by one, removed, even to the last,
 That she might say, flinging them from her, "Thus,
 Thus I renounce the world!" when all was changed,
 And, as a nun, in homeliest guise she knelt,
 Distinguished only by the crown she wore,
 Her crown of lilies as the spouse of Christ,
 Well might her strength forsake her, and her knees
 Fail in that hour! Well might the holy man,
 He, at whose feet she knelt, give as by stealth
 ('T was in her utmost need; nor, while she lives,²⁶⁴
 Will it go from her, fleeting as it was)
 That faint but fatherly smile, that smile of love
 And pity!

Like a dream the whole is fled;
 And they, that came in idleness to gaze
 Upon the victim dressed for sacrifice,
 Are mingling in the world; thou in thy cell
 Forgot, TERESA. Yet, among them all,
 None were so formed to love and to be loved,
 None to delight, adorn; and on thee now
 A curtain, blacker than the night, is dropped
 Forever!—In thy gentle bosom sleep
 Feelings, affections, destined now to die,
 To wither like the blossom in the bud,—
 Those of a wife, a mother; leaving there
 A cheerless void, a chill as of the grave,

A languor and a lethargy of soul,
 Death-like, and gathering more and more, till Death
 Comes to release thee. Ah! what now to thee,
 What now to thee the treasure of thy youth?
 As nothing!

But thou canst not yet reflect
 Calmly; so many things, strange and perverse,
 That meet, recoil, and go but to return,
 The monstrous birth of one eventful day,
 Troubling thy spirit — from the first at dawn,
 The rich arraying for the nuptial feast,
 To the black pall, the requiem.²⁶⁵ All in turn
 Revisit thee, and round thy lowly bed
 Hover, uncalled. Thy young and innocent heart,
 How is it beating? Has it no regrets?
 Discoverest thou no weakness lurking there?
 But thine exhausted frame has sunk to rest.
 Peace to thy slumbers!

THE FIRE-FLY.

THERE is an insect, that, when evening comes,
 Small though he be and scarce distinguishable,
 Like Evening clad in soberest livery,
 Unsheathes his wings²⁶⁶ and through the woods and glades
 Scatters a marvellous splendor. On he wheels,
 Blazing by fits as from excess of joy,²⁶⁷
 Each gush of light a gush of ecstasy;
 Nor unaccompanied; thousands that fling
 A radiance all their own, not of the day,

Thousands as bright as he, from dusk till dawn,
Soaring, descending.

In the mother's lap

Well may the child put forth his little hands,
Singing the nursery-song he learnt so soon ;²⁶⁸
And the young nymph, preparing for the dance²⁶⁹
By brook or fountain-side, in many a braid
Wreathing her golden hair, well may she cry,
"Come hither ; and the shepherds, gathering round,
Shall say, Floretta emulates the Night,
Spangling her head with stars."

Oft have I met

This shining race, when in the TUSCULAN groves
My path no longer glimmered ; oft among
Those trees, religious once and always green,²⁷⁰
That still dream out their stories of old ROME
Over the ALBAN lake ; oft met and hailed,
Where the precipitate ANIO thunders down,
And through the surging mist a poet's house
(So some aver, and who would not believe ?)²⁷¹
Reveals itself.—— Yet cannot I forget
Him, who rejoiced me in those walks at eve,²⁷²
My earliest, pleasantest ; who dwells unseen,
And in our northern clime, when all is still,
Nightly keeps watch, nightly in bush or brake
His lonely lamp rekindling. Unlike theirs,
His, if less dazzling, through the darkness knows
No intermission ; sending forth its ray
Through the green leaves, a ray serene and clear
As Virtue's own.

FOREIGN TRAVEL.

It was in a splenetic humor that I sat me down to my scanty fare at TERRACINA; and how long I should have contemplated the lean thrushes in array before me I cannot say, if a cloud of smoke, that drew the tears into my eyes, had not burst from the green and leafy boughs on the hearth-stone. "Why," I exclaimed, starting up from the table, "why did I leave my own chimney-corner?—But am I not on the road to BRUNDISIUM? And are not these the very calamities that befell HORACE and VIRGIL, and MÆCENAS, and PLOTIUS, and VARIUS? HORACE laughed at them.—Then why should not I? HORACE resolved to turn them to account; and VIRGIL—cannot we hear him observing that to remember them will, by and by, be a pleasure?" My soliloquy reconciled me at once to my fate; and when for the twentieth time I had looked through the window on a sea sparkling with innumerable brilliants, a sea on which the heroes of the Odyssey and the Æneid had sailed, I sat down as to a splendid banquet. My thrushes had the flavor of ortolans; and I ate with an appetite I had not known before. "Who," I cried, as I poured out my last glass of Falernian²⁷³ (for Falernian it was said to be, and in my eyes it ran bright and clear as a topaz-stone), "who would remain at home, could he do otherwise? Who would submit to tread that dull but daily round, his hours forgotten as soon as spent?" and, opening my journal-book and dipping my pen in my ink-horn, I determined, as far as I could, to justify myself and my countrymen in wandering over the face of the earth. "It may serve me," said I, "as a remedy in some future fit of the spleen."

Ours is a nation of travellers; ²⁷⁴ and no wonder, when the elements, air, water and fire, attend at our bidding, to transport us from shore to shore; when the ship rushes into the deep, her track the foam as of some mighty torrent; and, in three hours, or less, we stand gazing and gazed at among a foreign people. None want an excuse. If rich, they go to enjoy; if poor, to retrench; if sick, to recover; if studious, to learn; if learned, to relax from their studies. But, whatever they may say and whatever they may believe, they go for the most part on the same errand; nor will those who reflect think that errand an idle one.

Almost all men are over-anxious. No sooner do they enter the world than they lose that taste for natural and simple pleasures, so remarkable in early life. Every hour do they ask themselves what progress they have made in the pursuit of wealth or honor; and on they go as their fathers went before them, till, weary and sick at heart, they look back with a sigh of regret to the golden time of their childhood.

Now travel, and foreign travel more particularly, restores to us in a great degree what we have lost. When the anchor is heaved, we double down the leaf; and for a while at least all is over. The old cares are left clustering round the old objects; and, at every step, as we proceed, the slightest circumstance amuses and interests. All is new and strange. ²⁷⁵ We surrender ourselves, and feel once again as children. Like them, we enjoy eagerly; like them, when we fret we fret only for the moment; and here, indeed, the resemblance is very remarkable; for, if a journey has its pains as well as its pleasures (and there is nothing unmixed

in this world) the pains are no sooner over than they are forgotten, while the pleasures live long in the memory.

Nor is it surely without another advantage. If life be short, not so to many of us are its days and its hours. When the blood slumbers in the veins, how often do we wish that the earth would turn faster on its axis, that the sun would rise and set before it does ! and, to escape from the weight of time, how many follies, how many crimes, are committed ! Men rush on danger, and even on death. Intrigue, play, foreign and domestic broil, such are their resources ; and, when these things fail, they destroy themselves.

Now, in travelling we multiply events, and innocently. We set out, as it were, on our adventures ; and many are those that occur to us, morning, noon and night. The day we come to a place which we have long heard and read of, and in ITALY we do so continually, it is an era in our lives ; and from that moment the very name calls up a picture. How delightfully, too, does the knowledge flow in upon us, and how fast !²⁷⁶ Would he who sat in a corner of his library, poring over books and maps, learn more or so much in the time as he who, with his eyes and his heart open, is receiving impressions all day long from the things themselves ?²⁷⁷ How accurately do they arrange themselves in our memory ; towns, rivers, mountains ; and in what living colors do we recall the dresses, manners and customs, of the people ! Our sight is the noblest of all our senses. "It fills the mind with the most ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues longest in action without being tired." Our sight is on the alert when we travel ; and its exercise is then so delightful that we forget the profit in the pleasure.

Like a river, that gathers, that refines as it runs, like a spring that takes its course through some rich vein of mineral, we improve and imperceptibly — nor in the head only, but in the heart. Our prejudices leave us, one by one. Seas and mountains are no longer our boundaries. We learn to love, and esteem, and admire beyond them. Our benevolence extends itself with our knowledge. And must we not return better citizens than we went? For, the more we become acquainted with the institutions of other countries, the more highly must we value our own.

I threw down my pen in triumph. "The question," said I, "is set to rest forever. And yet —"

"And yet —" I must still say.²⁷⁸ The WISEST OF MEN seldom went out of the walls of ATHENS; and for that worst of evils, that sickness of the soul, to which we are most liable when most at our ease, is there not, after all, a surer and yet pleasanter remedy, a remedy for which we have only to cross the threshold? A PIEDMONTESE nobleman, into whose company I fell at TURIN, had not long before experienced its efficacy; and his story he told me without reserve.

"I was weary of life," said he, "and, after a day such as few have known and none would wish to remember, was hurrying along the street to the river, when I felt a sudden check. I turned and beheld a little boy, who had caught the skirt of my cloak in his anxiety to solicit my notice. His look and manner were irresistible. Not less so was the lesson he had learnt. 'There are six of us, and we are dying for want of food.' — 'Why should I not,' said I to myself, 'relieve this wretched family? I have the means;

and it will not delay me many minutes. But what if it does?' The scene of misery he conducted me to I cannot describe. I threw them my purse; and their burst of gratitude overcame me. It filled my eyes . . it went as a cordial to my heart. 'I will call again to-morrow,' I cried. 'Fool that I was, to think of leaving a world, where such pleasure was to be had, and so cheaply!'"

THE FOUNTAIN.

It was a well

Of whitest marble, white as from the quarry;
And richly wrought with many a high relief,
Greek sculpture — in some earlier day perhaps
A tomb, and honored with a hero's ashes.
The water from the rock filled and o'erflowed;
Then dashed away, playing the prodigal,
And soon was lost — stealing unseen, unheard,
Through the long grass, and round the twisted roots
Of aged trees; discovering where it ran
By the fresh verdure. Overcome with heat,
I threw me down; admiring, as I lay,
That shady nook, a singing place for birds,
That grove so intricate, so full of flowers,
More than enough to please a child a-Maying.

The sun had set, a distant convent-bell
Ringing the *Angelus*; and now approached
The hour for stir and village-gossip there,
The hour REBEKAH came, when from the well
She drew with such alacrity to serve
The stranger and his camels. Soon I heard

Footsteps ; and, lo ! descending by a path
Trodden for ages, many a nymph appeared,
Appeared and vanished, bearing on her head
Her earthen pitcher. It called up the day
ULYSSES landed there ; and long I gazed,
Like one awaking in a distant time.²⁷⁹

At length there came the loveliest of them all,
Her little brother dancing down before her ;
And ever as he spoke, which he did ever,
Turning and looking up in warmth of heart
And brotherly affection. Stopping there,
She joined her rosy hands, and, filling them
With the pure element, gave him to drink ;
And, while he quenched his thirst, standing on tiptoe,
Looked down upon him with a sister's smile,
Nor stirred till he had done, fixed as a statue.

Then hadst thou seen them as they stood, CANOVA,
Thou hadst endowed them with immortal youth ;
And they had evermore lived undivided,
Winning all hearts — of all thy works the fairest.

BANDITTI.

'T is a wild life, fearful and full of change,
The mountain-robber's. On the watch he lies,
Levelling his carbine at the passenger ;
And, when his work is done, he dares not sleep.

Time was, the trade was nobler, if not honest ;
When they that robbed were men of better faith²⁸⁰
Than kings or pontiffs ; when, such reverence
The poet drew among the woods and wilds,

A voice was heard, that never bade to spare,²⁸¹
Crying aloud, "Hence to the distant hills!
TASSO approaches; he, whose song beguiles
The day of half its hours; whose sorcery
Dazzles the sense, turning our forest-glades
To lists that blaze with gorgeous armory,
Our mountain-caves to regal palaces.
Hence, nor descend till he and his are gone.
Let him fear nothing." — When along the shore,
And by the path that, wandering on its way,
Leads through the fatal grove where TULLY fell
(Gray and o'ergrown, an ancient tomb is there),
He came and they withdrew, they were a race
Careless of life in others and themselves,
For they had learnt their lesson in a camp;
But not ungenerous. 'T is no longer so.
Now crafty, cruel, torturing ere they slay
The unhappy captive, and with bitter jests
Mocking misfortune; vain, fantastical,
Wearing whatever glitters in the spoil;
And most devout, though, when they kneel and pray,
With every bead they could recount a murder;
As by a spell they start up in array,²⁸²
As by a spell they vanish — theirs a band,
Not as elsewhere of outlaws, but of such
As sow and reap, and at the cottage-door
Sit to receive, return the traveller's greeting;
Now in the garb of peace, now silently
Arming and issuing forth, led on by men
Whose names on innocent lips are words of fear,
Whose lives have long been forfeit. — Some there are
That, ere they rise to this bad eminence,
Lurk, night and day, the plague-spot visible,

The guilt that says, Beware ; and mark we now
 Him, where he lies, who couches for his prey
 At the bridge-foot in some dark cavity
 Scooped by the waters, or some gaping tomb,
 Nameless and tenantless, whence the red fox
 Slunk as he entered.

There he broods, in spleen
 Gnawing his beard ; his rough and sinewy frame
 O'erwritten with the story of his life :
 On his wan cheek a sabre-cut, well earned
 In foreign warfare ; on his breast the brand
 Indelible, burnt in when to the port
 He clanked his chain, among a hundred more
 Dragged ignominiously ; on every limb
 Memorials of his glory and his shame,
 Stripes of the lash and honorable scars,
 And channels here and there worn to the bone
 By galling fetters.

He comes slowly forth,
 Unkennelling, and up that savage dell
 Anxiously looks ; his cruise, an ample gourd
 (Duly replenished from the vintner's cask),
 Slung from his shoulder ; in his breadth of belt
 Two pistols and a dagger yet uncleansed,
 A parchment scrawled with uncouth characters,
 And a small vial, his last remedy,
 His cure, when all things fail.

No noise is heard,
 Save when the rugged bear and the gaunt wolf
 Howl in the upper region, or a fish
 Leaps in the gulf beneath. But now he kneels ;
 And (like a scout, when listening to the tramp

Of horse or foot) lays his experienced ear
Close to the ground, then rises and explores,
Then kneels again, and, his short rifle-gun
Against his cheek, waits patiently.

Two monks,
Portly, gray-headed, on their gallant steeds,
Descend where yet a mouldering cross o'erhangs
The grave of one that from the precipice
Fell in an evil hour. Their bridle-bells
Ring merrily; and many a loud, long laugh
Reëchoes; but at once the sounds are lost.
Unconscious of the good in store below,
The holy fathers have turned off, and now
Cross the brown heath, ere long to wag their beards
Before my lady-abbess, and discuss
Things only known to the devout and pure
O'er her spiced bowl — then shrive the sisterhood,
Sitting by turns with an inclining ear
In the confessional.

He moves his lips
As with a curse — then paces up and down,
Now fast, now slow, brooding and muttering on;
Gloomy alike to him future and past.

But, hark! the nimble tread of numerous feet!
'T is but a dappled herd, come down to slake
Their thirst in the cool wave.

He turns and aims;
Then checks himself, unwilling to disturb
The sleeping echoes. — Once again he earths;
Slipping away to house with them beneath,
His old companions in that hiding-place,
The bat, the toad, the blind-worm, and the newt;

And, hark ! a footstep, firm and confident,
As of a man in haste. Nearer it draws ;
And now is at the entrance of the den.
Ha ! 't is a comrade, sent to gather in
The band for some great enterprise.

Who wants
A sequel, may read on. The unvarnished tale,
That follows, will supply the place of one.
'T was told me by the Count St. Angelo,
When in a blustering night he sheltered me
In that brave castle of his ancestors
O'er GARIGLIANO, and is such indeed
As every day brings with it — in a land
Where laws are trampled on and lawless men
Walk in the sun ; but it should not be lost,
For it may serve to bind us to our country.

AN ADVENTURE.

THREE days they lay in ambush at my gate,²⁸³
Then sprung and led me captive. Many a wild
We traversed ; but RUSCONI, 't was no less,
Marched by my side, and, when I thirsted, climbed
The cliffs for water ; though, whene'er he spoke,
'T was briefly, sullenly ; and on he led,
Distinguished only by an amulet,
That in a golden chain hung from his neck,
A crystal of rare virtue. Night fell fast,
When on a heath, black and immeasurable,
He turned and bade them halt. 'T was where the earth
Heaves o'er the dead—where erst some ALARIC

Fought his last fight, and every warrior threw
A stone to tell for ages where he lay.

Then all advanced, and, ranging in a square,
Stretched forth their arms as on the holy cross,
From each to each their sable cloaks extending,
That, like the solemn hangings of a tent,
Covered us round; and in the midst I stood,
Weary and faint, and face to face with one,
Whose voice, whose look dispenses life and death,
Whose heart knows no relentings. Instantly
A light was kindled and the bandit spoke.
"I know thee. Thou hast sought us, for the sport
Slipping thy blood-hounds with a hunter's cry;
And thou hast found at last. Were I as thou,
I in thy grasp as thou art now in ours,
Soon should I make a midnight spectacle,
Soon, limb by limb, be mangled on a wheel,
Then gibbeted to blacken for the vultures.
But I would teach thee better —— how to spare.
Write as I dictate. If thy ransom comes,
Thou liv'st. If not —— but answer not, I pray,
Lest thou provoke me. I may strike thee dead;
And know, young man, it is an easier thing
To do it than to say it. Write, and thus."——

I wrote. "'Tis well," he cried. "A peasant-boy,
Trusty and swift of foot, shall bear it hence.
Meanwhile lie down and rest. This cloak of mine
Will serve thee; it has weathered many a storm."

The watch was set; and twice it had been changed,
When morning broke, and a wild bird, a hawk,
Flew in a circle, screaming. I looked up,
And all were gone, save him who now kept guard

And on his arms lay musing. Young he seemed,
 And sad, as though he could indulge at will
 Some secret grief. "Thou shrinkest back," he said.
 "Well may'st thou, lying, as thou dost, so near
 A ruffian — one forever linked and bound
 To guilt and infamy. There was a time
 When he had not perhaps been deemed unworthy,
 When he had watched yon planet to its setting,
 And dwelt with pleasure on the meanest thing
 Nature gives birth to. Now, alas! 't is past.
 Wouldst thou know more? My story is an old one
 I loved, was scorned; I trusted, was betrayed;
 And in my anguish, my necessity,
 Met with the fiend, the tempter — in *RUSCONI*.
 'Why thus?' he cried. 'Thou wouldst be free and dar'st
 not.

Come and assert thy birthright while thou canst.
 A robber's cave is better than a dungeon;
 And death itself, what is 'it at the worst,
 What but a harlequin's leap?' Him I had known
 Had served with, suffered with; and on the walls
 Of *PADUA*, while the moon went down, I swore
 Allegiance on his dagger. — Dost thou ask
 How I have kept my oath? Thou shalt be told.
 Cost what it may. But grant me, I implore,
 Grant me a passport to some distant land,
 That I may never, never more be named.
 Thou wilt, I know thou wilt.

Two months ago,

When on a vineyard-hill we lay concealed
 And scattered up and down as we were wont,
 I heard a damsel singing to herself,

And soon espied her, coming all alone,
In her first beauty. Up a path she came,
Leafy and intricate, singing her song,
A song of love, by snatches ; breaking off
If but a flower, an insect in the sun,
Pleased for an instant ; then as carelessly
The strain resuming, and, where'er she stopt,
Rising on tiptoe underneath the boughs
To pluck a grape in very wantonness.
Her look, her mien and maiden ornaments,
Showed gentle birth ; and, step by step, she came,
Nearer and nearer, to the dreadful snare.
None else were by ; and, as I gazed unseen,
Her youth, her innocence and gayety,
Went to my heart ! and, starting up, I breathed,
' Fly — for your life ! ' Alas ! she shrieked, she fell.
And, as I caught her falling, all rushed forth.
' A wood-nymph ! ' cried RUSCONI. ' By the light,
Lovely as Hebe ! Lay her in the shade.'
I heard him not. I stood as in a trance.
' What,' he exclaimed, with a malicious smile,
' Wouldst thou rebel ? ' I did as he required.
' Now bear her hence to the well-head below ;
A few cold drops will animate this marble.
Go ! 'T is an office all will envy thee ;
But thou hast earned it.' As I staggered down,
Unwilling to surrender her sweet body ;
Her golden hair dishevelled on a neck
Of snow, and her fair eyes closed as in sleep,
Frantic with love, with hate, ' Great God ! ' I cried
(I had almost forgotten how to pray ;²⁸⁴
But there are moments when the courage comes),

'Why may I not, while yet — while yet I can,
Release her from a thralldom worse than death?'
'T was done as soon as said. I kissed her brow,
And smote her with my dagger. A short cry
She uttered, but she stirred not; and to heaven
Her gentle spirit fled. 'T was where the path
In its descent turned suddenly. No eye
Observed me, though their steps were following fast.
But soon a yell broke forth, and all at once
Levelled with deadly aim. Then I had ceased
To trouble or be troubled, and had now
(Would I were there!) been slumbering in my grave,
Had not RUSCONI with a terrible shout
Thrown himself in between us, and exclaimed,
Grasping my arm, 'T is bravely, nobly done!
Is it for deeds like these thou wear'st a sword?
Was this the business that thou cam'st upon?
— But 't is his first offence, and let it pass.
Like the young tiger he has tasted blood,
And may do much hereafter. He can strike
Home to the hilt.' Then in an undertone,
'Thus wouldst thou justify the pledge I gave,
When in the eyes of all I read distrust?
For once,' and on his cheek, methought, I saw
The blush of virtue, 'I will save thee, Albert;
Again I cannot.' "

Ere his tale was told,
As on the heath we lay, my ransom came;
And in six days, with no ungrateful mind,
Albert was sailing on a quiet sea.
— But the night wears, and thou art much in need
Of rest. The young Antonio, with his torch,
Is waiting to conduct thee to thy chamber.

NAPLES.

THIS region, surely, is not of the earth.²⁸⁵
 Was it not dropt from heaven? Not a grove,
 Citron or pine or cedar, not a grot
 Sea-worn and mantled with the gadding vine,
 But breathes enchantment. Not a cliff but flings
 On the clear wave some image of delight,
 Some cabin-roof glowing with crimson flowers,
 Some ruined temple or fallen monument,
 To muse on as the bark is gliding by.
 And be it mine to muse there, mine to glide,²⁸⁶
 From daybreak, when the mountain pales his fire
 Yet more and more, and from the mountain top,
 Till then invisible, a smoke ascends,
 Solemn and slow, as erst from ARARAT,
 When he, the Patriarch, who escaped the Flood,
 Was with his household sacrificing there —
 From daybreak to that hour, the last and best,
 When, one by one, the fishing-boats come forth,
 Each with its glimmering lantern at the prow,
 And, when the nets are thrown, the evening-hymn
 Steals o'er the trembling waters.

Everywhere

Fable and truth have shed, in rivalry,
 Each her peculiar influence. Fable came
 And laughed and sung, arraying Truth in flowers,
 Like a young child her grandam. Fable came;
 Earth, sea and sky reflecting, as she flew,
 A thousand, thousand colors not their own:
 And at her bidding, lo! a dark descent

To TARTARUS, and those thrice happy fields,
 Those fields with ether pure and purple light
 Ever invested, scenes by him portrayed²⁸⁷
 Who here was wont to wander, here invoke
 The sacred Muses,²⁸⁸ here receive, record
 What they revealed, and on the western shore
 Sleeps in a silent grove, o'erlooking thee,
 Beloved PARTHENOPE!

Yet here, methinks,
 Truth wants no ornament, in her own shape
 Filling the mind by turns with awe and love,
 By turns inclining to wild ecstacy,
 And soberest meditation. Here the vines
 Wed each her elm, and o'er the golden grain
 Hang their luxuriant clusters, checkering
 The sunshine; where, when cooler shadows fall
 And the mild moon her fairy net-work weaves,
 The lute or mandoline, accompanied
 By many a voice yet sweeter than their own,
 Kindles, nor slowly; and the dance²⁸⁹ displays
 The gentle arts and witcheries of love,
 Its hopes and fears and feignings, till the youth
 Drops on his knee as vanquished, and the maid,
 Her tambourine uplifting with a grace
 Nature's, and Nature's only, bids him rise.

But here the mighty Monarch underneath,
 He in his palace of fire, diffuses round
 A dazzling splendor. Here, unseen, unheard,
 Opening another Eden in the wild,
 His gifts he scatters; save, when issuing forth
 In thunder, he blots out the sun, the sky,

And, mingling all things earthly as in scorn,
 Exalts the valley, lays the mountain low,
 Pours many a torrent from his burning lake,
 And in an hour of universal mirth,
 What time the trump proclaims the festival,
 Buries some capital city, there to sleep
 The sleep of ages—till a plough, a spade,
 Disclose the secret, and the eye of day
 Glares coldly on the streets, the skeletons;
 Each in his place, each in his gay attire,
 And eager to enjoy.

Let us go round ;

And let the sail be slack, the course be slow,
 That at our leisure, as we coast along,
 We may contemplate, and from every scene
 Receive its influence. The CUMÆAN towers,
 There did they rise, sun-gilt; and here thy groves,
 Delicious BAIÆ. Here (what would they not ?)
 The masters of the earth, unsatisfied,
 Built in the sea ; and now the boatman steers
 O'er many a crypt and vault yet glimmering,
 O'er many a broad and indestructible arch,
 The deep foundations of their palaces ;
 Nothing now heard ashore, so great the change,
 Save when the sea-mew clamors, or the owl
 Hoots in the temple.

What the mountainous isle²⁰⁰
 Seen in the south ? 'Tis where a monster dwelt,²⁰¹
 Hurling his victims from the topmost cliff ;
 Then and then only merciful, so slow,
 So subtle, were the tortures they endured.
 Fearing and feared he lived, cursing and cursed ;

And still the dungeons in the rock breathe out
 Darkness, distemper. Strange, that one so vile²⁹²
 Should from his den strike terror through the world;
 Should, where withdrawn in his decrepitude,
 Say to the noblest, be they where they might,
 "Go from the earth!" and from the earth they went
 Yet such things were — and will be, when mankind,
 Losing all virtue, lose all energy;
 And for the loss incur the penalty,
 Trodden down and trampled.

Let us turn the prow,

And in the track of him who went to die²⁹³
 Traverse this valley of waters, landing where
 A waking dream awaits us. At a step
 Two thousand years roll backward, and we stand,
 Like those so long within that awful place,²⁹⁴
 Immovable, nor asking, Can it be?

Once did I linger there alone till day
 Closed, and at length the calm of twilight came,
 So grateful, yet so solemn! At the fount,
 Just where the three ways meet, I stood and looked
 ('T was near a noble house, the house of Pansa),²⁹⁵
 And all was still as in the long, long night
 That followed, when the shower of ashes fell,
 When they that sought POMPEII sought in vain;
 It was not to be found. But now a ray,
 Bright and yet brighter, on the pavement glanced,
 And on the wheel-track worn for centuries,
 And on the stepping-stones from side to side,
 O'er which the maidens, with their water-urns,
 Were wont to trip so lightly. Full and clear,
 The moon was rising, and at once revealed

The name of every dweller, and his craft;
Shining throughout with an unusual lustre,
And lighting up this city of the dead.

Mark, where within, as though the embers lived,
The ample chimney-vault is dun with smoke.
There dwelt a miller; silent and at rest
His mill-stones now. In old companionship
Still do they stand as on the day he went,
Each ready for its office— but he comes not.
And there, hard by (where one in idleness
Has stopt to scrawl a ship, an armed man;
And in a tablet on the wall we read
Of shows ere long to be) a sculptor wrought,
Nor meanly; blocks, half-chiselled into life,
Waiting his call. — Here long, as yet attests
The trodden floor, an olive-merchant drew
From many an earthen jar, no more supplied;
And here from his a vintner served his guests
Largely, the stain of his o'erflowing cups
Fresh on the marble. On the bench, beneath,
They sate and quaffed and looked on them that passed,
Gravely discussing the last news from ROME.

But, lo! engraven on the threshold-stone,
That word of courtesy so sacred once,
HAIL! At a master's greeting we may enter.
And, lo! a fairy-palace; everywhere,
As through the courts and chambers we advance,
Floors of mosaic, walls of arabesque,
And columns clustering in patrician splendor.
But hark, a footstep! May we not intrude?
And now, methinks, I hear a gentle laugh,
And gentle voices mingling as in converse!

— And now a harp-string as struck carelessly,
And now — along the corridor it comes —
I cannot err, a filling as of baths !
— Ah, no ! 't is but a mockery of the sense,
Idle and vain ! We are but where we were ;
Still wandering in a city of the dead !

THE BAG OF GOLD.

I DINE very often with the good old Cardinal * *, and, I should add, with his cats ; for they always sit at his table, and are much the gravest of the company. His beaming countenance makes us forget his age ;²⁹⁶ nor did I ever see it clouded till yesterday, when, as we were contemplating the sunset from his terrace, he happened, in the course of our conversation, to allude to an affecting circumstance in his early life.

He had just left the University of PALERMO, and was entering the army, when he became acquainted with a young lady of great beauty and merit, a Sicilian of a family as illustrious as his own. Living near each other, they were often together ; and, at an age like theirs, friendship soon turns to love. But his father, for what reason I forget, refused his consent to their union ; till, alarmed at the declining health of his son, he promised to oppose it no longer, if, after a separation of three years, they continued as much in love as ever.

Relying on that promise, he said, I set out on a long journey ; but in my absence the usual arts were resorted to. Our letters were intercepted ; and false rumors were spread — first of my indifference, then of my inconstancy, then of

my marriage with a rich heiress of SIENNA ; and, when at length I returned to make her my own, I found her in a convent of Ursuline Nuns. She had taken the veil ; and I, said he with a sigh — what else remained for me ? — I went into the church.

Yet many, he continued, as if to turn the conversation, very many have been happy, though we were not ; and, if I am not abusing an old man's privilege, let me tell you a story with a better catastrophe. It was told to me when a boy ; and you may not be unwilling to hear it, for it bears some resemblance to that of the Merchant of Venice.

We were now arrived at a pavilion that commanded one of the noblest prospects imaginable ; the mountains, the sea, and the islands illuminated by the last beams of day ; and, sitting down there, he proceeded with his usual vivacity ; for the sadness that had come across him was gone.

There lived in the fourteenth century, near BOLOGNA, a widow-lady of the Lambertini family, called MADONNA LUCREZIA, who in a revolution of the state had known the bitterness of poverty, and had even begged her bread ; kneeling day after day like a statue at the gate of the cathedral ; her rosary in her left hand and her right held out for charity, her long black veil concealing a face that had once adorned a court, and had received the homage of as many sonnets as PETRARCH has written on LAURA.

But Fortune had at last relented ; a legacy from a distant relation had come to her relief ; and she was now the mistress of a small inn at the foot of the Apennines, where she entertained as well as she could, and where those only stopped who were contented with a little. The house was still standing when in my youth I passed that way ; though the sign of the White Cross,²⁹⁷ the Cross of the Hospitallers,

was no longer to be seen over the door ; a sign which she had taken, if we may believe the tradition there, in honor of a maternal uncle, a grand-master of that order, whose achievements in PALESTINE she would sometimes relate. A mountain-stream ran through the garden ; and, at no great distance, where the road turned on its way to BOLOGNA, stood a little chapel in which a lamp was always burning before a picture of the Virgin,—a picture of great antiquity, the work of some Greek artist.

Here she was dwelling, respected by all who knew her, when an event took place which threw her into the deepest affliction. It was at noon-day in September that three foot-travellers arrived, and, seating themselves on a bench under her vine-trellis, were supplied with a flagon of Aleatico by a lovely girl, her only child, the image of her former self. The eldest spoke like a Venetian, and his beard was short, and pointed after the fashion of Venice. In his demeanor he affected great courtesy, but his look inspired little confidence ; for, when he smiled, which he did continually, it was with his lips only, not with his eyes ; and they were always turned from yours. His companions were bluff and frank in their manner, and on their tongues had many a soldier's oath. In their hats they wore a medal, such as in that age was often distributed in war ; and they were evidently subalterns in one of those free bands which were always ready to serve in any quarrel, if a service it could be called where a battle was little more than a mockery, and the slain, as on an opera-stage, were up and fighting to-morrow. Overcome with the heat, they threw aside their cloaks, and, with their gloves tucked under their belts, continued for some time in earnest conversation.

At length they rose to go ; and the Venetian thus ad-

dressed their hostess: "Excellent lady, may we leave under your roof, for a day or two, this bag of gold?" "You may," she replied, gayly. "But remember, we fasten only with a latch. Bars and bolts we have none in our village; and, if we had, where would be your security?"——"In your word, lady."

"But what if I died to-night? Where would it be then?" said she, laughing. "The money would go to the church; for none could claim it."

"Perhaps you will favor us with an acknowledgment."——"If you will write it."

An acknowledgment was written accordingly, and she signed it before Master Bartolo, the village physician, who had just called on his mule to learn the news of the day; the gold to be delivered when applied for, but to be delivered (these were the words) not to one—nor to two—but to the three; words wisely introduced by those to whom it belonged, knowing what they knew of each other. The gold they had just released from a miser's chest in PERUGIA; and they were now on a scent that promised more.

They and their shadows were no sooner departed, than the Venetian returned, saying, "Give me leave to set my seal on the bag, as the others have done;" and she placed it on a table before him. But in that moment she was called away to receive a cavalier, who had just dismounted from his horse; and, when she came back, it was gone. The temptation had proved irresistible; and the man and the money had vanished together.

"Wretched woman that I am!" she cried, as in an agony of grief she threw herself on her daughter's neck, "what will become of us? Are we again to be cast out into the

wide world? . . . Unhappy child, would that thou hadst never been born!" and all day long she lamented; but her tears availed her little. The others were not slow in returning to claim their due; and there were no tidings of the thief; he had fled far away with his plunder. A process against her was instantly begun in BOLOGNA; and what defence could she make, — how release herself from the obligation of the bond? Wilfully or in negligence she had parted with the gold, — she had parted with it to one, when she should have kept it for all; and inevitable ruin awaited her! "Go, GIANETTA," said she to her daughter, "take this veil which your mother has worn and wept under so often, and implore the counsellor Calderino to plead for us on the day of trial. He is generous, and will listen to the unfortunate. But, if he will not, go from door to door; Monaldi cannot refuse us. Make haste, my child; but remember the chapel as you pass by it. Nothing prospers without a prayer."

Alas! she went, but in vain. These were retained against them; those demanded more than they had to give; and all bade them despair. What was to be done? No advocate; and the cause to come on to-morrow!

Now GIANETTA had a lover; and he was a student of the law, a young man of great promise, LORENZO MARTELLI. He had studied long and diligently under that learned lawyer, GIOVANNI ANDREAS, who, though little of stature, was great in renown, and by his contemporaries was called the Arch-doctor, the Rabbi of Doctors, the Light of the World. Under him he had studied, sitting on the same bench with Petrarch; and also under his daughter NOVELLA, who would often lecture to the scholars when her father was otherwise engaged, placing herself behind a small curtain lest her beauty should divert their thoughts from the sub-

ject; a precaution in this instance at least unnecessary, LORENZO having lost his heart to another.²⁰⁸

To him she flies in her necessity; but of what assistance can he be? He has just taken his place at the bar, but he has never spoken; and how stand up alone, unpractised and unprepared as he is, against an array that would alarm the most experienced? — “Were I as mighty as I am weak,” said he, “my fears for you would make me as nothing. But I will be there, GIANETTA; and may the Friend of the friendless give me strength in that hour! Even now my heart fails me; but, come what will, while I have a loaf to share you and your mother shall never want. I will beg through the world for you.”

The day arrives, and the court assembles. The claim is stated, and the evidence given. And now the defence is called for—but none is made; not a syllable is uttered; and, after a pause and a consultation of some minutes, the judges are proceeding to give judgment, silence having been proclaimed in the court, when LORENZO rises and thus addresses them: “Reverend signors. Young as I am, may I venture to speak before you? I would speak in behalf of one who has none else to help her; and I will not keep you long. Much has been said; much on the sacred nature of the obligation—and we acknowledge it in its full force. Let it be fulfilled, and to the last letter. It is what we solicit, what we require. But to whom is the bag of gold to be delivered? What says the bond? Not to one—not to two—but to the three. Let the three stand forth and claim it.”

From that day (for who can doubt the issue?) none were sought, none employed, but the subtle, the eloquent LORENZO. Wealth followed fame; nor need I say how soon he sat at his marriage-feast, or who sat beside him.

A CHARACTER.

ONE of two things MONTRIOLI may have,
My envy or compassion. Both he cannot
Yet on he goes, numbering as miseries
What least of all he would consent to lose,
What most indeed he prides himself upon,
And, for not having, most despises me.
“ At morn the minister exacts an hour ;
At noon, the king. Then comes the council-board ;
And then the chase, the supper. When, ah ! when,
The leisure and the liberty I sigh for ?
Not when at home ; at home a miscreant crew,
That now no longer serve me, mine the service.
And then that old hereditary bore,
The steward, his stories longer than his rent-roll,
Who enters, quill in ear, and, one by one,
As though I lived to write and wrote to live,
Unrolls his leases for my signature.”

He clanks his fetters to disturb my peace.
Yet who would wear them²⁹⁹ and become the slave
Of wealth and power, renouncing willingly
His freedom, and the hours that fly so fast,
A burden or a curse when misemployed,
But to the wise how precious — every day
A little life, a blank to be inscribed
With gentle deeds, such as in after-time
Console, rejoice, whene’er we turn the leaf
To read them ? All, wherever in the scale,
Have, be they high or low, or rich or poor,
Inherit they a sheep-hook or a sceptre,

Much to be grateful for ; but most has he,
Born in that middle sphere, that temperate zone,
Where Knowledge lights his lamp, there most secure,
And Wisdom comes, if ever, she who dwells
Above the clouds, above the firmament,
That seraph sitting in the heaven of heavens.

What men most covet, wealth, distinction, power,
Are baubles nothing worth, that only serve
To rouse us up, as children in the schools
Are roused up to exertion. The reward
Is in the race we run, not in the prize ;
And they, the few, that have it ere they earn it,
Having, by favor or inheritance,
These dangerous gifts placed in their idle hands,
And all that should await on worth well-tried,
All in the glorious days of old reserved
For manhood most mature or reverend age,
Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride
That glows in him who on himself relies,
Entering the lists of life.

PÆSTUM.

THEY stand between the mountains and the sea ;³⁰⁰
Awful memorials, but of whom we know not !
The seaman, passing, gazes from the deck.
The buffalo-driver, in his shaggy cloak,
Points to the work of magic and moves on.
Time was they stood along the crowded street,
Temples of gods ! and on their ample steps
What various habits, various tongues, beset

The brazen gates for prayer and sacrifice !
 Time was perhaps the Third was sought for justice ;
 And here the accuser stood, and there the accused ;
 And here the judges sate, and heard, and judged.
 All silent now ! — as in the ages past,
 Trodden under foot and mingled, dust with dust.

How many centuries did the sun go round
 From MOUNT ALBURNUS to the TYRRHENE sea,
 While, by some spell rendered invisible,
 Or, if approached, approached by him alone
 Who saw as though he saw not, they' remained
 As in the darkness of a sepulchre,
 Waiting the appointed time ! All, all within
 Proclaims that Nature had resumed her right,
 And taken to herself what man renounced ;
 No cornice, triglyph, or worn abacus,
 But with thick ivy hung or branching fern ;
 Their iron-brown o'erspread with brightest verdure !

From my youth upward have I longed to tread
 This classic ground. — And am I here at last ?
 Wandering at will through the long porticos,
 And catching, as through some majestic grove,
 Now the blue ocean, and now, chaos-like,
 Mountains and mountain-gulfs, and, half-way up,
 Towns like the living rock from which they grew ?
 A cloudy region, black and desolate,
 Where once a slave withstood a world in arms.³⁰¹

The air is sweet with violets, running wild³⁰²
 'Mid broken friezes and fallen capitals ;
 Sweet as when TULLY, writing down his thoughts,
 Those thoughts so precious and so lately lost³⁰³
 (Turning to thee, divine Philosophy,

Ever at hand to calm his troubled soul),
 Sailed slowly by, two thousand years ago,
 For ATHENS; when a ship, if north-east winds
 Blew from the PÆSTAN gardens, slacked her course.

On as he moved along the level shore,
 These temples, in their splendor eminent
 'Mid arcs and obelisks, and domes and towers,
 Reflecting back the radiance of the west,
 Well might he dream of Glory! — Now, coiled up,
 The serpent sleeps within them; the she-wolf
 Suckles her young: and, as alone I stand
 In this, the nobler pile, the elements
 Of earth and air its only floor and roof,
 How solemn is the stillness! Nothing stirs
 Save the shrill-voiced cicala flitting round
 On the rough pediment to sit and sing;
 Or the green lizard rustling through the grass,
 And up the fluted shaft with short quick spring,
 To vanish in the chinks that Time has made.

In such an hour as this, the sun's broad disk
 Seen at his setting, and a flood of light
 Filling the courts of these old sanctuaries
 (Gigantic shadows, broken and confused,
 Athwart the innumerable columns flung) —
 In such an hour he came, who saw and told,
 Led by the mighty genius of the place.³⁰⁴

Walls of some capital city first appeared,
 Half razed, half sunk, or scattered as in scorn;
 — And what within them? what but in the midst
 These Three in more than their original grandeur,
 And, round about, no stone upon another?

As if the spoiler had fallen back in fear,
And, turning, left them to the elements.
'T is said a stranger in the days of old
(Some say a DORIAN, some a SYBARITE ;
But distant things are ever lost in clouds) —
'T is said a stranger came, and, with his plough,
Traced out the site ; and POSIDONIA rose,³⁰⁵
Severely great, NEPTUNE the tutelar god ;
A HOMER's language murmuring in her streets,
And in her haven many a mast from TYRE.
Then came another, an unbidden guest.
He knocked and entered with a train in arms ;
And all was changed, her very name and language !
The TYRIAN merchant, shipping at his door
Ivory and gold, and silk, and frankincense,
Sailed as before, but, sailing, cried, " FOR PÆSTUM ! "
And now a VIRGIL, now an OVID sung
PÆSTUM's twice-blowing roses ; while, within,
Parents and children mourned — and, every year
('T was on the day of some old festival),
Met to give way to tears, and once again
Talk in the ancient tongue of things gone by.³⁰⁶
At length an Arab climbed the battlements,
Slaying the sleepers in the dead of night ;
And from all eyes the glorious vision fled !
Leaving a place lonely and dangerous,
Where whom the robber spares, a deadlier foe³⁰⁷
Strikes at unseen — and at a time when joy
Opens the heart, when summer-skies are blue,
And the clear air is soft and delicate ;
For then the demon works — then with that air

The thoughtless wretch drinks in a subtle poison
Lulling to sleep; and, when he sleeps, he dies.

But what are these still standing in the midst?
The earth has rocked beneath; the thunder-bolt
Passed through and through, and left its traces there;
Yet still they stand as by some unknown charter!
O, they are Nature's own! and, as allied
To the vast mountains and the eternal sea,
They want no written history; theirs a voice
Forever speaking to the heart of man!

AMALFI.

HE who sets sail from NAPLES, when the wind
Blows fragrance from POSILIPO, may soon,
Crossing from side to side that beautiful lake,
Land underneath the cliff where, once among
The children gathering shells along the shore,
One laughed and played, unconscious of his fate;⁸⁰⁸
His to drink deep of sorrow, and, through life,
To be the scorn of them that knew him not,
Trampling alike the giver and his gift,
The gift a pearl precious, inestimable,
A lay divine, a lay of love and war,
To charm, ennoble, and, from age to age,
Sweeten the labor when the oar was plied
Or on the ADRIAN or the TUSCAN sea.

There would I linger — then go forth again,
And hover round that region unexplored,
Where to SALVATOR (when, as some relate,
By chance or choice he led a bandit's life.

Yet oft withdrew, alone and unobserved,
 To wander through those awful solitudes)
 Nature revealed herself. Unveiled she stood
 In all her wildness, all her majesty,
 As in that elder time ere man was made.

There would I linger—then go forth again;
 And he who steers due east, doubling the cape,
 Discovers, in a crevice of the rock,
 The fishing-town, AMALFI. Haply there
 A heaving bark, an anchor on the strand,
 May tell him what it is; but what it was
 Cannot be told so soon.³⁰⁹

The time has been,
 When on the quays along the SYRIAN coast
 'T was asked, and eagerly, at break of dawn,
 "What ships are from AMALFI?" when her coins,
 Silver and gold, circled from clime to clime;
 From ALEXANDRIA southward to SÉNNAAR,
 And eastward, through DAMASCUS and CABUL
 And SAMARCAND, to thy great wall, CATHAY.³¹⁰

Then were the nations by her wisdom swayed;
 And every crime on every sea was judged
 According to her judgments. In her port
 Prows, strange, uncouth, from NILE and NIGER met,
 People of various feature, various speech;
 And in their countries many a house of prayer,
 And many a shelter, where no shelter was,
 And many a well, like JACOB'S in the wild,
 Rose at her bidding. Then in PALESTINE,
 By the way-side, in sober grandeur stood
 A hospital, that, night and day, received
 The pilgrims of the west; and, when 't was asked,

"Who are the noble founders?" every tongue
 At once replied, "The merchants of AMALFI."
 That hospital, when GODFREY scaled the walls,
 Sent forth its holy men in complete steel;
 And hence, the cowl relinquished for the helm,
 That chosen band, valiant, invincible,
 So long renowned as champions of the cross,
 In RHODES, in MALTA.

For three hundred years
 There, unapproached but from the deep, they dwelt;
 Assailed forever, yet from age to age
 Acknowledging no master. From the deep
 They gathered in their harvests; bringing home,
 In the same ship, relics of ancient GREECE,
 That land of glory where their fathers lay,
 Grain from the golden vales of SICILY,³¹¹
 And INDIAN spices. Through the civilized world
 Their credit was ennobled into fame;
 And, when at length they fell, they left mankind
 A legacy, compared with which the wealth
 Of Eastern kings — what is it in the scale? —
 The mariner's compass.

They are now forgot,
 And with them all they did, all they endured,
 Struggling with fortune. When SICARDI stood
 On his high deck, his falchion in his hand,
 And, with a shout like thunder, cried, "Come forth,
 And serve me in SALERNO!" forth they came,
 Covering the sea, a mournful spectacle;
 The women wailing, and the heavy oar
 Falling unheard. Not thus did they return,³¹²

The tyrant slain; though then the grass of years
Grew in their streets.

There now to him who sails
Under the shore, a few white villages
Scattered above, below, some in the clouds,
Some on the margin of the dark-blue sea
And glittering through their lemon-groves, announce
The region of AMALFI. Then, half-fallen,
A lonely watch-tower on the precipice,
Their ancient landmark, comes. Long may it last;
And to the seaman in a distant age,
Though now he little thinks how large his debt,
Serve for their monument! ³¹³

MONTE CASSINO.³¹⁴

"WHAT hangs behind that curtain?"³¹⁵ — "Wouldst thou
learn?

If thou art wise, thou wouldst not. 'T is by some
Believed to be his master-work who looked
Beyond the grave, and on the chapel-wall,
As though the day were come, were come and past,
Drew the Last Judgment.³¹⁶ But the wisest err.
He who in secret wrought, and gave it life,
For life is surely there and visible change,³¹⁷
Life such as none could of himself impart
(They who behold it go not as they came,
But meditate for many and many a day),
Sleeps in the vault beneath. We know not much;
But what we know we will communicate.

'Tis in an ancient record of the house ;
And may it make thee tremble, lest thou fall !

Once — on a Christmas-eve — ere yet the roof
Rung with the hymn of the Nativity,
There came a stranger to the convent-gate,
And asked admittance ; ever and anon,
As if he sought what most he feared to find,
Looking behind him. When within the walls,
These walls so sacred and inviolate,
Still did he look behind him ; oft and long,
With curling, quivering lip and haggard eye,
Catching at vacancy. Between the fits,
For here, 't is said, he lingered while he lived,
He would discourse, and with a mastery,
A charm by none resisted, none explained,
Unfelt before ; but when his cheek grew pale
(Nor was the respite longer, if so long,
Than while a shepherd in the vale below
Counts, as he folds, five hundred of his flock),
All was forgotten. Then, howe'er employed,
He would break off and start as if he caught
A glimpse of something that would not be gone ;
And turn and gaze and shrink into himself,
As though the fiend were there, and, face to face,
Scowled o'er his shoulder.

Most devout he was ;
Most unremitting in the services ;
Then, only then, untroubled, unassailed ;
And, to beguile a melancholy hour,
Would sometimes exercise that noble art
He learnt in FLORENCE ; with a master's hand,
As to this day the sacristy attests,
Painting the wonders of the APOCALYPSE.

At length he sunk to rest, and in his cell
 Left, when he went, a work in secret done,
 The portrait, for a portrait it must be,
 That hangs behind the curtain. Whence he drew,
 None here can doubt; for they that come to catch
 The faintest glimpse — to catch it and be gone —
 Gaze as he gazed, then shrink into themselves,
 Acting the self-same part. But why 't was drawn,
 Whether, in penance, to atone for guilt,
 Or to record the anguish guilt inflicts,
 Or, haply, to familiarize his mind
 With what he could not fly from, none can say,
 For none could learn the burden of his soul."

 THE HARPER.

It was a harper, wandering with his harp,
 His only treasure; a majestic man,
 By time and grief ennobled, not subdued;
 Though from his height descending, day by day,
 And, as his upward look at once betrayed,
 Blind as old HOMER. At a fount he sate,
 Well known to many a weary traveller;
 His little guide, a boy not seven years old,
 But grave, considerate beyond his years,
 Sitting beside him. Each had ate his crust
 In silence, drinking of the virgin-spring;
 And now in silence, as their custom was,
 The sun's decline awaited.

But the child
 Was worn with travel. Heavy sleep weighed down

His eyelids; and the grandsire, when we came,
Emboldened by his love and by his fear,
His fear lest night o'ertake them on the road,
Humbly besought me to convey them both
A little onward. Such small services
Who can refuse? — Not I; and him who can,
Blest though he be with every earthly gift,
I cannot envy. He, if wealth be his,
Knows not its uses. So from noon till night,
Within a crazed and tattered vehicle,³¹⁸
That yet displayed, in rich emblazonry,
A shield as splendid as the BARDI wear,³¹⁹
We lumbered on together; the old man
Beguiling many a league of half its length,
When questioned the adventures of his life,
And all the dangers he had undergone;
His shipwrecks on inhospitable coasts,
And his long warfare.—They were bound, he said,
To a great fair at REGGIO; and the boy,
Believing all the world were to be there,
And I among the rest, let loose his tongue,
And promised me much pleasure. His short trance.
Short as it was, had, like a charmed cup,
Restored his spirit, and, as on we crawled,
Slow as the snail (my muleteer dismounting,
And now his mules addressing, now his pipe,
And now Luigi), he poured out his heart,
Largely repaying me. At length the sun
Departed, setting in a sea of gold;
And, as we gazed, he bade me rest assured
That like the setting would the rising be.
Their harp — it had a voice oracular,

And in the desert, in the crowded street,
Spoke when consulted. If the treble chord
Twanged shrill and clear, o'er hill and dale they went,
The grandsire, step by step, led by the child;
And not a rain-drop from a passing cloud
Fell on their garments. Thus it spoke to-day;
Inspiring joy, and, in the young one's mind,
Brightening a path already full of sunshine.

THE FELUCCA.³²⁰

DAY glimmered; and beyond the precipice
(Which my mule followed as in love with fear,
Or as in scorn, yet more and more inclining
To tempt the danger where it menaced most)
A sea of vapor rolled. Methought we went
Along the utmost edge of this, our world,
And the next step had hurled us headlong down
Into the wild and infinite abyss;
But soon the surges fled, and we descried,
Nor dimly, though the lark was silent yet,
Thy gulf, LA SPEZZIA. Ere the morning-gun,
Ere the first day-streak, we alighted there;
And not a breath, a murmur! Every sail
Slept in the offing. Yet along the shore
Great was the stir; as at the noontide hour,
None unemployed. Where from its native rock
A streamlet, clear and full, ran to the sea,
The maidens knelt and sung as they were wont,
Washing their garments. Where it met the tide,
Sparkling and lost, an ancient pinnacle lay

Keel upward, and the fagot blazed, the tar
 Fumed from the caldron; while, beyond the fort,
 Whither I wandered, step by step led on,
 The fishers dragged their net, the fish within
 At every heave fluttering and full of life,
 At every heave striking their silver fins
 'Gainst the dark meshes.

Soon a boatman's shout
 Reëchoed; and red bonnets on the beach,
 Waving, recalled me. We embarked and left
 That noble haven, where, when GENOA reigned,
 A hundred galleys sheltered — in the day
 When lofty spirits met, and, deck to deck,
 DORIA, PISANI⁸²¹ fought: that narrow field
 Ample enough for glory. On we went,
 Ruffling with many an oar the crystalline sea,
 On from the rising to the setting sun
 In silence — underneath a mountain-ridge,
 Untamed, untamable, reflecting round
 The saddest purple; nothing to be seen
 Of life or culture, save where, at the foot,
 Some village and its church, a scanty line,
 Athwart the wave gleamed faintly. Fear of ill
 Narrowed our course, fear of the hurricane,
 And that still greater scourge, the crafty Moor,
 Who, like a tiger prowling for his prey,
 Springs and is gone, and on the adverse coast
 (Where TRIPOLI and TUNIS and ALGIERS
 Forge fetters, and white turbans on the mole
 Gather whene'er the crescent comes displayed
 Over the cross) his human merchandise
 To many a curious, many a cruel eye

Exposes. Ah ! how oft, where now the sun
Slept on the shore, have ruthless scimitars
Flashed through the lattice, and a swarthy crew
Dragged forth, ere long to number them for sale,
Ere long to part them in their agony,
Parent and child ! How oft, where now we rode³²²
Over the billow, has a wretched son,
Or yet more wretched sire, grown gray in chains,
Labored, his hands upon the oar, his eyes
Upon the land — the land that gave him birth ;
And, as he gazed, his homestall through his tears
Fondly imagined ; when a Christian ship
Of war appearing in her bravery,
A voice in anger cried, “ Use all your strength ! ”

But when, ah ! when do they that can, forbear
To crush the unresisting ? Strange, that men,
Creatures so frail, so soon, alas ! to die,
Should have the power, the will to make this world
A dismal prison-house, and life itself,
Life in its prime, a burden and a curse
To him who never wronged them ! Who that breathes
Would not, when first he heard it, turn away
As from a tale monstrous, incredible ?
Surely a sense of our mortality,
A consciousness how soon we shall be gone,
Or, if we linger — but a few short years —
How sure to look upon our brother's grave,
Should of itself incline to pity and love,
And prompt us rather to assist, relieve,
Than aggravate the evils each is heir to.

At length the day departed, and the moon
Rose like another sun, illumining

Waters and woods and cloud-capt promontories,
Glades for a hermit's cell, a lady's bower,
Scenes of Elysium, such as Night alone
Reveals below, nor often — scenes that fled
As at the waving of a wizard's wand,
And left behind them, as their parting gift,
A thousand nameless odors. All was still ;
And now the nightingale her song poured forth
In such a torrent of heart-felt delight,
So fast it flowed, her tongue so voluble,
As if she thought her hearers would be gone
Ere half was told. 'T was where in the north-west,
Still unassailed and unassailable,
Thy pharos, GENOA, first displayed itself,
Burning in stillness on its craggy seat ;
That guiding star so oft the only one,
When those now glowing in the azure vault
Are dark and silent. 'T was where o'er the sea
(For we were now within a cable's length)
Delicious gardens hung ; green galleries,
And marble terraces in many a flight,
And fairy arches flung from cliff to cliff,
Wildering, enchanting ; and, above them all,
A palace, such as somewhere in the East,
In Zenastan or Araby the blest,
Among its golden groves and fruits of gold,
And fountains scattering rainbows in the sky,
Rose, when ALADDIN rubbed the wondrous lamp ;
Such, if not fairer ; and, when we shot by,
A scene of revelry, in long array
As with the radiance of a setting sun,
The windows blazing. But we now approached
A city far-renowned ; and wonder ceased.

GENOA.

THIS house was ANDREA DORIA'S.³²³ Here he lived,³²⁴
And here at eve relaxing, when ashore,
Held many a pleasant, many a grave discourse
With them that sought him, walking to and fro
As on his deck. 'Tis less in length and breadth
Than many a cabin in a ship of war;
But 'tis of marble, and at once inspires
The reverence due to ancient dignity.

He left it for a better; and 'tis now
A house of trade,³²⁵ the meanest merchandise
Cumbering its floors. Yet, fallen as it is,
'Tis still the noblest dwelling — even in GENOA!
And hadst thou, ANDREA, lived there to the last,
Thou hadst done well; for there is that without,
That in the wall, which monarchs could not give,
Nor thou take with thee, — that which says aloud,
It was thy country's gift to her deliverer.

'Tis in the heart of GENOA (he who comes,
Must come on foot), and in a place of stir;
Men on their daily business, early and late,
Thronging thy very threshold. But, when there,
Thou wert among thy fellow-citizens,
Thy children, for they hailed thee as their sire;
And on a spot thou must have loved, for there,
Calling them round, thou gav'st them more than life,
Giving what, lost, makes life not worth the keeping.
There thou didst do indeed an act divine;
Nor couldst thou leave thy door or enter in,
Without a blessing on thee.

Thou art now
Again among them. Thy brave mariners,
They who had fought so often by thy side,
Staining the mountain-billows, bore thee back ;
And thou art sleeping in thy funeral-chamber.
Thine was a glorious course ; but couldst thou there,
Clad in thy cere-cloth — in that silent vault,
Where thou art gathered to thy ancestors —
Open thy secret heart and tell us all,
Then should we hear thee with a sigh confess,
A sigh how heavy, that thy happiest hours
Were passed before these sacred walls were left,
Before the ocean-wave thy wealth reflected,³²⁶
And pomp and power drew envy, stirring up
The ambitious man,³²⁷ that in a perilous hour
Fell from the plank.

MARCO GRIFFONI.

WAR is a game at which all are sure to lose, sooner or later, play they how they will ; yet every nation has delighted in war, and none more, in their day, than the little republic of GENOA, whose galleys, while she had any, were always burning and sinking those of the Pisans, the Venetians, the Greeks, or the Turks ; Christian and Infidel alike to her.

But experience, when dearly bought, is seldom thrown away altogether. A moment of sober reflection came at last ; and, after a victory the most splendid and ruinous of any in her annals, she resolved from that day and forever to live at peace with all mankind ; having in her long career

acquired nothing but glory and a tax on every article of life.

Peace came, but with none of its blessings. No stir in the harbor, no merchandise in the mart or on the quay; no song as the shuttle was thrown or the ploughshare broke the furrow. The frenzy had left a languor more alarming than itself. Yet the burden must be borne, the taxes be gathered; and, year after year, they lay like a curse on the land, the prospect on every side growing darker and darker, till an old man entered the senate-house on his crutches, and all was changed.

MARCO GRIFFONI was the last of an ancient family, a family of royal merchants; and the richest citizen in GENOA, perhaps in Europe. His parents dying while yet he lay in the cradle, his wealth had accumulated from the year of his birth; and so noble a use did he make of it when he arrived at manhood, that wherever he went he was followed by the blessings of the people. He would often say, "I hold it only in trust for others;" but GENOA was then at her old amusement, and the work grew on his hands. Strong as he was, the evil he had to struggle with was stronger than he. His cheerfulness, his alacrity, left him; and, having lifted up his voice for peace, he withdrew at once from the sphere of life he had moved in — to become, as it were, another man.

From that time, and for full fifty years, he was to be seen sitting, like one of the founders of his house, at his desk among his money-bags, in a narrow street near the Porto Franco; and he, who in a famine had filled the granaries of the state, sending to Sicily, and even to Egypt, now lived only as for his heirs, though there were none to inherit; giving no longer to any, but lending to all — to the rich

on their bonds and the poor on their pledges; lending at the highest rate, and exacting with the utmost rigor. No longer relieving the miserable, he sought only to enrich himself by their misery; and there he sate in his gown of frieze, till every finger was pointed at him in passing, and every tongue exclaimed, "There sits the miser!"

But in that character, and amidst all that obloquy, he was still the same as ever, still acting to the best of his judgment for the good of his fellow-citizens; and when the measure of their calamities was full,—when peace had come, but had come to no purpose, and the lesson, as he flattered himself, was graven deep in their minds,—then, but not till then, though his hair had long grown gray, he threw off the mask and gave up all he had, to annihilate at a blow his great and cruel adversaries,³²³ those taxes which, when excessive, break the hearts of the people; a glorious achievement for an individual, though a bloodless one, and such as only can be conceived possible in a small community like theirs.

Alas! how little did he know of human nature! How little had he reflected on the ruling passion of his countrymen, so injurious to others, and at length so fatal to themselves! Almost instantly they grew arrogant and quarrelsome; almost instantly they were in arms again; and, before the statue was up that had been voted to his memory, every tax, if we may believe the historian,³²⁹ was laid on as before, to awaken vain regrets and wise resolutions.

A FAREWELL.³³⁰

AND now farewell to ITALY — perhaps
Forever! Yet, methinks, I could not go,
I could not leave it, were it mine to say,
“Farewell forever!” Many a courtesy,
That sought no recompense, and met with none
But in the swell of heart with which it came,
Have I experienced; not a cabin-door,
Go where I would, but opened with a smile;
From the first hour, when, in my long descent,
Strange perfumes rose, rose as to welcome me,
From flowers that ministered like unseen spirits;
From the first hour, when vintage-songs broke forth,
A grateful earnest, and the southern lakes,
Dazzlingly bright, unfolded at my feet;
They that receive the cataracts, and ere long
Dismiss them, but how changed — onward to roll
From age to age in silent majesty,
Blessing the nations, and reflecting round
The gladness they inspire.

Gentle or rude,

No scene of life but has contributed
Much to remember — from the POLESINE,
Where, when the south-wind blows and clouds on clouds
Gather and fall, the peasant freights his boat,
A sacred ark, slung in his orchard-grove;
Mindful to migrate when the king of floods³³¹
Visits his humble dwelling, and the keel,
Slowly uplifted over field and fence,
Floats on a world of waters — from that low,

That level region, where no echo dwells,
 Or, if she comes, comes in her saddest plight,
 Hoarse, inarticulate — on to where the path
 Is lost in rank luxuriance, and to breathe
 Is to inhale distemper, if not death;³³²
 Where the wild-boar retreats, when hunters chafe,
 And, when the day-star flames, the buffalo-herd,
 Afflicted, plunge into the stagnant pool,
 Nothing discerned amid the water-leaves,
 Save here and there the likeness of a head,
 Savage, uncouth; where none in human shape
 Come, save the herdsman, levelling his length
 Of lance with many a cry, or, Tartar-like,
 Urging his steed along the distant hill
 As from a danger. There, but not to rest,
 I travelled many a dreary league, nor turned
 (Ah! then least willing, as who had not been?)
 When in the south, against the azure sky,
 Three temples rose in soberest majesty,
 The wondrous work of some heroic race.³³³

But now a long farewell! Oft, while I live,
 If once again in England, once again³³⁴
 In my own chimney-nook, as Night steals on,
 With half-shut eyes reclining, oft, methinks,
 While the wind blusters and the drenching rain
 Clatters without, shall I recall to mind
 The scenes, occurrences, I met with here,
 And wander in Elysium; many a note
 Of wildest melody, magician-like
 Awakening, such as the CALABRIAN horn
 Along the mountain-side, when all is still,
 Pours forth at folding-time; and many a chant,

Solemn, sublime, such as at midnight flows
 From the full choir, when richest harmonies
 Break the deep silence of thy glens, LA CAVA;
 To him who lingers there with listening ear
 Now lost and now descending as from Heaven !

AND now a parting word is due from him
 Who, in the classic fields of ITALY
 (If haply thou hast borne with him so long),
 Through many a grove by many a fount has led thee,
 By many a temple half as old as Time;
 Where all was still awakening them that slept,
 And conjuring up where all was desolate,
 Where kings were mouldering in their funeral urns,
 And oft and long the vulture flapped his wing —
 Triumphs and masques.

Nature denied him much,

But gave him at his birth what most he values;
 A passionate love for music, sculpture, painting,
 For poetry, the language of the gods,
 For all things here, or grand or beautiful,
 A setting sun, a lake among the mountains,
 The light of an ingenuous countenance,
 And, what transcends them all, a noble action.³³⁵

Nature denied him much, but gave him more;
 And ever, ever grateful should he be,
 Though from his cheek, ere yet the down was there,
 Health fled; for in his heaviest hours would come
 Gleams such as come not now; nor failed he then
 (Then and through life his happiest privilege)

Full oft to wander where the Muses haunt,
Smit with the love of song.

'T is now long since;
And now, while yet 't is day, would he withdraw,
Who, when in youth he strung his lyre, addressed
A former generation. Many an eye,
Bright as the brightest now, is closed in night,
And many a voice, how eloquent, is mute,
That, when he came, disdained not to receive
His lays with favor. * * * * *

1839.

NOTES.

(1) J. J. ROUSSEAU. "J'arrive essoufflé, tout en nage; le cœur me bat; je vois de loin les soldats à leur poste; j'accours, je crie d'une voix étouffée. Il étoit trop tard." — *Les Confessions*, l. i.

(2) "Lines of eleven syllables occur almost in every page of Milton; but though they are not displeasing, they ought not to be admitted into heroic poetry; since the narrow limits of our language allow us no other distinction of epic and tragic measures." — *Johnson*.

It is remarkable that he used them most at last. In the *Paradise Regained* they occur oftener than in the *Paradise Lost* in the proportion of ten to one; and let it be remembered that they supply us with another close, — another cadence, — that they add, as it were, a string to the instrument; and, by enabling the poet to relax at pleasure, to rise and fall with his subject, contribute what is most wanted, compass, variety.

Shakspeare seems to have delighted in them, and in some of his soliloquies has used them four and five times in succession; an example I have not followed in mine. As in the following instance, where the subject is solemn beyond all others:

"To be, or not to be," &c.

They come nearest to the flow of an unstudied eloquence, and should therefore be used in the drama; but why exclusively? Horace, as we learn from himself, admitted the *Musa Pedestris* in his happiest hours, in those when he was most at his ease; and we cannot regret her visits. To her we are indebted for more than half he has left us; nor was she ever at his elbow in greater dishabille than when he wrote the celebrated *Journey to Brundisium*.

(3) BERNARD, Abbot of Clairvaux. "To admire or despise St. Bernard as he ought," says Gibbon, "the reader, like myself, should have before the windows of his library that incomparable landscape."

(4) The following lines were written on the spot, and may serve perhaps to recall to some of my readers what they have seen in this enchanting country.

I love to watch in silence till the sun
Sets; and MONT BLANC, arrayed in crimson and gold,
Flings his gigantic shadow o'er the lake;
That shadow, though it comes through pathless tracts,
Only less bright, less glorious than himself.
But, while we gaze, 'tis gone! And now he shines
Like burnished silver; all, below, the Night's.

Such moments are most precious. Yet there are
Others that follow fast, more precious still;

When once again he changes, once again
 Clothing himself in grandeur all his own ;
 When, like a ghost, shadowless, colorless,
 He melts away into the heaven of heavens ;
 Himself alone revealed, all lesser things
 As though they were not and had never been !

(5) The Castle of Joux, in Franche-Comté.

(6) See the *Odyssey*, lib. xix. v. 597, and lib. xxiii. v. 19

(7) The retreat of Amadeus, the first Duke of Savoy. Voltaire thus addresses it from his windows :

“Ripaille, je te vois. O bizarre Amédée,” &c.

The seven towers are now no longer a landmark to the voyager.

(8) Ludlow.

(9) He has given us a very natural account of his feelings at the conclusion of his long labor there : “It was on the night of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau* or covered walk of acacias, which commands the lake and the mountains. The sky was serene, the moon was shining on the waters, and I will not dissemble my joy. But, when I reflected that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion,” &c.

There must always be something melancholy in the moment of separation, as all have more or less experienced ; none more, perhaps, than Cowper : “And now,” says he, “I have only to regret that my pleasant work is ended. To the illustrious Greek I owe the smooth and easy flight of many thousand hours. He has been my companion at home and abroad, in the study, in the garden and in the field ; and no measure of success, let my labors succeed as they may, will ever compensate to me the loss of the innocent luxury that I have enjoyed, as a translator of Homer.”

(10) The burial-place of Necker.

(11) The Lake of the Four Cantons.

(12) In the course of the year they entertain from thirty to thirty-five thousand travellers. — *Le Père Biselx, Prieur.*

(13) Alluding to Barri, a dog of great renown in his day. He is here admirably represented by a pencil that has done honor to many of his kind, but to none who deserved it more. His skin is stuffed and preserved in the Museum of Berne.

(14) The Grande Chartreuse. It was indebted for its foundation to a miracle ; as every guest may learn there from a little book that lies on the table in his cell, the cell allotted to him by the fathers.

“In this year the Canon died, and, as all believed, in the odor of sanctity ; for who in his life had been so holy, in his death so happy ? But how false are the judgments of men ! For when the hour of his funeral had arrived, when the mourners had entered the church, the bearers set down the bier, and every voice was lifted up in the Miserere, suddenly, and as none knew how, the lights were extinguished, the anthem stopt ! A darkness succeeded, a silence as of the grave ; and these words came in sorrowful accents from the lips of the dead : ‘I am summoned before a just God ! . . . A just God judgeth me . . . I am condemned by a just God !’”

'In the church," says the legend, "there stood a young man with his hands clasped in prayer, who, from that time, resolved to withdraw into the desert. It was he whom we now invoke as St. Bruno."

(15) Ils ont la même longueur que l'église de Saint-Pierre de Rome, et ils renferment quatre cents cellules.

(16) Vallombrosa, formerly called Acqua Bella.

(17) The words of Ariosto.

una badia
Ricca — e cortesa a chiunque vi venia.

(18) Ariosto and Milton. Milton was there at the fall of the leaf.

(19) Not that I felt the confidence of Erasmus, when, on his way from Paris to Turin, he encountered the dangers of Mont Cenis in 1507; when, regardless of torrent and precipice, he versified as he went; composing a poem on horseback,* and writing it down at intervals as he sat in the saddle,† — an example, I imagine, followed by few.

Much, indeed, of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, as the author assured me, was conceived and executed in like manner on his journey through Greece; but the work was performed in less unfavorable circumstances; for, if his fits of inspiration were stronger, he travelled on surer ground.

(20) "Many able men have served under me; but none like him. He loved glory for itself."

(21) The Schreckhorn.

(22) The Jung-frau.

(23) The author of Lalla Rookh, a poet of such singular felicity as to give a lustre to all he touches, has written a song on this subject, called the Crystal-hunters.

(24) M. Ebel mentions an escape almost as miraculous. "L'an 1790, Christian Boren, propriétaire de l'auberge du Grindelwald, eut le malheur de se jeter dans une fente du glacier, en le traversant avec un troupeau de moutons qu'il ramenoit des pâturages de Baniseck. Heureusement qu'il tomba dans le voisinage du grand torrent qui coule dans l'intérieur, il en suivit le lit par dessous les voûtes de glace, et arriva au pied du glacier. Cet homme est actuellement encore en vie." — *Manuel du Voyageur*.

(25) Lichen geographicus.

(26) Almost every mountain of any rank or condition has such a bridge. The most celebrated in this country is on the Swiss side of St. Gothard.

(27) When may not our minds be said to stream into each other? for how much by the light of the countenance comes from the child to the mother before he has the gift of speech; and how much afterwards in like manner comes to console us and to cheer us in our journey through life; for when even to the last cannot we give, cannot we receive what no words can convey?

And is not this the universal language, — the language of all nations from the beginning of time, — which comes with the breath of life, nor goes till life itself is departing?

(28) A tradition. Gesler said to him, when it was over, "You had a second arrow in

* "Carmen equestre, vel potius Alpestre." — *Erasmus*.

† "Notans in charta super sellam." — *Idem*.

your belt. What was it for?" — "To kill you," he replied, "if I had killed my son." There is a monument in the market-place of Altorf to consecrate the spot.

(30) The Eagle and Child is a favorite sign in many parts of Europe.

(30) "J'aime beaucoup ce tournoiement, pourvu que je sois en sûreté." — *J. J. Rousseau, Les Confessions*, l. iv.

(31) "Ou il y a environ dix ans, que l'Abbé de St. Maurice, Mons. Cocatrix, a été précipité avec sa voiture, ses chevaux, sa cuisinière, et son cocher." — *Descript du Valais*.

(32) Originally thus:

I love to sail along the LARIAN Lake
Under the shore — though not, where'er he dwelt,
To visit PLINY, — not, where'er he dwelt,
Whate'er his humor; for from cliff to cliff,
From glade to glade, adorning as he went,
He moved at pleasure, many a marble porch,
Dorian, Corinthian, rising at his call.

(33) "Hujus in littore plures villæ mee." — *Epist.* ix. 7.

(34) *Epist.* i. 3, ix. 7.

(35) Il lago di Garda. His peninsula he calls "the eye of peninsulas;" and it is beautiful. But, whatever it was, who could pass it by? Napoleon, in the career of victory, turned aside to see it.

Of his villa there is now no more remaining than of his old pinnace, which had weathered so many storms, and which he consecrated at last as an *ex-voto*.

(36) Commonly called Paul Veronese.

(37) The lake of Catullus; and now called Il lago di Garda. Its waves, in the north, lash the mountains of the Tyrol; and it was there, at the little village of Limone, that Hofer embarked, when in the hands of the enemy and on his way to Mantua, where, in the court-yard of the citadel, he was shot as a traitor. Less fortunate than Tell, yet not less illustrious, he was watched by many a mournful eye as he came down the lake; and his name will live long in the heroic songs of his country.

He lies buried at Innsbruck, in the church of the Holy Cross; and the statue on his tomb represents him in his habit as he lived and as he died.

(38) Petrarch, *Epist. Rer. Sen.* I. v. ep. 3.

(39) Mastino de la Scala, the Lord of Verona. Cortusio, the ambassador and historian, saw him so surrounded.

This house had been always open to the unfortunate. In the days of Can Grande all were welcome; poets, philosophers, artists, warriors. Each had his apartment, each a separate table; and at the hour of dinner musicians and jesters went from room to room. Dante, as we learn from himself, found an asylum there.

'Lo primo tuo rifugio, e'l primo ostello
Sarà la cortesia del gran Lombardo,
Che'n su la scala porta il santo uccello."

Their tombs in the public street carry us back into the times of barbarous virtue; nor less so do those of the Carrara Princes of Padua, though less singular and striking in

themselves. Francis Carrara, the elder, used often to visit Petrarch in his small house at Arquà, and followed him on foot to his grave.

(40) See the *Heraclidæ* of Euripides, v. 203, &c.

(41) Originally thus:

My omelet, and a trout, that, as the sun
Shot his last ray through Zanga's leafy grove,
Leaped at a golden fly, had happily
Fled from all eyes;

Zanga is the name of a beautiful villa near Bergamo, in which Tasso finished his tragedy of *Torrismondo*. It still belongs to his family.

(42) *Hist. de Gil Blas*, l. i. c. 2.

After the concluding line in the MS.

That evening, tended on with verse and song,
I closed my eyes in heaven, but not to sleep;
A Columbine, my nearest neighbor there,
In her great bounty, at the midnight hour
Bestowing on the world two Harlequins.

Chapelle and Bachaumont fared no better at Salon, "à cause d'une comédienne, qui s'avisait d'accoucher de deux petits comédiens."

(43) Originally thus:

And shall I sup where JULIET at the masque
First saw and loved, and now, by him who came
That night a stranger, sleeps from age to age?

An old palace of the Cappelletti, with its uncouth balcony and irregular windows, is still standing in a lane near the market-place; and what Englishman can behold it with indifference?

When we enter Verona we forget ourselves, and are almost inclined to say, with Dante,

"Vieni a veder Montecchi, e Cappelletti."

(44) It has been observed that in Italy the memory sees more than the eye. Scarcely a stone is turned up that has not some historical association, ancient or modern; that may not be said to have gold under it.

(45) Fallen as she is, she is still, as in the days of Tassoni,

"La gran donna del Po."

(46) From the sonnet of Filicaja, "Italia! Italia!" &c.

(47) All our travellers, from Addison downward, have diligently explored the monuments of her former existence; while those of her latter have, comparatively speaking, escaped observation. If I cannot supply the deficiency, I will not follow their example; and happy shall I be if by an intermixture of verse and prose I have furnished my countrymen on their travels with a pocket companion.

Though the obscure has its worshippers, as well, indeed, it may, forever changing its aspect, and now and then, if we may believe it, wearing the likeness of the sublime; I have always endeavored, with what success I cannot say, to express my thoughts and my feelings as naturally and as clearly in verse as in prose, sparing no labor, and remembering the old adage, "Le Temps n'épargne pas ce qu'on fait sans lui."

It was the boast of Boileau — and how much are we indebted to him! — that he had taught Racine to write with difficulty, — to do as others have done who have left what will live forever.

"Weigh well every word, nor publish till many years are gone by," is an injunction which has descended from age to age, the injunction of one* who could publish only in manuscript, and in manuscript hope to survive; though now (such the energy of his genius, such the excellence of his precept and his practice) in every country, every language, and in numbers almost numberless, our constant companion wherever we go.†

What would he have said now, when many a volume, on its release from the closet, wings its way in an instant over the Old World and the New, flying from city to city during the changes of the moon; and when the words which are uttered in our senate at midnight are delivered to thousands at sunrise, and before sunset are travelling to the ends of the earth?

(48) There is a French proverb that must sometimes occur to an observer in the present age: *Beaucoup de mal, peu de bruit; Beaucoup de bruit, peu de mal.*

To Lord John Russell are we indebted for that admirable definition of a proverb, "The wisdom of many and the wit of one."

(49) A mirror in the sixteenth century is said to have revealed a secret that led to less tragical consequences.

John Galeazzo Visconte, Duke of Milan, becoming enamored in his youth of a daughter of the house of Correggio, his gayety, his cheerfulness left him, as all observed, though none knew why; till some ladies of the court, who had lived with him in great familiarity, and who had sought and sought, but never found, began to rally him on the subject, saying, "Forgive us our presumption, sir, but, as you are in love, — for in love you must be, — may we know who she is, that we may render honor to whom honor is due; for it will be our delight no less than our duty to serve her?"

The duke was in dismay, and endeavored to fly, if it were possible, from so unequal a combat. But in flight there is no security when such an enemy is in the field; and, being soon convinced that the more he resisted the more he would be assailed, he resolved at once to capitulate; and, commanding for the purpose a splendid entertainment, such as he was accustomed to give, he invited them, one and all; not forgetting the lovely Correggia, who was as urgent as the rest, though she flattered herself that she knew the secret as well as he did.

When the banquet was over and the table-cloth removed, and every guest, as she sat, served with water for her fair hands and with a tooth-pick from the odoriferous mastio-tree, a cabinet of rich workmanship was placed on the table. "And now," said he, with a gayety usual to lovers, "and now, my dear ladies, as I can deny you nothing, come, one by one, and behold her; for here she is!" As he spoke, he unfolded the doors of the cabinet; and each in her turn beheld the portrait of a beautiful girl.

The last to look and to see was Correggia, for so he had contrived it; but no contrivance was wanted; for, shrinking and agitated, she had hung back behind them all, till to her ear came the intelligence that the portrait was unknown, and with the intelligence came the conviction that her fond heart had deceived her.

But what were her feelings when she looked and saw; for at the touch of a spring the portrait had vanished, and in a mirror she saw herself! — *Ricordi di Sabba Castiglione*, 1559.

For this story, as indeed for many others, I am indebted to my friend, Sir Charles Lock Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy; and I am happy in this opportunity of acknowledging my obligations to him.

* Horace.

† Nineteen centuries have passed away, and what scholar has not now his pocket Horace?

(50) *Murato* was a technical word for this punishment.

(51) An old huntsman of the family met her in the haze of the morning, and never went out again.

She is still known by the name of *Madonna Bianca*.

(52) Several were painted by Giorgione and Titian; as, for instance, the *Ca' Soranzo*, the *Ca' Grimani*, and the *Fondaco de' Tedeschi*. Great was their emulation, great their rivalry, if we may judge from an anecdote related by Vasari; and with what interest must they have been observed in their progress, as they stood at work on their scaffolds, by those who were passing under them by land and by water!*

(53) Now an observatory. On the wall there is a long inscription: "*Plis carcerem adspergite lacrymis*," &c.

Ezzelino is seen by Dante in the river of blood.

(54) Bonatti was the great astrologer of that day; and all the little princes of Italy contended for him. It was from the top of the tower of Forlì that he gave his signals to Guido Novello. At the first touch of a bell the count put on his armor; at the second he mounted his horse, and at the third marched out to battle. His victories were ascribed to Bonatti; and not perhaps without reason. How many triumphs were due to the soothsayers of old Rome!

(55) "Douze personnes, tant acteurs qu' actrices, un souffleur, un machiniste, un garde du magasin, des enfans de tout âge, des chiens, des chats, des singes, des perroquets; c' étoit l' arche de Noé. Ma prédilection pour les soubrettes m'arrêta sur Madame Bacche rini." — *Goldoni*.

* (56) The passage-boats are drawn up and down the Brenta.

(57) A pleasant instance of his wit and agility was exhibited some years ago on the stage at Venice.

"The stutterm was in an agony; the word was inexorable. It was to no purpose that Harlequin suggested another and another. At length, in a fit of despair, he pitched his head full in the dying man's stomach; and the word bolted out of his mouth to the most distant part of the house." — *See Moore's View of Society in Italy*.

He is well described by Marmontel in the *Encyclopédie*.

"Personnage de la comédie italienne. Le caractère distinctif de l'ancienne comédie italienne est de jouer des ridicules, non pas personnels, mais nationaux. C'est une imitation grotesque des mœurs des différentes villes d'Italie; et chacune d'elles est représentée par un personnage qui est toujours le même. Pantalon est vénitien, le Docteur est bolognois, Scapin est napolitain, et Arlequin est bergamasque. Celui-ci est d'une singularité qui mérite d'être observée; et il a fait long-temps les plaisirs de Paris, joué par trois acteurs célèbres, Dominique, Thomassin, et Carlin. Il est vraisemblable qu'un esclave africain fut le premier modèle de ce personnage. Son caractère est un mélange d'ignorance, de naïveté, d'esprit, de bêtise et de grâce: c'est un espèce d'homme ébauché, un grand enfant, qui a des lueurs de raison et d'intelligence, et dont toutes les méprises ou les maladroites ont quelque chose de piquant. Le vrai modèle de son jeu est la souplesse, l'agilité, la gentillesse d'un jeune chat, avec une écorce de grossièreté qui rend son action plus plaisante; son rôle est celui d'un valet patient, fidèle, crédule, gourmand, toujours amoureux, toujours dans l'embarras, ou pour son maître, ou pour lui-même; qui s'afflige,

* *Frederic Zuccherò*, in a drawing which I have seen, has introduced his brother *Taddeo* as so employed at Rome on the palace of Mattei, and *Raphael* and *Michael Angelo* as sitting on horseback among the spectators below.

qui se console avec la facilité d'un enfant, et dont la douleur est aussi amusante que la joie."

(58) Attila.

(59) "I love," says a traveller, "to contemplate, as I float along, that multitude of palaces and churches, which are congregated and pressed as on a vast raft." And who can forget his walk through the Merceria, where the nightingales give you their melody from shop to shop, so that, shutting your eyes, you would think yourself in some forest-glade, when, indeed, you are all the while in the middle of the sea? Who can forget his prospect from the great tower, which once, when gilt, and when the sun struck upon it, was to be descried by ships afar off; or his visit to St. Mark's church, where you see nothing, tread on nothing, but what is precious; the floor all agate, jasper; the roof mosaic; the aisle hung with the banners of the subject cities; the front and its five domes affecting you as the work of some unknown people? Yet all this may presently pass away; the waters may close over it; and they that come row about in vain to determine exactly where it stood.

(60) A poet of our own country, Mr. Wordsworth, has written a noble sonnet on the extinction of the Venetian republic.

"Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee," &c.

(61) "Il fallut subsister; ils tirèrent leur subsistance de tout l'univers."—*Montesquieu*.

(62) A caravan.

(63) There was, in my time, another republic, a place of refuge for the unfortunate, and, not only at its birth, but to the last hour of its existence, which had established itself in like manner among the waters, and which shared the same fate; a republic, the citizens of which, if not more enterprising, were far more virtuous,* and could say also to the great nations of the world, "Your countries were acquired by conquest or by inheritance; but ours in the work of our own hands. We renew it day by day; and, but for us, it might cease to be to-morrow!"—a republic, in its progress, forever warred on by the elements, and how often by men more cruel than they; yet constantly cultivating the arts of peace, and, short as was the course allotted to it (only three times the life of man, according to the Psalmist), producing, amidst all its difficulties, not only the greatest seamen, but the greatest lawyers, the greatest physicians, the most accomplished scholars, the most skilful painters, and statesmen as wise as they were just.†

* It is related that Spinola and Richardot, when on their way to negotiate a treaty at the Hague in 1608, saw eight or ten persons land from a little boat, and, sitting down on the grass, make a meal of bread and cheese and beer. "Who are these travellers?" said the ambassadors to a peasant.—"They are the deputies from the states," he answered, "our sovereign lords and masters."—"We must make peace," they cried. "These are not men to be conquered."—*Voltaire*.

† What names, for instance, are more illustrious than those of Barneveldt and De Witt? But when there were such mothers, there might well be such sons.

When Reinier Barneveldt was condemned to die for an attempt to revenge his father's death by assassination, his mother threw herself at the feet of Prince Maurice. "You did not design," said he, "to ask for your husband's life; and why ask for your son's?"—"My husband," she replied, "was innocent; but my son is guilty."

De Witt was at once a model for the greatest and the least. Careless as he was of his life when in the discharge of his duty, he was always careful of his health; and to the question how he was able to transact such a multiplicity of affairs, he would answer, "By doing only one thing at a time." A saying which should not soon be forgotten, and which may remind the reader of another, though of less value, by a great English lawyer of the last century, John Dunning. "I do a little; a little does itself; and the rest is undone."

(64) A national game of great antiquity, and most probably the "micare digitis" of the Romans. It is an old observation that few things are so lasting as the games of the young. They go down from one generation to another.

(65) Originally thus :

With Punchinello, crying as in wrath
"Tre ! Quattro ! Cinque !" — 'Tis a game to strike

(66) When we wish to know if a man may be accounted happy, we should perhaps inquire, not whether he is prosperous or unprosperous, but how much he is affected by little things, — by such as hourly assail us in the commerce of life, and are no more to be regarded than the buzzings and stings of a summer fly.

(67) They were placed in the floor as memorials. The brass was engraven with the words addressed by the Pope to the emperor, "Super aspidem et basiliscum ambulabis," &c. Thou shalt tread upon the asp and the basilisk : the lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot.

(68) Alexander III. He fled in disguise to Venice, and is said to have passed the first night on the steps of San Salvatore. The entrance is from the Merceria, near the foot of the Rialto ; and it is thus recorded, under his escutcheon, in a small tablet at the door. "Alexandro III. Pont. Max. pernoctanti."

(69) See Geoffrey de Villehardouin, in *Script. Byzant.* t. xx.

(70) See Petrarch's description of them and of the tournament, *Rer. Senil.* l. iv. ep. 2.

(71) Petrarch.

(72) Not less splendid were the tournaments of Florence in the place of Santa Croce. To those which were held there in February and June, 1468, we are indebted for two of the most celebrated poems of that age, the Giostra of Lorenzo de' Medici, by Luca Pulci, and the Giostra of Giuliano de' Medici, by Politian.

(73) "Recenti victoria exultantes," says Petrarch ; alluding, no doubt, to the favorable issue of the war in France. This festival began on the 4th of August, 1364.

(74) Among those the most followed, there was always a mask in a magnificent habit, relating marvellous adventures, and calling himself Messer Marco Millioni. Millioni was the name given by his fellow-citizens in his lifetime to the great traveller, Marco Polo. "I have seen him so described," says Ramusio, "in the records of the republic ; and his house has, from that time to this, been called La Corte del Millioni," the palace of the rich man, the millionaire. It is on the canal of S. Giovanni Chrisostomo ; and, as long as he lived, was much resorted to by the curious and the learned.

(75) "In atto di dar la beneditione," says Sansovino ; and performing the same office as the Triton on the tower of the winds at Athens.

(76) Now called La Scala de' Giganti. The colossal statues were placed there in 1566.

(77) "Marin Faliero della bella moglie : altri la gode ed egli la mantiene."
"Locus Marini Faletri decapitati pro criminibus."

(78) Francis Carrara II.

(79) "Il Conte, entrando in prigione, disse : Vedo bene ch'io son morto, e trasse un grande sospiro." — *M. Sanuto.*

(80) Les prisons des plombs, c'est-à-dire ces fournaises ardentes qu'on avait distri-
buées en petites cellules sous les terrasses qui couvrent le palais ; les puits, c'est-à-dire
ces fosses creusées sous les canaux, où le jour et la chaleur n'avaient jamais pénétré,
étaient les silencieux dépositaires des mystérieuses vengeances de ce tribunal. — *Daru*.

(81) A deep channel behind the island of S. Giorgio Maggiore.

(82) "How fares it with your world?" says his highness the Devil to Quevedo, on their
first interview in the lower regions. "Do I prosper there?"—"Much as usual, I believe."
—"But tell me truly. How is my good city of Venice? Flourishing?"—"More than
ever."—"Then I am under no apprehension. All must go well."

In a letter written by Francesco Priscianese, a Florentine, there is an interesting account
of an entertainment given in that city by Titian.

"I was invited," says he, "to celebrate the first of August (ferrare Agosto) in a beauti-
ful garden belonging to that great painter,* a man who by his courtesies could give a grace
and a charm to anything festive; † and there, when I arrived, I found him in company
with some of the most accomplished persons then in Venice; together with three of my
countrymen, Pietro Aretino, Nardi the historian, ‡ and Sansovino, so celebrated as a sculp-
tor and an architect.

"Though the place was shady, the sun was still powerful; and, before we sat down at
table, we passed our time in contemplating the excellent pictures with which the house was
filled, and in admiring the order and beauty of the garden, which, being on the sea and at
the northern extremity of Venice, looked directly on the little island of Murano, and on
others not less beautiful.

"Great, indeed, was our admiration, great our enjoyment, wherever we turned; and no
sooner did the sun go down than the water was covered with gondolettas adorned with
ladies, and resounding with the richest harmonies, vocal and instrumental, which con-
tinued till midnight, and delighted us beyond measure, while we sat and supped, regaling
ourselves with everything that was most exquisite."

(83) An allusion to the supper in *Candide*: c. xxvi.

(84) See Schiller's Ghost-seer, c. i.

(85) See the history of Bragadino, the Alchemist, as related by Daru. — *Hist. de Venise*,
c. 28.

The person that follows him was yet more extraordinary, and is said to have appeared
there in 1687. — See *Hermippus Redivivus*.

"Those who have experienced the advantages which all strangers enjoy in that city
will not be surprised that one who went by the name of Signor Gualdi was admitted into
the best company, though none knew who or what he was. He remained there some
months; and three things were remarked concerning him: that he had a small but
inestimable collection of pictures, which he readily showed to anybody; that he spoke on
every subject with such a mastery as astonished all who heard him; and that he never
wrote or received any letter, never required any credit or used any bills of exchange, but
paid for everything in ready money, and lived respectably, though not splendidly.

* Great as he was, we know little of his practice. Palma the elder, who studied under him, used to
say that he finished more with the finger than the pencil. — *Bosellini*.

† His scholar Tintoret, if so much could not be said of him, would now and then enliven the conver-
sation at his table with a sally that was not soon forgotten. Sitting one day there with his friend Bas-
san, "I tell thee what, Giacomo," said he: "if I had thy coloring and thou hadst my design, the
Titians and Corregios and Raphaels should not approach us." — *Verri*.

‡ Nardi lived long, if not so long as Titian. Writing to Varchi on the 19th of July, 1555, he says:
"I am still sound, though feeble; having on the twenty-first of the present month to begin to climb
with my staff the steep ascent of the eightieth year of this my misspent life." — *Tiraboschi*.

"This gentleman being one day at the coffee-house, a Venetian nobleman, who was an excellent judge of pictures, and who had heard of Signor Gualdi's collection, expressed a desire to see them; and his request was instantly granted. After observing and admiring them for some time, he happened to cast his eyes over the chamber-door, where hung a portrait of the stranger. The Venetian looked upon it, and then upon him. 'This is your portrait, sir,' said he to Signor Gualdi. The other made no answer but by a low bow. 'Yet you look,' he continued, 'like a man of fifty; and I know this picture to be of the hand of Titian, who has been dead one hundred and thirty years. How is this possible?' 'It is not easy,' said Signor Gualdi, gravely, 'to know all things that are possible; but there is certainly no crime in my being like a picture of Titian's.' The Venetian perceived that he had given offence, and took his leave.

"In the evening he could not forbear mentioning what had passed to some of his friends, who resolved to satisfy themselves the next day by seeing the picture. For this purpose they went to the coffee-house about the time that Signor Gualdi was accustomed to come there; and, not meeting with him, inquired at his lodgings, where they learnt that he had set out an hour before for Vienna. This affair made a great stir at the time.

(86) A Frenchman of high rank, who had been robbed at Venice and had complained in conversation of the negligence of the police, saying that they were vigilant only as spies on the stranger, was on his way back to the Terra Firma, when his gondola stopped suddenly in the midst of the waves. He inquired the reason; and his gondoliers pointed to a boat with a red flag, that had just made them a signal. It arrived; and he was called on board. "You are the Prince de Craon? Were you not robbed on Friday evening?"—"I was."—"Of what?"—"Of five hundred ducats."—"And where were they?"—"In a green purse."—"Do you suspect anybody?"—"I do, a servant."—"Would you know him again?"—"Certainly." The interrogator with his foot turned aside an old cloak that lay there; and the prince beheld his purse in the hand of a dead man. "Take it; and remember that none set their feet again in a country where they have presumed to doubt the wisdom of the government."

(87) Une magistrature terrible, says Montesquieu, une magistrature établie pour venger les crimes qu'elle soupçonne. Of the terror which it inspired he could speak from experience, if we may believe one of his contemporaries.

In Italy, says Diderot, he became acquainted with Lord Chesterfield, and they travelled on together, disputing all the way; each asserting and maintaining as for his life the intellectual superiority of his countrymen; till at length they came to Venice, where Montesquieu was prosecuting his researches with an ardor all his own, when he received a visit from a stranger,—a Frenchman in a rusty garb,—who thus addressed him: "You must wonder at my intrusion, sir; but, when the life of a countryman is in danger, I cannot remain silent, cost me what it may. In this city many a man has gone to his grave for one inconsiderate word, and you have uttered a thousand. Nor is it unknown to the government that you write; and before the sun goes down—But I have said more than enough; and may it not be too late! Good-morning to you, sir. All I beg of you in return is, that, if you see me again under any circumstances, you will not discover that you have seen me before."

The president, in the greatest consternation, prepared for instant flight, and had already committed his papers to the flames, when Chesterfield appeared and began to reason with him on the subject.

"What could be his motive? Friendship?"—"He did not know me."—"Money?"—"He asked for none."—"And all, then, for nothing; when, if detected, he would be strangled on the spot!—No, no, my friend. He was sent, you may rest assured; and what would you say,—but let me reflect a little,—and what would you say, if you were indebted for this visit to an Englishman, a fellow-traveller of yours, to convince you by

experience of what by argument he could never convince you ; that one grain of our common sense, meanly as you may think of it, is worth a thousand of that *esprit* on which you all value yourselves so highly ; for with one grain of common sense —”

“Ah, villain !” exclaimed Montesquieu, “what a trick you have played me ! And my manuscript ! my manuscript, which I have burnt !”

(88) La Biondina in Gondoletta.

(89) “C’était sous les portiques de Saint-Marco que les patriciens se réunissaient tous les jours. Le nom de cette promenade indiquait sa destination ; on l’appellait *il Broglio*.” — *Daru*.

(90) When a despot lays his hand on a free city, how soon must he make the discovery of the rustic who bought Punch of the puppet-show man, and complained that he would not speak !

(91) For this thought I am indebted to some unpublished travels by the author of *Vathek*.

(92) Goldoni, describing his excursion with the Passalacqua, has left us a lively picture of this class of men.

“We were no sooner in the middle of that great lagoon which encircles the city, than our discreet gondolier drew the curtain behind us, and let us float at the will of the waves. At length night came on, and we could not tell where we were. ‘What is the hour?’ said I to the gondolier. — ‘I cannot guess, sir ; but, if I am not mistaken, it is the lover’s hour.’ — ‘Let us go home,’ I replied ; and he turned the prow homeward, singing, as he rowed, the twenty-sixth strophe of the sixteenth canto of the *Jerusalem Delivered*.”

(93) *Premi o stali*

(94) At Venice, if you have *la riva in casa*, you step from your boat into the hall.

(95) Bianca Capello. It had been shut, if we may believe the novelist Malespini, by a baker’s boy, as he passed by at daybreak ; and in her despair she fled with her lover to Florence, where he fell by assassination. Her beauty, and her love-adventure as here related, her marriage afterwards with the grand duke, and that fatal banquet at which they were both poisoned by the cardinal, his brother, have rendered her history a romance.

(96) This circumstance took place at Venice on the first of February, the eve of the feast of the Purification of the Virgin, A. D. 994, Pietro Candiano, Doge.

(97) “E’ costume era, che tutte le novizze con tutta la dote loro venissero alla detta chiesa, dov’era il vescovo con tutta la chieresia.” — *A. Navagiero*.

(98) Among the *Habiti Antichi*, in that admirable book of wood-cuts ascribed to Titian (A. D. 1590), there is one entitled “*Sposa Venetiana à Castello*.” It was taken from an old painting in the Scuola di S. Giovanni Evangelista, and by the writer is believed to represent one of the brides here described.

(99) San Pietro di Castello, the patriarchal church of Venice.

(100) “Una galera e una galeotta.” — *M. Sanuto*.

(101) In the lagoons of Caorlo. The creek is still called *Il Porto delle Donzelle*.

(102) “Paul tùm etiam spirans,” &c. — *Sallust. Bell. Catal. 59*.

(103) They are described by Evelyn and La Lande, and were to be seen in the treasury of St. Mark very lately.

(104) "Le quali con trionfo si conducevano sopra una piazza pe' canali di Venezia con suoni e canti." — *M. Sanuto*.

(105) An English abbreviation. Rialto is the name, not of the bridge, but of the island from which it is called; and the Venetians say *Il ponte di Rialto*, as we say Westminster bridge.

In that island is the exchange; and I have often walked there as on classic ground. In the days of Antonio and Bassanio it was second to none. "I sottoportici," says Sansovino, writing in 1580, "sono ogni giorno frequentati da i mercatanti Fiorentini, Genovesi, Milanesi, Spagnuoli, Turchi, e d' altre nazioni diverse del mondo, i quali vi concorrono in tanta copia, che questa piazza è annoverata fra le prime dell' universo." It was there that the Christian held discourse with the Jew; and Shylock refers to it, when he says,

"Signor Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me —"

"Andiamo a Rialto," — "L'ora di Rialto," — were on every tongue; and continue so to the present day, as we learn from the comedies of Goldoni, and particularly from his *Mercanti*.

There is a place adjoining, called Rialto Nuovo; and so called, according to Sansovino, "perchè fù fabbricato dopo il vecchio."

(106) The Council of Ten and the Giunta, "nel quale," says Sanuto, "fu messer lo doge." The Giunta at the first examination consisted of ten patricians, at the last of twenty.

This story and the tragedy of the Two Foscari were published within a few days of each other, in November, 1821.

(107) She was a Contarini; a name coeval with the Republic, and illustrated by eight Doges. On the occasion of their marriage the Bùcentaur came out in its splendor; and a bridge of boats was thrown across the Canal Grande for the bridegroom and his retinue of three hundred horse. Sanuto dwells with pleasure on the costliness of the dresses, and the magnificence of the processions by land and water. The tournaments in the place of St. Mark lasted three days, and were attended by thirty thousand people.

(108) Francesco Sforza. His father, when at work in the field, was accosted by some soldiers, and asked if he would enlist. "Let me throw my mattock on that oak," he replied, "and if it remains there, I will." It remained there; and the peasant, regarding it as a sign, enlisted. He became soldier, general, prince; and his grandson, in the palace at Milan, said to Paulus Jovius, "You behold these guards and this grandeur. I owe everything to the branch of an oak, — the branch that held my grandfather's mattock."

(109) It was a high crime to solicit the intercession of any foreign prince.

(110) "Va e ubbidisci a quello che vuole la terra, e non cercar più oltre."

(111) The state-inquisitors. For an account of their authority, see page 306.

(112) There is a beautiful precept which he who has received an injury, or who thinks that he has, would for his own sake do well to follow: "Excuse half and forgive the rest."

(113) "Veneno sublatum." The tomb is in the Church of St. Elena.

(114) A remarkable instance, among others in the annals of Venice, that her princes were merchants; her merchants, princes.

(115) Count Ugolino. — *Inferno*, 32.

(116) Remember the poor Marcolini!

(117) "I visited once more," says Alfieri, "the tomb of our master in love, the divine Petrarch; and there, as at Ravenna, consecrated a day to meditation and verse."

He visited also the house; and in the album there wrote a sonnet worthy of Petrarch himself.

"O Cameretta, che già in te chiudesti
Quel Grande alla cui fama è angusto il mondo," &c.

Alfieri took great pleasure in what he called his poetical pilgrimages. At the birth-place and the grave of Tasso he was often to be found; and in the library at Ferrara he has left this memorial of himself on a blank leaf of the *Orlando Furioso*: "Vittorio Alfieri vide e venerò. 13 giugno, 1783."

(118) The Côte Rotie, the Hermitage, &c.

(119) After which, in the MS.

A Crusoe, sorrowing in his loneliness —

(120) This village, says Boccaccio, hitherto almost unknown even at Padua, is soon to become famous through the world; and the sailor on the Adriatic will prostrate himself when he discovers the Euganean hills. "Among them," will he say, "sleeps the poet who is our glory. Ah, unhappy Florence! You neglected him,—you deserved him not."

(121) "I have built among the Euganean hills a small house, decent and proper; in which I hope to pass the rest of my days, thinking always of my dead or absent friends." Among those still living was Boccaccio; who is thus mentioned by him in his will: "To Don Giovanni of Certaldo, for a winter-gown at his evening studies, I leave fifty golden florins; truly little enough for so great a man."

When the Venetians overran the country, Petrarch prepared for flight. "Write your name over your door," said one of his friends, "and you will be safe."—"I am not so sure of that," replied Petrarch, and fled with his books to Padua. His books he left to the republic of Venice, laying, as it were, a foundation for the library of St. Mark; but they exist no longer. His legacy to his friend Francis Carrara the elder, a Madonna painted by Giotto, is still preserved in the cathedral of Padua.

(122) Thrice happy is he who acquires the habit of looking everywhere for excellences, and not for faults,—whether in art or in nature,—whether in a picture, a poem, or a character. Like the bee in its flight, he extracts the sweet, and not the bitter, wherever he goes; till his mind becomes a dwelling-place for all that is beautiful, receiving, as it were by instinct, what is congenial to itself, and rejecting everything else almost as unconsciously as if it was not there.

(123) May I for a moment transport my reader into the depths of the Black Forest? It is for the sake of a little story which has some relation to the subject, and which many, if I mistake not, will wish to be true.

"Farewell!" said the old baron, as he conducted his guest to the gate. "If you must go, you must. But promise to write, for we shall be anxious to hear of your entire recovery; though we cannot regret, as we ought to do, an illness by which we have been so much the gainers." The young man said nothing, but the tears were in his eyes; and,

as the carriage drove off, he looked back again and again on the venerable towers of the castle in which he had experienced such kindness. "Nor can I regret my illness," said he to himself, with a sigh.

Sick and a stranger, he had been received and welcomed from a miserable inn in the village below. By the baron he had been treated with the tenderness of a parent; and by his daughter — but the reader must fill up the sentence from what follows.

It was a younger son of the house of Modena, who was now travelling homeward along the banks of the Danube. What he thought at first to be gratitude, neither time nor distance could remove or diminish; and, having not long afterwards, by some unexpected circumstances, succeeded to the dukedom, he wrote instantly to invite her who had nursed him in his extremity to come and share his throne. "You have given me life," said he, "and you cannot refuse me that without which life would be of little value."

Her answer was soon received. She would not deny the pleasure, the emotion, with which she had read his letter. She would not conceal the friendship, — the more than friendship, — which she had conceived for him. "But I am no longer," says she, "what I was. A cruel distemper has so entirely changed me that you would not know me; and, grateful as I shall ever feel for the honor and the happiness you intended for me, I must, for your sake, for my own, decline them both, and remain here to devote myself to my father in the obscurity in which you found me."

"No," he replied, "it was your mind, and not your person, beautiful as you then were, beautiful as in my eyes you must always continue to be, that won my regard. Come, — for come you must, — and bring him — my friend, my benefactor — along with you, that with you I may study to make him happy; nor can I fail of success, for it shall be the business of my life to make you so."

She came, and as lovely as ever. It was a *ruse* to try the strength of his affection; and from her is said to have descended the race that now occupies the throne of Modena.

(124) Affirming itself to be the very bucket which Tassoni in his mock heroics has celebrated as the cause of war between Bologna and Modena, five hundred years ago.

(125) *Inferno*, V

(125) This story is, I believe, founded on fact; though the time and place are uncertain. Many old houses in England lay claim to it.

Except in this instance and another (p. 411) I have everywhere followed history or tradition; and I would here disburden my conscience in pointing out these exceptions, lest the reader should be misled by them.

(127) Commonly called Domenichino.

(128) How affecting are such demonstrations of grief!

We read of a father who lost an only child by a fall from a window, and who, as long as he lived, and however he might be employed, would suddenly break off and give the cry and the look and the gesture which he gave when it sprang from his arms and was gone.

It is said that Garrick was well acquainted with him, and that, when solicited by the actors in Paris to give some proof of his power, he gave what he had seen so often, and with a truth that overcame them all.

(129) See the Cries of Bologna, as drawn by Annibal Carracci. He was of very humble origin; and, to correct his brother's vanity, once sent him a portrait of their father, the tailor, threading his needle.

(130) The principal gondoller, *il fante di poppa*, was almost always in the confidence of his master, and employed on occasions that required judgment and address.

(131) "Adrianum mare." — *Cic.*

(132) See the *Prophecy of Dante*.

(133) See the tale as told by Boccaccio and Dryden.

(134) Such, perhaps, as suggested to Petrocchi the sonnet, "Io chiesi al Tempo," &c.

I said to Time, "This venerable pile,
Its floor the earth, its roof the firmament,
Whose was it once?" He answered not, but fled
Fast as before. I turned to Fame, and asked.
"Names such as his, to thee they must be known.
Speak!" But she answered only with a sigh,
And, musing mournfully, looked on the ground.
Then to Oblivion I addressed myself,
A dismal phantom, sitting at the gate;
And, with a voice as from the grave, he cried,
"Whose it was once I care not; now 'tis mine."*

The same turn of thought is in an ancient inscription which Sir Walter Scott repeated to me many years ago, and which he had met with, I believe, in the cemetery of Melrose Abbey, when wandering, like Old Mortality, among the tomb-stones there.

The Earth walks on the Earth, glistering with gold;
The Earth goes to the Earth, sooner than it wold.
The Earth builds on the Earth temples and towers;
The Earth says to the Earth, "All will be ours."

(135) They wait for the traveller's carriage at the foot of every hill.

(136) Among other instances of her ascendancy at the close of the thirteenth century, it is related that Florence saw twelve of her citizens assembled at the court of Boniface the Eighth, as ambassadors from different parts of Europe and Asia. Their names are mentioned in *Toscana Illustrata*.

(137) A chapel of the Holy Virgin in the church of the Carmelites. It is adorned with the paintings of Masaccio, and all the great artists of Florence studied there; Lionardo da Vinci, Fra Bartolomeo, Andrea del Sarto, Michael Angelo, Raphael, &c.

He had no stone, no inscription, says Vasari, for he was thought little of in his lifetime.

"Se alcun cercasse il marmo, o il nome mio,
La chiesa è il marmo, una cappella è il nome."

Nor less melancholy was the fate of Andrea del Sarto, though his merit was not undiscovered. "There is a little man in Florence," said Michael Angelo to Raphael, "who, if he were employed on such great works as you are, would bring the sweat to your brow." See Bocchi in his "Bellezza di Firenze."

(138) Il sasso di Dante. It exists, I believe, no longer, the wall having been taken down; but enough of him remains elsewhere. Boccaccio delivered his lectures on the Divina Commedia in the church of S. Stefano; and whoever happens to enter it, when the light is favorable, may still, methinks, catch a glimpse of him and his hearers.

(139) This quarter of the city was, at the close of the fourteenth century,† the scene of a romantic incident that befell a young lady of the Amieri family, who, being crossed in love

* For the last line I am indebted to a translation by the Rev. Charles Strong.

† October, 1396.

and satisfied by her father to his avarice or his ambition, was, in the fourth year of an unhappy marriage, consigned to the grave.

With the usual solemnities she was conveyed to the cemetery of the cathedral, and deposited in a sepulchre of the family that was long pointed out; but she was not to remain there. For she had been buried in a trance; and, awaking at midnight "among them that slept," she disengaged in the darkness her hands and her feet, and, climbing up the narrow staircase to a gate that had been left unlocked, came abroad into the moonshine, wondering where she was, and what had befallen her. When she had in some degree recovered herself, she sought the house of her husband; * going forth in her grave-clothes and passing through the street, that was thenceforth to be called the Street of the Dead.† But, when she arrived there and he beheld her, he started back as from a spectre, and shut the door against her and fled.

To her father then she directed her steps, and afterwards to an uncle, but with no better success; and now, being everywhere rejected, and with horror, what, alas, had she to do but to die! — to return to the place from which in that garment she had wandered? For a while, in her agony, she is said to have sheltered herself under the porch of St. Bartholomew; till, the day beginning to break and the stir of life to gather round her, she resolved at once to fly for refuge to him who had loved her from their childhood, and who could never reject her.

Undistinguished in the crowd, he had followed the funeral-train; and, having taken a last look before she was removed from the bier, he was brooding at home on the past, when a voice came through the lattice, like a voice from heaven, and the interview let those imagine who can.

The sequel will surprise the reader, but we should remember when and where they lived. Her husband claiming her, she appealed to the ecclesiastical court; and, after due deliberation, it was decided that, having been buried with the rites of the church, and having passed through the grave, she was absolved from her vow, and at liberty to marry again. — *Firenza Illustrate. L'Osservatore Fiorentino.*

(140) *Inferno*, 33. A more dreadful vehicle for satire cannot well be conceived. Dante, according to Boccaccio, was passing by a door in Verona, at which some women were sitting, when one of them was overheard to say, in a low voice, to the rest, Do you see that man? He it is who visits hell whenever he pleases; and who returns to give an account of those he finds there. — I can believe it, replied another. Don't you observe his brown skin and his frizzled beard?

(141) "Movemur enim nescio quo pacto locis ipsis, in quibus eorum, quos diligimus, aut admiramur, adsunt vestigia. Me quidem ipsæ illæ nostræ Athenæ non tam operibus magnificis exquisitisque antiquorum artibus delectant, quam recordatione summorum virorum, ubi quisque habitare, ubi sedere, ubi disputare sit solitus: studiosæque eorum ætiam sepulchra contempler." — *Cic. de Legibus*, li. 2.

(142) A saying of Michael Angelo. They are the work of Lorenzo Ghiberti.

(143) "Mio bel san Giovanni." — *Inferno*, 19.

(144) Great, indeed, are the miseries that here await the children of genius; so exquisitely alive are they to every breath that stirs. But, if they suffer more than others, more than others is it theirs to enjoy. Every gleam of sunshine on their journey has a lustre not its own; and, to the last, — come what may, — how great is their delight when they pour forth their conceptions, when they deliver what they receive from the God that

* Nel Corso degli Adimari.

† La Via della Morte, 'o, per dir meglio, della Morta.

is within them; how great the confidence with which they look forward to the day, how ever distant, when those who are yet unborn shall bless them!

(145) *Paradiso*, 17.

(146) The Chapel de' Depositi; in which are the tombs of the Medici, by Michael Angelo.

(147) He died early; living only to become the father of Catherine de' Medici. Had an evil spirit assumed the human shape to propagate mischief, he could not have done better.

The statue is larger than the life, but not so large as to shock belief. It is the most real and unreal thing that ever came from the chisel.

(148) The day of All Souls; *Il dì de' Morti*.

(149) "Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor!"

Perhaps there is nothing in language more affecting than his last testament. It is addressed "To God, the Deliverer," and was found steeped in his blood.

(150) Filippo Strozzi.

(151) The Tribune.

(152) Cosmo, the first Grand Duke.

(153) De Thou.

(154) Elenora di Toledo. Of the children that survived her, one fell by a brother, one by a husband, and a third murdered his wife. But that family was soon to become extinct. It is some consolation to reflect that the country did not go unrevengeful for the calamities which they had brought upon her. How many of them died by the hands of each other — See p. 443.

(155) De Thou.

(156) The Palazzo Vecchio. Cosmo had left it several years before.

(157) By Vasari, who attended him on this occasion. *Thuanus, de Vita sua*, i.

(158) It was given out that they had died of a contagious fever: and funeral orations were publicly pronounced in their honor.

Alfieri has written a tragedy on the subject; but it may be said so when he has altered so entirely the story and the characters.

(159) He was the father of modern painting, and the master of Giotto, whose talent he discovered in the way here alluded to.

"Cimabue stood still, and, having considered the boy and his work, he asked him if he would go and live with him at Florence. To which the boy answered that, if his father was willing, he would go, with all his heart." — *Vasari*.

Of Cimabue little now remains at Florence, except his celebrated Madonna, larger than the life, in Santa Maria Novella. It was painted, according to Vasari, in a garden near Porta S. Piero, and, when finished, was carried to the church in solemn procession, with trumpets before it. The garden lay without the walls; and such was the rejoicing there on the occasion, such the feasting, that the suburb received the name of Borgo Allegri, a name it still bears, though now a part of the city.

(160) His first instrument was presented by him to the Doge of Venice; and there is a tradition at Venice that he exhibited its wonders on the top of the tower of St. Mark.

His second, which discovered the satellites of Jupiter, and was endeared to him, as he says, by much fatigue and by many a midnight watch, remained entire, I believe, till very lately, in the Museum at Florence.

Kepler's letter to him on that discovery is very characteristic of the writer. "I was sitting idle at home, thinking of you and your letters, most excellent Galileo, when Wachenfels stopped his carriage at my door to tell me the news; and such was my wonder when I heard it, such my agitation (for at once it decided an old controversy of ours), that, what with his joy and my surprise, and the laughter of both, we were for some time unable, he to speak, and I to listen. At last I began to consider how they could be there, without overturning my *Mysterium Cosmographicum*, published thirteen years ago. Not that I doubt their existence. So far from it, I am longing for a glass, that I may, if possible, get the start of you, and find two for Mars, six or eight for Saturn," &c.

In Jupiter and his satellites, seen as they now are, "we behold, at a single glance of the eye, a beautiful miniature of the planetary system," and perhaps of every system of worlds through the regions of space.

(161) It is somewhere mentioned that Michael Angelo, when he set out from Florence to build the dome of St. Peter's, turned his horse round in the road to contemplate once more that of the cathedral, as it rose in the gray of the morning from among the pines and cypresses of the city, and that he said, after a pause, "Come te non voglio! Meglio di te non posso!"* He never, indeed, spoke of it but with admiration; and, if we may believe tradition, his tomb by his own desire was to be so placed in the Santa Croce as that from it might be seen, when the doors of the church stood open, that noble work of Brunelleschi.

(162) Santa Maria Novella. For its grace and beauty it was called by Michael Angelo "La Sposa."

(163) In the year of the Great Plague. See the Decameron.

(164) Once, on a bright November morning, I set out and traced them, as I conceived, step by step; beginning and ending in the Church of Santa Maria Novella. It was a walk delightful in itself and in its associations.

(165) I have here followed Baldelli. It has been said that Boccaccio drew from his imagination. But is it likely, when he and his readers were living within a mile or two of the spot? Truth or fiction, it furnishes a pleasant picture of the manners and amusements of the Florentines in that day.

(166) At three o'clock. Three hours after sunrise, according to the old manner of reckoning.

(167) Boccaccio.

(168) Decameron, vi. 10.

(169) Macchiavel.

(170) See a very interesting letter from Macchiavel to Francesco Vettori, dated the 10th of December, 1513.

(171) Since the invention of letters, when we began to write, how much, that will live forever, has come in solitude and in silence from the head and the heart! No voice delivers it when it comes; yet on by its own energy it goes through the world, come

* Like thee I will not build one. Better than thee I cannot.

whence it may, — from the distant, from the dead, — and on it will continue to go, enlightening millions yet unborn in regions yet undiscovered.

(172) *La Verdea*. It is celebrated by Rinuccini, Redi, and most of the Tuscan poets nor is it unnoticed by some of ours.

"Say, he had been at Rome and seen the relics,
Drunk your Verdea wine," &c.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

(173) It is difficult to conceive what Galileo must have felt, when, having constructed his telescope, he turned it to the heavens, and saw the mountains and valleys in the moon. Then the moon was another earth; the earth another planet; and all were subject to the same laws. What an evidence of the simplicity and the magnificence of nature!

But at length he turned it again, still directing it upward, and again he was lost; for he was now among the fixed stars; and, if not magnified as he expected them to be, they were multiplied beyond measure.

What a moment of exultation for such a mind as his! But as yet it was only the dawn of a day that was coming; nor was he destined to live till that day was in its splendor. The great law of gravitation was not yet to be made known; and how little did he think, as he held the instrument in his hand, that we should travel by it so far as we have done; that its revelations would ere long be so glorious!

Among the innumerable stars now discovered, and at every improvement of the telescope we discover more and more, there are many at such a distance from this little planet of ours, that "their light must have taken at least a thousand years to reach us." The intelligence which they may be said to convey to us, night after night, must therefore, when we receive it, be a thousand years old; for every ray that comes must have set out so long ago; and, "when we observe their places and note their changes," they may have ceased to exist for a thousand years.

Nor can their dimensions be less wonderful than their distances; if Sirius, as it is more than conjectured, be nearly equal to fourteen suns, and there are others that surpass Sirius. Yet all of them must be as nothing in the immensity of space, and amidst the "numbers without number" that may never become visible here, though they were created *in the beginning*. — *Sir John Herschel.*

(174) Galileo came to Arcetri at the close of the year 1633; and remained there, while he lived, by an order of the Inquisition.* It is without the walls, near the Porta Romana.

He was buried with all honor in the church of the Santa Croce.

(175) *Il Gioiello*.

(176) Ariosto himself employed much of his time in gardening; and to his garden at Ferrara we owe many a verse.

(177) Milton went to Italy in 1638. "There it was," says he, "that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition." "Old and blind," he might have said. Galileo, by his own account, became blind in December, 1637. Milton, as we learn from the date of Sir Henry Wotton's letter to him, had not left England on the 18th of April following. — *See Tiraboschi, and Wotton's Remains.*

(178) It has pleased God, said he, that I should be blind; and must not I also be pleased?

* For believing in the motion of the earth. "They may issue their decrees," says Pascal, "it is to no purpose. If the earth is really turning round, all mankind together cannot keep it from turning, or keep themselves from turning with it." — *Les Provinciales*, xviii.

(179) If we may judge from the progress which our language has made and is making, where, in what region, however distant, may it not prevail? And how inspiring, yet how awful is the reflection! for who among us can say where what he writes will not be read, — where the seed which he sows will not spring up to good or to evil?

"I care not," says Milton, "to be once named abroad, though perhaps I could attain to that; being content with these islands as my world." Yet where may he not be named, and with reverence? Where may not the verse which he delivered in trust to others, as he sat dictating in his darkness, be treasured up in the memories and in the hearts of men; his language being theirs?

(180) If such was their lot in life, if it was theirs to live under discountenance and in blindness, they were not without their reward; living, as so many have done, in the full assurance that their labor would not be lost, and that sooner or later the world would be the happier and the better for their having lived in it.

(181) They rise within thirteen miles of each other.

(182) Il Sagro Eremo.

(183) I cannot dismiss Pisa without a line or two; for much do I owe to her. If Time has levelled her ten thousand towers (for, like Lucca, she was "torreggiata a guisa d'un boschetto"), she has still her cathedral and her baptistery, her belfry and her cemetery; and from Time they have acquired more than they have lost.

If many a noble monument is gone,
That said how glorious in her day she was,
There is a sacred place within her walls,
Sacred and silent, save when they that die
Come there to rest, and they that live to pray,
For then are voices heard, crying to God,
Where yet remain, apart from all things else,
Four such as nowhere on the earth are seen
Assembled; and at even, when the sun
Sinks in the west, and in the east the moon
As slowly rises, her great round displaying
Over a city now so desolate —
Such is the grandeur, such the solitude,
Such their dominion in that solemn hour,
We stand and gaze and wonder where we are,
In this world or another.

(184) It was in this manner that the first Sforza went down when he perished in the Pescara.

(185) Michael Angelo.

(186) A description of the Cartoon of Pisa.

(187) Petrarch, as we learn from himself, was on his way to Ancisa; whither his mother was retiring. He was seven months old at the time.

(188) "O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
Murmura," &c. *Epitaphium Damonis.*

(189) There were the "Nobili di Torre" and the "Nobili di Loggia."

(190) Giovanni Buondelmonte was on the point of marrying an Amidei, when a widow of the Donati family made him break his engagement in the manner here described.

The Amidei washed away the affront with his blood, attacking him, says G. Villani, at the foot of the Ponte Vecchio, as he was coming leisurely along in his white mantle on his white palfrey; and hence many years of slaughter.

"O Buondelmonte, quanto mal fuggisti

Le nozze sue, per gli altrui conforti." — *Dante*.

(191) If war is a calamity, what a calamity must be civil war; for how cruel are the circumstances which it gives birth to!

"I had served long in foreign countries," says an old soldier, "and had borne my part in the sack of many a town; but there I had only to deal with strangers; and I shall never — no, never — forget what I felt to-day, when a voice in my own language cried out to me for quarter."

(192) The story is Bolognese, and is told by Cherubino Ghiradacci in his history of Bologna. Her lover was of the Guelphic party, her brothers of the Ghibelline; and no sooner was this act of violence made known, than an enmity, hitherto but half-suppressed, broke out into open war. The Great Place was a scene of battle and bloodshed for forty successive days; nor was a reconciliation accomplished till six years afterwards, when the families and their adherents met there once again, and exchanged the kiss of peace before the Cardinal Legate; as the rival families of Florence had already done in the place of S. Maria Novella. Every house on the occasion was hung with tapestry and garlands of flowers.

(193) The Saracens had introduced among them the practice of poisoning their daggers.

(194) It is remarkable that the noblest works of human genius have been produced in times of tumult, when every man was his own master, and all things were open to all. Homer, Dante and Milton, appeared in such times; and we may add Virgil.*

(195) As in those of Cosmo I. and his son Francis. — *Sismondi*, xvi. 205.

(196) A Sicilian, the inventress of many poisons; the most celebrated of which, from its transparency, was called *Acquetta* or *Acqua Tophana*.

(197) The Cardinal, Ferdinand de' Medici, is said to have been preserved in this manner by a ring which he wore on his finger; as also Andrea, the husband of Giovanna, Queen of Naples.

(198) Il Trabocchetto. — See *Vocab. degli Accadem. della Crusca*. See also *Dict. de l'Académie Française*: art. *Oubliettes*.

(199) Poggio-Calano, the favorite villa of Lorenzo; where he often took the diversion of hawking. Pulci sometimes went out with him; though, it seems, with little ardor. See *La Caccia col Falcone*, where he is described as missing; and as gone into a wood, to rhyme there.

(200) The *Morgante Maggiore*. He used to recite it at the table of Lorenzo, in the manner of the ancient Rhapsodists.

* The Augustan age, as it is called, what was it but a dying blaze of the Commonwealth? When Augustus began to reign, Cicero and Lucretius were dead, Catullus had written his satires against Caesar, and Horace and Virgil were no longer in their first youth. Horace had served under Brutus; and Virgil had been pronounced to be

"*Magnæ spes altera Romæ.*"

(201) Bianca Capello.

(202) Caffaggiolo, the favorite retreat of Cosmo, "the father of his country." Eleonora di Toledo was stabbed there on the 11th of July, 1576, by her husband, Pietro de' Medici; and only five days afterwards, on the 16th of the same month, Isabella de' Medici was strangled by hers, Paolo Giordano Orsini, at his villa of Cerreto. They were at Florence, when they were sent for, each in her turn, — Isabella under the pretext of a hunting-party, — and each in her turn went to die.

Isabella was one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of the age. In the Latin, French and Spanish languages, she spoke not only with fluency, but elegance; and in her own she excelled as an improvisatrice, accompanying herself on the lute. On her arrival at dusk, Paolo presented her with two beautiful greyhounds, that she might make a trial of their speed in the morning; and at supper he was gay beyond measure. When he retired, he sent for her into his apartment; and, pressing her tenderly to his bosom, slipped a cord round her neck. She was buried in Florence with great pomp: but at her burial, says Varchi, the crime divulged itself. Her face was black on the bier.

Eleonora appears to have had a presentiment of her fate. She went when required; but, before she set out, took leave of her son, then a child, weeping long and bitterly over him.

(203) I have here endeavored to describe an Italian sunset as I have often seen it. The conclusion is borrowed from that celebrated passage in Dante, "*Era già l'ora*," &c.

(204) Originally thus:

But let us hence. For now the sun withdraws,
Setting to rise elsewhere, — elsewhere to rise,
Gladdening the nations that expect him there;
And on to go, dispensing light and life,
On, while his absence here invites to sleep,
Far as the Indus and the numerous tribes
That on their faces fall to hail his coming.

(205) Before line 1, in the MS.

The sun ascended, and the eastern sky
Flamed like a furnace, while the western glowed
As if another day was dawning there.

(206) The Roman and the Carthaginian. Such was the animosity, says Livy, that an earthquake, which turned the course of rivers and overthrew cities and mountains, was felt by none of the combatants. — xxii. 5.

(207) A tradition. It has been called, from time immemorial, *Il Sanguinetto*.

(208) An allusion to the Cascata delle Marmore, a celebrated fall of the Velino, near Terni.

(209) A sign in our country as old as Shakespeare, and still used in Italy. "*Une branche d'arbre, attachée à une maison rustique, nous annonce les moyens de nous rafraîchir. Nous y trouvons du lait et des œufs frais; nous voilà contents.*" — *Mém. de Goldini*.

There is, or was very lately, in Florence a small wine-house with this inscription over the door: "*Al buon vino non bisogna frasca.*" Good wine needs no bush. It was much frequented by Salvator Rosa, who drew a portrait of his hostess.

(210) This upper region, a country of dews and dewy lights, as described by Virgil and

Pliny, and still, I believe, called *La Rosa*, is full of beautiful scenery. Who does not wish to follow the footsteps of Cicero there, to visit the Reatine Tempe and the Seven Waters?

(211) Perhaps the most beautiful villa of that day was the Villa Madama. It is now a ruin; but enough remains of the plan and the grotesque-work to justify Vasari's account of it.

The *Pastor Fido*, if not the *Aminta*, used to be often represented there; and a theatre, such as is here described, was to be seen in the gardens very lately.

(212) A fashion forever reviving in such a climate. In the year 1783, the *Nina* of Paesicello was performed in a small wood near Caserta.

(213) I Tre Mauri.

(214) What poet before Shakspeare has availed himself of the phenomenon here alluded to, a phenomenon so awful in his hands?

(215) A Milanese story of the 17th century, by Alessandro Manzoni.

(216) See the *Hecuba* of Euripides, v. 911, &c.

(217) Such was the enthusiasm there at the revival of art, that the discovery of a precious marble was an event for celebration; and, in the instance of the Laocoon, it was recorded on the tomb of the discoverer. "Felici de Fredis, qui ob proprias virtutes, et repertum Laocoontis divinum quod in Vaticano cerne feré respirans simulacrum, immortalitatem meruit, A. D. 1528."*

The Laocoon was found in the baths of Titus, and, as we may conclude, in the very same chamber in which it was seen by the elder Pliny. It stood alone there in a niche that is still pointed out to the traveller; † and well might it be hailed by the poets of that day! What a moment for the imagination, when, on the entrance of a torch, it emerged at once from the darkness of so long a night!

There is a letter on the subject, written by Francesco da S. Gallo, in 1567.

"Some statues being discovered in a vineyard near S. Maria Maggiore, the Pope said to a groom of the stables, 'Tell Giuliano da S. Gallo to go and see them;' and my father, when he received the message, went directly to Michael Angelo Buonarroti, who was always to be found at home (being at that time employed on the Mausoleum), and they set out together on horseback; I, who was yet a child, riding on the crupper behind my father.

"When they arrived there and went down, they exclaimed, 'This is the Laocoon of which Pliny makes mention!' and the opening was enlarged that the marble might be taken out and inspected; and they returned to dinner, discoursing of ancient things."

(218) The street of the tombs in Pompeii may serve to give us some idea of the Via Appia, that Regina Viarum, in its splendor. It is perhaps the most striking vestige of antiquity that remains to us.

(219) And Augustus in his litter, coming at a still slower rate. He was borne along by slaves; and the gentle motion allowed him to read, write and employ himself as in his cabinet. Though Tivoli is only sixteen miles from the city, he was always two nights on the road. — *Suetonius*.

(220) Nero.

* In the Church of Ara Coeli.

† The walls and the niche are of a bright vermillion. See Observations on the Colors of the Ancients, by Sir Humphrey Davy, with whom I visited this chamber in 1814.

(221) At the words "Tu Marcellus eris." The story is so beautiful that every reader must wish it to be true.

(222) From the golden pillar in the Forum the ways ran to the gates, and from the gates to the extremities of the empire.

(223) It was Caius Gracchus who introduced vehement action and the practice of walking to and fro when they spoke. — *Dio. fragm.* xxxiv. 90.

(224) The laws of the twelve tables were inscribed on pillars of brass, and placed in the most conspicuous part of the Forum. — *Dion. Hal.*

(225) "Amplitudo tanta est, ut conspiciatur a Latiario Jove." — *C. Plin.*

(226) The Rostra.

(227) Marcus Junius Brutus.

(228) We are told that Cæsar passed the Rubicon and overthrew the Commonwealth; but the seeds of destruction were already in the Senate-house, the Forum, and the Camp. When Cæsar fell, was liberty restored?

History, as well as poetry, delights in a hero, and is forever ascribing to one what was the work of many; for, as men, we are flattered by such representations of human greatness; forgetting how often leaders are led, and overlooking the thousand thousand springs of action by which the events of the world are brought to pass.

(229) It was in the Via Sacra that Horace, when musing along as usual, was so cruelly assailed; and how well has he described an animal that preys on its kind! It was there also that Cicero was assailed; but he bore his sufferings with less composure, as well indeed he might; taking refuge in the vestibule of the nearest house. — *Ad Att.* iv. 3.

(230) An allusion to Cæsar in his Gallic triumph. "Adscendit Capitolium ad lumina," &c. — *Suetonius.*

(231) In the triumph of Æmilus, nothing affected the Roman people like the children of Perseus. Many wept; nor could anything else attract notice till they were gone by. — *Plutarch.*

(232) "Rien ne servit mieux Rome, que le respect qu'elle imprima à la terre. Elle mit d'abord les rois dans le silence, et les rendit comme stupides. Il ne s'agissoit pas du degré de leur puissance; mais leur personne propre étoit attaquée. Risquer une guerre, c'étoit s'exposer à la captivité, à la mort, à l'infamie du triomphe." — *Montesquieu.*

(233) Perseus.

(234) Jugurtha.

(235) Zenobia.

(236) "Spare me, I pray, this indignity," said Perseus to Æmilus. "Make me not a public spectacle; drag me not through your streets." — "What you ask for," replied the Roman, "is in your own power." — *Plutarch.*

(237) Cleopatra.

(238) Sophonisba. The story of the marriage and the poison is well known to every reader.

(239) The Pantheon.

(240) The transfiguration ; "la quale opera, nel vedere il corpo morto, e quella viva, faceva scoppiare l'anima di dolore à ogni uno che quivi guardava." — *Vasari*.

(241) "You admire that picture," said an old Dominican to me at Padua, as I stood contemplating a Last Supper in the Refectory of his convent, the figures as large as the life. "I have sat at my meals before it for seven and forty years ; and such are the changes that have taken place among us, — so many have come and gone in the time, — that, when I look upon the company there, — upon those who are sitting at that table, silent as they are, — I am sometimes inclined to think that we, and not they, are the shadows."

The celebrated fresco of Lionardo da Vinci in the monastery of Santa Maria delle Grazie, at Milan, must again and again have suggested the same reflection. Opposite to it stood the prior's table, the monks sitting down the chamber on the right and left ; and the artist, throughout his picture, has evidently endeavored to make it correspond with what he saw when they were assembled there. The table-cloth, with the corners tied up, and with its regular folds as from the press, must have been faithfully copied ; and the dishes and drinking-cups are, no doubt, such as were used by the fathers in that day. — *See Goethe*, vol. xxxix. p. 94.

Indefatigable was Lionardo in the prosecution of this work. "I have seen him," says Bandello the novelist, "mount the scaffold at daybreak and continue there till night, forgetting to eat or drink. Not but that he would sometimes leave it for many days together, and then return only to meditate upon it, or to touch and retouch it here and there." The prior was forever complaining of the little progress that he made, and the duke at last consented to speak to him on the subject. His answer is given by Vasari. "Perhaps I am then most busy when I seem to be most idle, for I must think before I execute. But, think as I will, there are two persons at the supper to whom I shall never do justice, — our Lord and the disciple who betrayed him. Now, if the prior would but sit to me for the last —"

The prior gave him no more trouble.

(242) A dialogue which is said to have passed many years ago at Lyons (*Mem. de Grammont*, i. 3), and which may still be heard in almost every hôtellerie at daybreak.

(243) How noble is that burst of eloquence in Hooker ! "Of law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage ; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power.

(244) As the descendants of an illustrious people have lately done.

They know their strength, and know that, to be free,
They have but to deserve it.

(245) Candor, generosity and justice, how rare are they in the world ; and how much is to be deplored the want of them ! When a minister in our parliament consents at last to a measure, which, for many reasons perhaps existing no longer, he had before refused to adopt, there should be no exultation as over the fallen, no taunt, no jeer. How often may the resistance be continued lest an enemy should triumph, and the result of conviction be received as a symptom of fear !

(246) Are we not also unjust to ourselves ; and are not the best among us the most so ? Many a good deed is done by us and forgotten. Our benevolent feelings are indulged, and we think no more of it. But is it so when we err ? And when we wrong another and cannot redress the wrong, where are we then ? Yet so it is, and so no doubt it should be, to urge us on without ceasing, in this place of trial and discipline,

From good to better and to better still.

(240) The author of the Letters to Julia has written admirably on this subject.

"All sad, all silent ! O'er the ear
No sound of cheerful toil is swelling.
Earth has no quickening spirit here,
Nature no charm, and man no dwelling !"

Not less admirably has he described a Roman beauty ; such as "weaves her spells beyond the Tiber."

"Methinks the Furies with their snakes,
Or Venus with her zone, might gird her ;
Of fiend and goddess she partakes,
And looks at once both Love and Murder."

(248) Mons Albanus, now called Monte Cavo. On the summit stood for many centuries the temple of Jupiter Latiaris. "Tuque ex tuo edito monte Latiaris, sancte Jupiter," &c. — *Cicero*.

(249) *Æneid*, xii. 134.

(250) Nisus and Euryalus. "La scène des six derniers livres de Virgile ne comprend qu'une lieue de terrain." — *Bonstetten*.

(251) Forty-seven, according to Dionys. Halicar. l. i.

(252) Tivoli.

(253) Palestrina.

(254) La Riccia.

(255) "Horatorum quâ viret sacer campus." — *Mart*.

(256) "Quæ præta Quintia vocantur." — *Livy*.

(257) Mons Sacer.

(258) It was not always so. There were once within her walls "more erected spirits."

"Let me recall to your mind," says Petrarch, in a letter to old Stephen Colonna, "the walk we took together at a late hour in the broad street that leads from your palace to the Capitol. To me it seems as yesterday, though it was ten years ago. When we arrived where the four ways meet, we stopped ; and, none interrupting us, discoursed long on the fallen fortunes of your house. Fixing your eyes steadfastly upon me and then turning them away full of tears, 'I have nothing now,' you said, 'to leave my children. But a still greater calamity awaits me,—I shall inherit from them all.' You remember the words, no doubt ; words so fully accomplished. I certainly do ; and as distinctly as the old sepulchre in the corner, on which we were leaning with our elbows at the time." — *Epist. Famil.* viii. 1.

The sepulchre here alluded to must have been that of Bibulus ; and what an interest it derives from this anecdote ! Stephen Colonna was a hero worthy of antiquity ; and in his distress was an object, not of pity, but of reverence. When overtaken by his pursuers and questioned by those who knew him not, "I am Stephen Colonna," he replied, "a citizen of Rome !" and when, in the last extremity of battle, a voice cried out to him, "Where is now your fortress, Colonna ?" "Here !" he answered gayly, laying his hand on his heart.

(259) Music ; and from the loftiest strain to the lowliest, from a Miserere in the Holy

Week to the shepherd's humble offering in advent ; the last, if we may judge from its effects, not the least subduing, perhaps the most so.

Once, as I was approaching Frescati in the sunshine of a cloudless December morning, I observed a rustic group by the road-side, before an image of the Virgin, that claimed the devotions of the passenger from a niche in a vineyard wall. Two young men from the mountains of the Abruzzi, in their long brown cloaks, were playing a Christmas carol. Their instruments were a hautboy and a bagpipe ; and the air, wild and simple as it was, was such as she might accept with pleasure. The ingenuous and smiling countenances of these rude minstrels, who seemed so sure that she heard them, and the unaffected delight of their little audience, all younger than themselves, all standing uncovered, and moving their lips in prayer, would have arrested the most careless traveller.

(260) Whoever has entered the Church of St. Peter's or the Pauline Chapel, during the exposition of the Holy Sacrament there, will not soon forget the blaze of the altar, or the dark circle of worshippers kneeling in silence before it.

(261) An allusion to the saying of Archimedes, "Give me a place to stand upon, and I will move the earth."

(262) An allusion to the prophecies concerning Antichrist. See the interpretations of Mede, Newton, Clarke, &c. ; not to mention those of Dante and Petrarch.

(263) It was at such a moment, when contemplating the young and the beautiful, that Tasso conceived his sonnets, beginning "Vergine pia," and "Vergine bella." Those to whom he addressed them have long been forgotten ; though they were as much perhaps to be loved, and as much also to be pitied.

(264) Her back was at that time turned to the people ; but in his countenance might be read all that was passing. The cardinal, who officiated, was a venerable old man, evidently unused to the service, and much affected by it.

(265) Among other ceremonies, a pall was thrown over her, and a requiem sung.

(266) He is of the beetle-tribe.

(267) "For, in that upper clime, effulgence comes
Of gladness." — *Cary's Dante*.

(268) There is a song to the *lucciola* in every dialect of Italy ; as, for instance, in the Genoese.

"Cabela, vegni a baso ;
Ti dajo un cuge de lette."

The Roman is in a higher strain.

"Bella regina," &c.

(269) "Io piglio, quando il dì giunge al confine,
Le lucciole ne' prati ampi ridotte,
E, come gemme, le comparto al crine ;
Poi fra l' ombre da' rai vivi interrotte
Mi presento ai Pastori, e ognun mi dice ;
Clori ha la stelle al crin come ha la Notte."

Varano.

(270) Pliny mentions an extraordinary instance of longevity in the ilex. "There is one," says he, "in the Vatican, older than the city itself. An Etruscan inscription in letters of brass attests that even in those days the tree was held sacred."

(271) I did not tell you that just below the first fall, on the side of the rock, and hanging over that torrent, are little ruins which they show you for Horace's house, a curious situation to observe the

"Præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis." *Gray's Letters.*

(272) The glow-worm.

(273) We were now within a few hours of the Campania Felix. On the color and flavor of Falernian consult Galen and Dioscorides.

(274) As, indeed, it always was, contributing those of every degree, from a *milord* with his suite, to him whose only attendant is his shadow. Coryate, in 1608, performed his journey on foot; and, returning, hung up his shoes in his village church as an ex-voto. Goldsmith, a century and a half afterwards, followed in nearly the same path; playing a tune on his flute to procure admittance, whenever he approached a cottage at night-fall.

(275) We cross a narrow sea; we land on a shore which we have contemplated from our own; and we awake, as it were, in another planet. The very child that lisps there lisps in words which we have yet to learn.

Nor is it less interesting, if less striking, to observe the gradations in language, and feature, and character, as we travel on from kingdom to kingdom. The French peasant becomes more and more an Italian as we approach Italy, and a Spaniard as we approach Spain.

(276) To judge at once of a nation, we have only to throw our eyes on the markets and the fields. If the markets are well supplied, the fields well cultivated, all is right. If otherwise, we may say, and say truly, these people are barbarous or oppressed.

(277) Assuredly not, if the last has laid a proper foundation. Knowledge makes knowledge as money makes money, nor ever perhaps so fast as on a journey.

(278) For that knowledge, indeed, which is the most precious, we have not far to go; and how often is it to be found where least it is looked for! "I have learned more," said a dying man on the scaffold, "in one little dark corner of yonder tower, than by any travel in so many places as I have seen."—*Holinshed.*

(279) The place here described is near Mola di Gaëta, in the kingdom of Naples.

(280) Alluding to Alfonso Piccolomini. "Stupiva ciascuno ché, mentre un bandito osservava rigorosamente la sua parola, il Papa non avesse ribrezzo di mancare alla propria."—*Galluzzi*, ii. 361. He was hanged at Florence, March 16, 1591.

(281) Tasso was returning from Naples to Rome, and had arrived at Mola Di Gaëta, when he received this tribute of respect. The captain of the troop was Marco di Sciarra. — See *Manso*, "*Vita del Tasso*." Ariosto had a similar adventure with Filippo Pacchione. — See *Garafalo*.

(282) "Cette race de bandits a ses racines dans la population même du pays. La police ne sait où les trouver."—*Lettres de Chateaueux*.

(283) This story was written in the year 1820, and is founded on the many narratives which at that time were circulating in Rome and Naples.

(284) "Pray that you may pray," said a venerable pastor to one who came to lament that he had lost the privilege of prayer.

It is related of a great transgressor that he awaked at last to reflection as from a dream, and on his knees had recourse to the prayer of his childhood.

(285) Un pezzò di cielo caduto in terra. — *Sannazaro*.

(286) If the bay of Naples is still beautiful, — if it still deserves the epithet of *pulcherimus*, — what must it not once have been ; * and who, as he sails round it, can imagine it to himself as it was, when not only the villas of the Romans were in their splendor, † but the temples ; when those of Herculaneum and Pompeii and Baïæ and Puteoli, and how many more, were standing, each on its eminence or on the margin of the sea ; while, with choral music and with a magnificence that had exhausted the wealth of kingdoms, ‡ the galleys of the imperial court were anchoring in the shade, or moving up and down in the sunshine.

(287) Virgil.

(288) Quarum sacra fero, ingenti percussus amore.

(289) The Tarantella.

(290) Capreae.

(291) Tiberius.

(292) "How often, to demonstrate his power, does he employ the meanest of his instruments ; as in Egypt, when he called forth, not the serpents and the monsters of Africa, but vermin from the very dust !"

(293) The elder Pliny. See the letter in which his nephew relates to Tacitus the circumstances of his death. — In the morning of that day Vesuvius was covered with the most luxuriant vegetation ; § every elm had its vine, every vine (for it was in the month of August) its clusters ; nor in the cities below was there a thought of danger, though their interment was so soon to take place. In Pompeii, if we may believe Dion Cassius, the people were sitting in the theatre when the work of destruction began.

(294) Pompeii.

(295) Pansa, the Ædile, according to some of the interpreters ; but the inscription at the entrance is very obscure.

It is remarkable that Cicero, when on his way to Cilicia, was the bearer of a letter to Atticus "ex Pansæ Pompeiano." ¶ (Ad. Att. v. 3.) That this was the house in question, and that in the street, as we passed along, we might have met him, coming or going, every pilgrim to Pompeii must wish to believe.

But, delighting in the coast and in his own Pompeianum (Ad. Att. ii. 1), he could be no stranger in that city ; and often must he have received there such homage as ours.

(296) In a time of revolution he could not escape unhurt ; but to the last he preserved his gayety of mind through every change of fortune ; living right hospitably when he had the means to do so, and, when he could not entertain, dining as he is here represented, with his velvet friends — *en famille*.

(297) La Croce Bianca.

* "Antequam Vesuvius mons, ardescens, faciem loci verteret." — *Tacit. "Annal."* iv. 67.

† With their groves and porticos they were everywhere along the shore, "erat enim frequens amplitas oræ ;" and what a neighborhood must have been there in the last days of the Commonwealth, when such men as Cæsar, and Pompey, and Lucullus, and Cicero, and Hortensius, and Brutus, were continually retiring thither from the cares of public life !

‡ "Gemmatis puppibus, versicoloribus velis," &c. — *Sueton. "Calig."* 37.

§ *Martial*. IV. 44.

According to *Grævius*. The manuscripts disagree.

(298) "Ce pourroit être," says Bayle, "la matière d'un joli problème : on pourroit examiner si cette fille avançoit, ou si elle retardoit le profit de ses auditeurs, en leur cachant son beau visage. Il y auroit cent choses à dire pour et contre là-dessus."

(299) I cannot here omit some lines by a friend of mine now no more.

For who would make his life a life of toil
For wealth, o'erbalanced with a thousand cares ;
Or power, which base compliance must uphold ;
Or honor, lavished most on courtly slaves ;
Or fame, vain breath of a misjudging world ;
Who for such perishable gauds would put
A yoke upon his free unbroken spirit,
And gall himself with trammels and the rubs
Of this world's business ? *Lewesdon Hill.*

(300) The temples of Pæstum are three in number ; and have survived, nearly nine centuries, the total destruction of the city. Tradition is silent concerning them ; but they must have existed now between two and three thousand years.

(301) Spartacus. See Plutarch in the Life of Crassus.

(302) The violets of Pæstum were as proverbial as the roses. Martial mentions them with the honey of Hybla.

(303) The introduction to his Treatise on Glory. — *Cic. ad Att.* xvi. 6. For an account of the loss of that treatise, see Petrarch, *Epist. Rer. Senilium*, xv. 1, and Bayle, *Dict.*, in Aleyonius.

(304) They are said to have been discovered by accident about the middle of the last century.

(305) Originally a Greek city under that name, and afterwards a Roman city under the name of Pæstum. It was surprised and destroyed by the Saracens at the beginning of the tenth century.

(306) Athanasius, xiv.

(307) The Mal'aria.

(308) Tasso. Sorrento, his birthplace, is on the south side of the Gulf of Naples.

(309) "Amalfi fell, after three hundred years of prosperity ; but the poverty of one thousand fishermen is yet dignified by the remains of an arsenal, a cathedral, and the palaces of royal merchants." — *Gibbon*.

(310) China. After this line, in the MS.

That wall, so massive, so interminable,
Forever, with its battlements and towers,
Climbing, descending, from assault to guard
A people numerous as the ocean sands,
And glorying as the mightiest of mankind ;
Yet where they are contented to remain ;
From age to age resolved to cultivate
Peace and the arts of peace, — turning to gold
The very ground they tread on, and the leaves
They gather from their trees, year after year.*

* An allusion to the porcelain and the tea of the Chinese.

(311) There is at this day in Syracuse a street called La Strada degli Amalfitani.

(312) In the year 839. See Muratori: *Art. Chronici Amalphitani Fragmenta*.

(313) By degrees, says Giannone, they made themselves famous through the world. The Tarini Amalfitani were a coin familiar to all nations; and their maritime code regulated everywhere the commerce of the sea. Many churches in the East were by them built and endowed; by them was founded in Palestine that most renowned military Order of St. John of Jerusalem; and who does not know that the mariner's compass was invented by a citizen of Amalfi?

Glorious was their course,
And long the track of light they left behind them.

(314) The Abbey of Monte Cassino is the most ancient and venerable house of the Benedictine order. It is situated within fifteen leagues of Naples, on the inland road to Rome; and no house is more hospitable.

(315) This story—if a story it may be called—is fictitious; and I have done little more than give it as I received it.

(316) Michael Angelo.

(317) There are many miraculous pictures in Italy, but none, I believe, were ever before described as malignant in their influence. At Arezzo, in the Church of St. Angelo, there is indeed over the great altar a fresco-painting of the fall of the angels, which has a singular story belonging to it. It was painted in the fourteenth century by Spinello Aretino, who has there represented Lucifer as changed into a shape so monstrous and terrible that he is said in that very shape to have haunted the artist in his dreams, and to have hastened his death; crying, night after night, "Where hast thou seen me in a shape so monstrous?" In the upper part St. Michael is seen in combat with the dragon: the fatal transformation is in the lower part of the picture.—*Vasari*.

(318) Then degraded, and belonging to a Vetturino.

(319) A Florentine family of great antiquity. In the sixty-third novel of Franco Sacchetti we read that a stranger, suddenly entering Giotto's study, threw down a shield and departed, saying, "Paint me my arms in that shield;" and that Giotto, looking after him, exclaimed, "Who is he? What is he? He says, Paint me my arms, as if he were one of the Bardi! What arms does he bear?"

(320) A large boat for rowing and sailing, much used in the Mediterranean.

(321) Paganino Doria, Nicolo Pisani; those great seamen, who balanced for so many years the fortunes of Genoa and Venice.

(322) Every reader of Spanish poetry is acquainted with that affecting romance of Gongora,

"Amarrado al duro banco," &c.

Lord Holland has translated it in his excellent *Life of Lope de Vega*.

(323) There is a custom on the continent well worthy of notice. In Boulogne we read, as we ramble through it, "Ici est mort l'Auteur de Gil Blas;" in Rouen, "Ici est né Pierre Corneille;" in Geneva, "Ici est né Jean-Jacques Rousseau;" and in Dijon there is the *Maison Bossuet*; in Paris, the *Quai Voltaire*. Very rare are such memorials among us; and yet, wherever we meet with them,—in whatever country they were, or of whatever

age, — we should surely say that they were evidences of refinement and sensibility in the people. The house of Pindar was spared

when temple and tower
Went to the ground ;

and its ruins were held sacred to the last. According to Pausanias, they were still to be seen in the second century.

(324) The Piazza Doria, or, as it is now called, the Piazza di San Matteo, insignificant as it may be thought, is to me the most interesting place in Genoa. It was there that Doria assembled the people, when he gave them their liberty (*Sigonii Vita Doriae*); and on one side of it is the church he lies buried in, on the other a house, originally of very small dimensions, with this inscription : S. C. Andreae de Auria Patriæ Liberatori Munus Publicum.

The streets of old Genoa, like those of Venice, were constructed only for foot-passengers.

(325) When I saw it in 1822, a basket-maker lived on the ground-floor, and over him a seller of chocolate.

(326) Alluding to the palace which he built afterwards, and in which he twice entertained the Emperor Charles the Fifth. It is the most magnificent edifice on the Bay of Genoa.

(327) Fiesco. For an account of his conspiracy, see Robertson's History of Charles the Fifth.

(328) Such as the Gabelles formerly in France ; "où le droit," says Montesquieu, "ex-cédoit de dix-sept fois la valeur de la marchandise." Salt is an article of which none know the value who have not known the want of it.

(329) Who he is I have yet to learn. The story was told to me many years ago by a great reader of the old annalists ; but I have searched everywhere for it in vain.

(330) Written at Susa, May 1, 1822.

(331) The Po. "Chaque maison est pourvue de bateaux, et lorsque l'inondation s'annonce," &c. — *Lettres de Chateaufieux*.

(332) It was somewhere in the Maremma, a region so fatal to so many, that the unhappy Pia, a Siennese lady of the family of Tolommei, fell a sacrifice to the jealousy of her husband. Thither he conveyed her in the sultry time,

"tra'l Luglio e'l Settembre ;"

having resolved in his heart that she should perish there, even though he perished there with her. Not a word escaped from him on the way, not a syllable in answer to her remonstrances or her tears ; and in sullen silence he watched patiently by her till she died.

"Siena mi fe ; disfecemi Maremma.
Salsi colui, che'nnanellata pria,
Disposando, m'avea con la sua gemma."

The Maremma is continually in the mind of Dante ; now as swarming with serpents and now as employed in its great work of destruction.

(333) The temples of Pæstum.

(334) Who has travelled and cannot say with Catullus,

"O quid solutis est beatius curis ?
Quum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino

Labore fessi venimus arem ad nostrum.
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto."

635 After this line, in the MS.

What though his ancestors, early or late,
Were not ennobled by the breath of kings;
Yet in his veins was running at his birth
The blood of those most eminent of old
For wisdom, virtue, — those who could renounce
The things of this world for their conscience' sake,
And die like blessed martyrs

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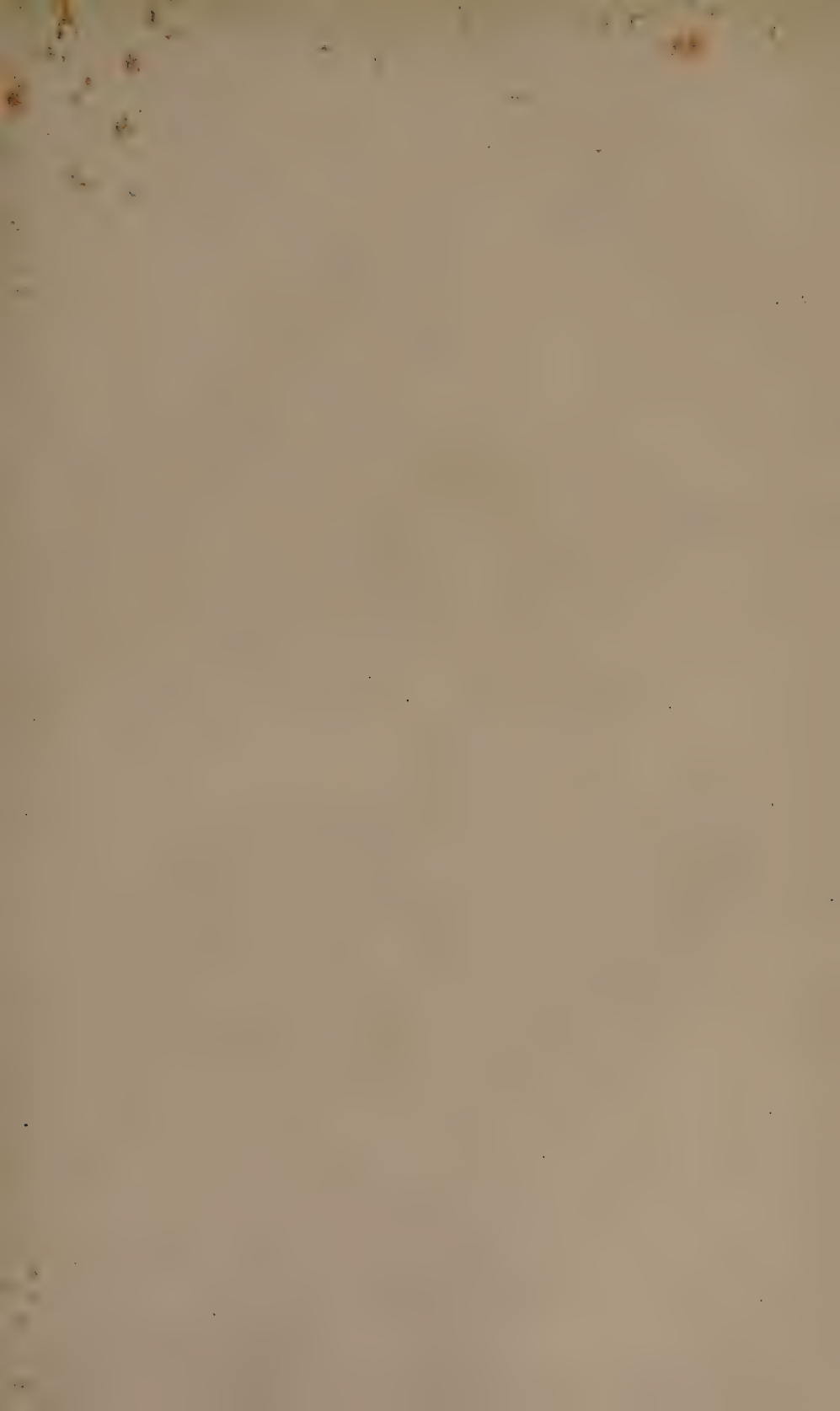
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THE
COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS CAMPBELL.





THE
COMPLETE
POETICAL WORKS
OF

THOMAS CAMPBELL; 1777-1844

WITH AN
Original Biography, and Notes.

EDITED BY
EPES SARGENT.

BOSTON:
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY
MDCCCLIX.

PREFACE.

THIS edition of the Complete Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell possesses some advantages, it is believed, over any one hitherto published.

It contains a very full Memoir, compiled from the life and letters of the poet, edited by Dr. Beattie, long his most intimate friend, and his literary executor; and from the Reminiscences of Mr. Cyrus Redding, who was for some ten years associated with Campbell in editing the *New Monthly Magazine*.

The poems collected in the Moxon editions are given from the text, and according to the arrangement approved by the author. To these we have added fifty poems, some of which are hardly surpassed by the best of his acknowledged lyrics, and all of which are worthy of a permanent place in his works. For many of these we have been indebted to Dr. Beattie. Some we have copied from the

pages of the *New Monthly Magazine*. The translations from the Italian are from the *Life of Petrarch*, by the poet. Other poems have been authenticated by a list prepared by Mr. Redding whilst he was assisting Campbell in editing the first complete edition of his works, in 1828. A more particular reference to the source of each poem will be found in the notes.

The engraved head prefixed to the volume is a faithful likeness of the poet in his early years; and the full-length pen-and-ink sketch, which represents him in the ease and undress of his study, is said to convey a correct impression of his appearance in advanced life.

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T. Campbell

LIFE OF CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born on the 27th of July, 1777, in a house in the High-street, in Glasgow, at that time, and for fourteen years afterwards, occupied by his father, but since pulled down to make way for modern improvements. His family was of a numerous and respectable connection, and the particular branch from which he was descended had been long settled in that part of the Argyle frontier which lies between Lochawe and Lochfyne. They were known as the Campbells of *Kirnan*, from the name of the estate which was occupied by the poet's grandfather, the last of his race who resided there. He died leaving three sons, and *Kirnan* passed into the hands of Robert, the eldest, who was fond of display, and lavish in his hospitality, and was compelled to part with the ancestral acres to a neighboring proprietor, the son of Mrs. Campbell by a former marriage. Robert afterwards settled in London; distinguished himself as a political writer in defence of the Walpole administration, and died soon after its close. Archibald, the next brother, became a Presbyterian minister, and in that capacity went out to Jamaica, but subsequently removed to the Province of Virginia, where he resided till his death at an advanced age. His family there maintained a highly respectable character, and one of his sons was District Attorney during the administration of Washington. To his landed property in Virginia he gave the name of *Kirnan*, and his grandson

Frederick, many years afterwards, succeeded under an entail to the old family Kirnan, in Argyleshire. Alexander, the youngest of the brothers, and father of the poet, was educated in mercantile pursuits. Early in life he went to Falmouth, in Virginia, where he formed valuable business connections, that enabled him to return to Glasgow and establish a commercial house, in partnership with Mr. Daniel Campbell, whose acquaintance he had made in America, and whose sister Margaret he afterwards married. For many years the respectable firm of Campbell & Co. enjoyed a well-earned prosperity, but it was prostrated by the embarrassments in which the Revolution involved all merchants engaged in the American trade. At the age of sixty-five years Alexander found himself stripped of fortune, and involved in an expensive chancery suit; with a wife and nine children to provide for from the scanty remnants of his estate, and a small income from two provident institutions of which he was a member. It was soon after these reverses that the poet was born.

"I have uncommonly early recollection of life," says the poet, in a MS. supposed to have been written in 1842. "I remember — that is to say, I seem to remember — many circumstances which I was told had occurred when I could not have been quite three years old.

"In very early years I was boarded, during the summer, in the country near Glasgow, at Pollock Shaws, in the humble house of a stocking-weaver, John Stewart, whose wife Janet was as kind to me as my own mother could be.

"During the winter, in those infantine years, I returned to my father's house, and my youngest sister taught me reading. My reading, of course, was principally in the Bible, and I contracted a liking for the Old Testament which has never left me. The recollection of this period makes an exception to the general retrospect of my life, making me *somewhat* sad. I was then the happiest of young human animals, at least during the months which I spent under the roof of John and Janet Stewart. It is true I slept on a bed of chaff, and my fare, as may be supposed, was not sumptuous; but life was young within me. Pollock Shaws was at that time rural and delightful. The stocking-weaver's house was on a flat piece of ground, half circularly enclosed by a small running stream, called by the Scotch a 'burn.' On one side above it were ascending fields which terminated in trees along the high road to Glasgow.

I remember no picture by Claude that ever threw me into such dreams of delight as this landscape. I remember leaping over the tallest yellow weeds with ecstasy. I remember seeing beautiful weed-flowers on the opposite side of the burn which I could not approach to pull, and wishing in my very soul to get at them; still I could not cross the burn. There were trouts, too, in the stream; and what a glorious event was the catching a trout! I was happy, however. Once only in my life perfectly happy.

"At eight years old I went to the grammar-school of Glasgow, where, among seventy other boys, I was the pupil of David Allison. He was a severe disciplinarian of the old school, and might be compared to Gil Blas' master, '*who was the most expert flogger in all Oviedo.*' But I was one of his pet scholars, and he told my father that he often spared me when he ought to have whipt me, because I looked so innocent. He was a noble-looking man. At the periodical examinations by the magistrates, he looked a prince in comparison even with the Provost with his golden chain. And he

'Was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.'

So that he was popular even among his whippies. I was so early devoted to poetry, that at ten years old, when our master interpreted to us the first Eclogue of Virgil, I was literally thrilled by its beauty. Already we had read bits of Ovid, but *he* never affected me half so much as the apostrophe of Tityrus to his cottage, from which he had been driven:

'En unquam patrios longo post tempore fines,
Pauperis et tuguri congestum cespitem culmen
Post aliquot, mea regna videns, mirabor aristas.'

"In my thirteenth year I went to the University of Glasgow, and put on the red gown. The joy of the occasion made me unable to eat my breakfast. I am told that race-horses, on the morning of the day when they know they are to be brought to the race, are so agitated that they refuse their oats. Whether it was presentiment, or the mere castle-building of my vanity, I had even then a day-dream that I should be one day Lord Rector of the University. In my own lifetime Lord Jeffrey and myself have been the only two Rectors who were educated at Glasgow."

From the time of their misfortunes, Alexander Campbell and his wife seem to have devoted themselves almost exclusively to the education of their younger children. He was a man of great fortitude, firmness and good sense, and of integrity unsuspected in his severest trials. With Adam Smith and Dr. Thomas Reid (from whom the poet received his baptismal name) he was on terms of friendship and intimacy. His favorite studies were in theology, history and the sciences, though he had something of a musical taste, and sang a good naval song. He was a devout man, and maintained to the last, in his house, the practice of family worship. "His were the only extemporal prayers I ever heard," said his son, "which might have been printed as they dropped from his lips." In person he was under the middle size, but compact and hardy; his features were handsome, and in his advanced years he presented a very interesting and venerable appearance.

"The first time," says an intimate friend of the poet, "that I drank tea in the house of Mr. Campbell, was in the winter of 1790. The old gentleman was seated in his arm-chair, and dressed in a suit of snuff-brown cloth, all from the same web. There were present, besides Thomas, his brother and two sisters,—Daniel, Elizabeth, and Isabella. The father, then at the age of fourscore, spoke only once to us. It was when one of his sons and I—Thomas, I think, who was then about thirteen, and of my own age—were speaking about getting new clothes, and descanting in grave earnest as to the most fashionable colors. Tom was partial to green; I preferred blue.—'Lads!' said the senior, in a voice which fixed our attention, 'if you wish to have a lasting suit, get one like mine.' We thought he meant one of a snuff-brown color; but he added, 'I have a *suit* in the Court of Chancery, which has lasted thirty years, and I think it will never wear out.'"

The mother of the poet was of a slight figure, with black eyes and dark hair, and features which in her advanced years became round and full, but which were originally well-chiselled and expressive. She was a notable manager, a strict disciplinarian, and well educated for the age and sphere in which she lived. Such time as she could give to books was devoted to the perusal of the standard English authors of the previous generation. Of music she was passionately fond, and sang many of the popular melodies of Scotland

with taste and feeling. Her manners were dignified, but full of vivacity and sprightliness; and her nature, in spite of a sometime severe exercise of authority, overflowed with kindness and charity. This severity, indeed, was never manifested toward her youngest son, of whom she was very fond and proud, and on whose mind and character many of her own peculiarities were strongly impressed. In her declining years, and after her boy had become famous, she now and then manifested her maternal weakness in a manner that was amusing enough to be remembered. Once at a silk-mercantile's, where the old lady had bought a shawl, when the parcel was folded, and the usual inquiry made as to where it should be sent, "Send it," she said, "to Mrs. Campbell — Mrs. Campbell of Kirnan;" then added, "mother of the author of the Pleasures of Hope." On all occasions she spoke in the warmest and most genial language of her son Thomas. "Nothing," she said, "could be more kind and respectful than the tenor of his letters to herself."

In his very school days Campbell was familiar with the popular Latin and Greek poets, and not only attempted the translation of their most admired passages, but sought to express in verse of his own the impressions that had been made upon his mind by the scenes in which the summers of his childhood had been passed. At the age of twelve years he became an enthusiastic student of the Greek literature; and throughout his life seems to have piqued himself more on his Greek than his poetry. His favorite English authors at this time were Milton, Pope, Thomson, Gray, and Goldsmith; a selection which seems such as his good mother herself would have made for him, and the influence of which is visible in all his writings. From the blotted and ragged condition of his copy of the *Paradise Lost*, Dr. Beattie infers that this was oftener in his hands than any other book. Some of the elder English dramatists he dipped into at this period, and the Sermons of the younger Sherlock, Doddridge's *Family Expositor*, and the *Life of Colonel Gardiner*, he read "with an interest and relish for which he could never account." His father used to say that he "would be much better reading Locke than scribbling so," when he caught the young poet with his manuscripts; but failed, we imagine, by advice thus tendered to recommend the works of the philosopher over those of Smollett, Fielding and Burns, which were among the favorites of his small library.

In the October term of 1791 commenced his first session at the College of Glasgow, where students have always been received at a much earlier age than at the English universities. Before many months had elapsed, Campbell received from the college authorities prizes for English and Latin verse, and, as a third prize, a bursary or exhibition on Archbishop Leighton's foundation. Thus brilliant was the dawn of his academic career, in which he won a good title to the praises it has received, though he himself modestly disclaims them. "Some of my biographers," he observes, "have, in their friendly zeal, exaggerated my triumphs at the university. It is not true that I carried away all the prizes, for I was idle in some of the classes, and, being obliged by my necessities to give elementary instruction to younger lads, my powers of attention were exhausted in teaching when I ought to have been learning."

From the notes illustrative of this period, furnished by one of his earliest friends to his biographer, it appears that Campbell constantly cultivated his poetical talent, and composed a ballad which was printed on a slip of paper, and distributed among his fellow-students. It comprised one hundred and forty lines, was entitled *Morven and Fillan*, and began with the following stanza:

"Loud breathed afar the angry sprite
That rode upon the storm of night,
And loud the waves were heard to roar
That lashed on Morven's rocky shore."

In the spring of 1792 a little incident occurred in the mathematical class in which Campbell was a student, that furnished him the subject of a poem in a style of verse in which he was very felicitous, but which he employed chiefly for his private amusement. The occasion was an examination of the class in the books of Euclid, when one of its members, who had manifested a most proud and pleasing consciousness of his acquirements, and was confident of making a grand display, boggled at the problem which is known, among the faculty and undergraduates, as the *Asses' Bridge*. This misadventure was the origin of a *jeu d'esprit*, by Campbell, which was handed about in manuscript, and was the source, no doubt, of a mischievous satisfaction to his fellow-students:

PONS ASINORUM; or, THE ASSES' BRIDGE.

A SONG, WRITTEN IN MR. J. MILLER'S MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

As Miller's Hussars marched up to the wars,
 With their captain in person before 'em,
 It happened one day that they met on their way
 With the dangerous *Pons Asinorum* !

Now see the bold band, each a sword in his hand,
 And his Euclid for target before him;
 Not a soul of them all could the dangers appal
 Of the hazardous *Pons Asinorum* :

While the streamers wide flew, and the loud trumpets blew,
 And the drum beat responsive before 'em,
 Then Miller their chief thus harangued them in brief
 'Bout the dangerous *Pons Asinorum* !

"My soldiers," said he, "though dangers there be,
 Yet behave with a proper decorum;
 Dismiss every fear, and with boldness draw near
 To the dangerous *Pons Asinorum* !"

Now, it chanced in the van stood a comical man,
 Who, as Miller strode bravely before him,
 To his sorrow soon found that his brains were wheeled round,
 As he marched to the *Pons Asinorum* !

O, sorrowful wight, how sad was his plight,
 When he looked at the *Pons Asinorum* !
 Soon the fright took his heels, like a drunkard he reels,
 And his head flew like thunder before him.

So rude was the jump, as the mortal fell plump,
 That not Miller himself could restore him;
 So his comrades were left, of "Plumbano" bereft,
 O pitiful plight, to deplore him !

T. C. æt. 13

His cousin, Mrs. Johnstone, has given us her recollection of the young poet at the age of fourteen. He used to spend a day, now and then, at her father's house, a short distance from Glasgow. "There," she observes, "he was always welcomed as a special favorite; for, to the most unassuming manners were united a gayety and cheerfulness of disposition which he had the art of communi

cating to every one around him." It was there he laid aside his Greek and Latin, and entertained the fireside circle with anecdotes and "auld fanant stories." He was a clever mimic, and could personate the notabilities about the college with ludicrous accuracy. He sang a few plaintive airs very prettily, and played on the German flute, so that he was an useful and acceptable addition to the social circle.

In Campbell's second year at the university, Professor Jardine, lecturer in the Logic class, awarded him the eighth prize for the best composition on various subjects, and appointed him examiner of the exercises sent in by the members of his class. In the same year he received the third prize in the Greek class, for exemplary conduct as a student; and on the last day of the session, his poem bore away the palm from all competitors. It was entitled a "Description of the Distribution of the Prizes in the Common Hall of the University of Glasgow, on the 1st of May, 1793."

The poet sympathized and mixed with the world, from his earliest years. With all his fondness for study, if we may take his own account, he was more fond of sport. He belonged to the college clubs, and figured in them, and of one of them has left us a brief account. "There was a Debating Society," he says, "called the Discursive, composed almost entirely of boys as young as myself, and I was infatuated enough to become a leader in this spouting club. It is true that we had promising spirits among us, and, in particular, could boast of Gregory Watt, son of the immortal Watt, a youth unparalleled in his early talent for eloquence. With melodious elocution, great acuteness in argument, and rich, unfailing fluency of diction, he seemed born to become a great orator, and I have no doubt would have shone in Parliament had he not been carried off by consumption in his five-and-twentieth year. He was literally the most beautiful youth I ever saw. When he was only twenty-two, an eminent English artist (Howard, I think) made his head the model of a picture of Adam. But, though we had this splendid stripling, and other members that were not untalented, we had no head among us old and judicious enough to make the society a proper *palestra* for our mental powers, and it degenerated into a place of general quizzing and eccentricity."

In the spring of 1794, as a reward for his exemplary conduct,

Campbell obtained a few days' leave of absence from college. It was a time of great political excitement, and the young poet was a democrat of the school of the French Revolution. The trial of Muir and Gerald, for high treason, was expected to take place; and Campbell wished "insufferably" to see the great agitators of Scottish Reform, though he did not altogether approve their proceedings. But an important question with him was how to get to Edinburgh. We are furnished with an answer in the words of the poet himself:

"While gravely considering the ways and means, it immediately occurred to me that I had an uncle's widow in Edinburgh—a kind-hearted elderly lady, who had seen me at Glasgow, and said that she would be glad to receive me at her house, if I should ever come to the Scottish metropolis. I watched my mother's *mollia tempora fandi*,—for she had them, good woman!—and, eagerly catching the propitious moment, I said, 'O, Mamma, how I long to see Edinburgh!—If I had but three shillings, I could walk there in one day, sleep two nights, and be two days at my aunt Campbell's, and walk back in another day.' To my delightful surprise, she answered, 'No, my bairn; I will give you what will carry you to Edinburgh and bring you back; but you must promise me not to walk more than half the way in any one day,'—that was twenty-two miles. 'Here,' said she, 'are five shillings for you in all; two shillings will serve you to go, and two to return; for a bed at the half-way house costs but sixpence.' She then gave me—I shall never forget the beautiful coin!—a King William and Mary crown-piece. I was dumb with gratitude; but, sallying out to the streets, I saw at the first bookseller's shop a print of Elijah fed by the ravens. Now, I had often heard my poor mother saying confidentially to our worthy neighbor Mr. Hamilton—whose strawberries I had pilfered—that in case of my father's death—and he was a very old man—she knew not what would become of her. 'But,' she used to add, 'let me not despair, for Elijah was fed by the ravens.' When I presented her with the picture, I said nothing of its tacit allusion to the possibility of my being one day her supporter; but she was much affected, and evidently felt a strong presentiment." His mother's presentiment was not disappointed; in the generous affection of her son she found a never-failing resource in her declining years.

"Next morning," continues Campbell, "I took my way to Edin-

burgh, with four shillings and sixpence in my pocket. I witnessed Joseph Gerald's trial, and it was an era in my life. Hitherto I had never known what public eloquence was; and I am sure the Justiciary Scotch lords did not help me to a conception of it—speaking, as they did, bad arguments in broad Scotch. But the Lord Advocate's speech was good; the speeches of Laing and Gillies were better; and Gerald's speech annihilated the remembrance of all the eloquence that had ever been heard within the walls of that house. He quieted the judges, in spite of their indecent interruptions of him, and produced a silence in which you might have heard a pin fall to the ground. At the close of his defence, he said, 'And now, gentlemen of the jury—now that I have to take leave of you forever, let me remind you that mercy is no small part of the duty of jurymen; that the man who shuts his heart on the claims of the unfortunate, on him the gates of mercy will be shut, and for him the Saviour of the world shall have died in vain!' At this finish I was moved, and, turning to a stranger beside me, apparently a tradesman, I said to him, 'By heavens, sir, that is a great man!' 'Yes, sir,' he answered; 'he is not only a great man himself, but he makes every other man feel great who listens to him.'"

This scene of political excitement made a lasting impression on Campbell, and he returned to college to read the liberal newspapers, declaim in the debating societies on the rights of man and the corruption of modern legislation, and postpone for a while Greek poetry to the records of Greek patriotism. What he saw, felt, and dreamed of at this period, exerted, no doubt, a marked influence on his whole subsequent career.

At the close of his third session, Campbell was distinguished by new academic honors. In the Moral Philosophy class he received a prize for his poetical essay on the Origin of Evil. In the Greek class he gained the first prize for the best translations from the Clouds of Aristophanes. The latter circumstance he thus alludes to in one of his manuscript notes: "Professor Young pronounced my version, in his opinion, the best essay that had ever been given in by any student at the university. This was no small praise to a boy of fifteen, from John Young, who, with the exception of Miller, was the ablest man in the college."

One day, shortly before the close of this session, while Professor

Arthur, of the Moral Philosophy chair, was showing the university to an English gentleman, who had come into the class-room, Campbell says: "I happened to be standing unobserved behind him, and could hear distinctly the conversation that passed between them. 'And is there any one among your students,' inquired the stranger, 'who shows a talent for poetry?' 'Yes,' said the professor, 'there is one Campbell, who shows a very promising talent.' Little knew the professor that I was listening to this question and answer. In explanation of this 'talent,' I had written in Arthur's class a verse essay on the Origin of Evil, for which I afterwards received the prize, and which gave me a local celebrity throughout all Glasgow, from the High Church down to the bottom of the Saltmarket! It was even talked of, as I am credibly informed, by the students over their oysters at Lucky M'Alpine's, in the Trongate!"

Campbell's intimate associates in his college days were James Thomson and Gregory Watt. The former, a fellow-student from Lancashire, was his friend and correspondent till the poet's death, and to him most of his early letters were addressed. For more than half a century the links of this friendship were kept bright. "No distance," wrote the young student in 1794, when he thought of emigrating to America, "shall put an end to our epistolary correspondence. Our friendship, though begun in the years of youth, I trust shall survive that period, and be immutably fixed in graver years." This dream of youthful enthusiasm proved a reality. It was to Mr. Thomson's order that two marble busts of the poet were long afterwards executed by Bailey, and the admirable portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, now prefixed to most of the editions of his works, was also commissioned by this friend of a life-time. The three friends were rivals in scholarship and in the clubs, but competition seems never to have impaired their common attachment. "Gregory is still among us," wrote Campbell from Glasgow, in April, 1795, to his friend Thomson. "He and I are at present very intimate, but as different souls as ever God created. Gregory is all volubility and solution of copper; for *me*, you would take me for a Spaniard — as sober as Socrates. Our prizes are to be decided to-morrow, for the summer exercises. I care not two pence about the event. Professor —'s '*genteelity*' in his prizes has made me a stoic about obtaining them. Gregory speaks of writing you; he has made a fine

figure at college this winter, and has a chance of several premiums. God bless you, my friend Thomson !”

Campbell took prizes as usual, though he had made up his mind to be very indifferent to them in the event of failure. They were given for translations from the Latin and Greek, of which the chorus to the *Medea* is the only one that has been included in his collected poems. But the loss of the “everlasting” chancery suit, and its incidents, had entirely deprived his parents of their little remaining property ; and it became necessary for the young poet to make some exertion for his own support. Through the aid of the college professors, he obtained a remunerating exile to Mull, in the Hebrides, in the shape of a private tutorship in the family of a young widow lady, “a namesake and connection of his own.” Here he wrote letters to his friend Thomson ; translated the whole *Clouds* of Aristophanes, and the *Coephoræ* of Æschylus ; indulged in “botanizing” rambles in the neighborhood ; and studied pictures of glen, heath, rock, torrent and the sea, which, at various intervals, in after years, were reproduced in his poems. Before taking up his residence at Mull, he had sportively speculated on the impossibility of “making an elopement from the Hebrides to Gretna Green in a coach-and-four ;” and looked only for a “calm retreat for study and the Muses.” He was not called upon to make the trial, though he found “plenty of beauties in Mull,” more than one of whom seems to have inspired his song. Here he became acquainted with the young lady to whom the pretty poems were addressed that are published under the title of “Caroline ;” and here a “rural beauty” prompted verses hardly less worthy of a place in his collected works.

When he first went to Mull, he was very dull and melancholy, and he wrote his friend Thomson that it was a place ill-suited to rub off the rust of an ill temper. “Every scene you meet with in it,” he says, “is, to be sure, marked by sublimity and the wild majesty of nature ; but it is only fit for the haunts of the damned, in bad weather.” Poetry, love-making, and the Greek dramatists, however, would soon have reconciled Campbell to a more dismal place than Mull ; and, from the moment he received his books and a supply of paper, he thanked God he could “call himself happy.” “The point of Calloch,” wrote the poet long afterwards, “commands a magnificent prospect of thirteen Hebrid-islands, among which are

Staffa and Icolmkill, which I visited with enthusiasm. I had also, now and then, a sight of wild deer sweeping across that wilder country, and of eagles perching on its shore. These objects fed the romance of my fancy, and I may say that I was attached to Sunipol, before I took leave of it. Nevertheless, God wot, I was better pleased to look on the kirk steeples, and whinstone causeways of Glasgow, than on all the eagles and wild deer of the Highlands." Calloch is on the northern shore of Mull, and Sunipol was the house of the good lady with whom he resided.

To the kirk steeples and whinstone causeways of Glasgow the poet returned, and resumed his duties as student and tutor for the session which terminated his university career.

CHAPTER II.

CAMPBELL hesitated long and wavered much in the choice of a profession. It was desirable, from the circumstances of his parents, that he should engage in some pursuit from which he could derive an immediate income. He was too poor to study for any one of the learned professions, even if he had entertained a decided choice among them. He tried all by turns, and sometimes thought seriously of embarking in trade, and joining his brothers in America.

In the early part of his academic career, Campbell studied with a view to the church; his prospects of preferment were small as far as family patronage and influence were concerned, but bright enough, perhaps, in view of the powers which he was conscious of possessing. At this period he read Hebrew with the students of theology; cultivated a knowledge of the most celebrated divines, and wrote a hymn on the Advent which has merit enough still to keep its place in many collections of religious poetry. The study of medicine or surgery was attempted. Campbell managed well enough with the lectures, but the dissecting-room was too much for him. If he had any professional predilection, it was probably for the law. "Had I

possessed but a few hundred pounds," says the poet, in his autobiographical notes, "I should certainly have studied for the bar." "Thomas," wrote his sister Elizabeth to their brother Alexander, "has attended the college near six years, is perfectly master of the languages, and last year he studied law. That is the line he means to pursue, and what I think nature has just fitted him for. He is a fine public speaker, and, I make no doubt, will make a figure at the bar." He passed some weeks in the office of a writer to the Signet, and attended Professor Miller's lectures on Roman law, and took "several choice books on jurisprudence" to the Highlands with him, and studied them with interest. But the result of his practical connection with the law is thus given in a letter to his friend Thomson: "Well, I have fairly tried the business of an attorney, and, upon my conscience, it is the most accursed of all professions! Such meanness, such toil, such contemptible modes of speculation, were never moulded into one profession!" He then pronounces a hearty "malediction on the law in all its branches." "It is true," he adds, "there are many emoluments; but I declare to God that I can hardly spend, with a safe conscience, the little sum I made during my residence in Edinburgh!" With these feelings, we may well suppose that the world might have lost an Ovid without gaining a Murray, if Campbell had devoted himself to the profession. His forte was literature, and he was destined to earn his bread and his fame in the same field.

On taking final leave of the university, Campbell was engaged to return to Argyleshire as domestic tutor to the only son of Colonel Napier, who lived with his mother at Downie, his grandfather's estate. "He is a most agreeable man,"—wrote Campbell of the father to his friend Thomson,— "with all the mildness of a scholar and the majesty of a British grenadier. The son is about eight years of age, and a miniature picture of his father. The colonel is uncommonly refined in his manners, for one who has been a soldier from his seventeenth year. I suppose you will not like him the worse for being a great-grandson of the celebrated Napier of Merchiston. I believe he does not intend staying long with his father-in-law at Downie, but proposes to go with his wife to Edinburgh, or, perhaps,—Heaven grant it!—to *London*. O, Thomson, if the

fates should be so good as to send us thither, I should certainly shake hands with *one* friend in that great metropolis."

"I am lying dormant here," he wrote in October, 1796, "in a solitary nook of the world. The present moments are of little importance to me: I must expect all my pleasure and pain from the remembrance of the past and the anticipation of the future! This is, I believe, the case with all men, but more so with one in solitude. I contrive, however, to relieve the *tedium vitæ* with a tolerable variety of amusements. I have neat pocket copies of Virgil and Horace, affluence of English poets, a sort of flute, and a choice selection of Scotch and Irish airs. I have the correspondence of a few friends, and, though I have no companion, yet, by means of a few post-reconciliations, I can safely venture to think that there is not a soul under heaven bears to me a serious grudge. Life is thus tolerable; but, were my former correspondence with my best and earliest friend renewed to its wonted vigor, I should be completely happy!"

Downie was but a short distance from Inverary, the residence of the lady to whom he had addressed verses at Mull, and whom he styles the adorable Caroline. In her family he was a constant visitor, with his friend Hamilton Paul, who thus sketches a scene with the poet, as they were rambling along the shore of Loch-Fyne: "The evening was fine, the sun was just setting behind the Grampians. The wood-fringed shores of the lake, the sylvan scenes around the castle of Inverary, the sunlit summits of the mountains in the distance, — all were inspiring. Thomas was in ecstacy. He recited poetry of his own composition, — some of which has never been printed, — and then, after a moment's pause, addressed me: 'Paul, you and I must go in search of adventures! If you will per sonate Roderick Random, I will go through the world with you as Strap!'"

While at Downie in the autumn, he complained to a friend of being caged in by rocks and seas from the haunts of man, and the once-prized interviews with his Amanda. In the spring following he communicated, in the strictest secrecy, to the same friend, that his evening walks were sometimes accompanied by one who for a twelve-month past had won his "purest, but most ardent affection." "You may well imagine," he adds, "how the consoling words of such a person warm my heart into ecstacy of a most delightful nature."

It is left a little doubtful, on the face of the letters, whether this consolation was administered by Amanda or the adorable Caroline, or whether they were one and the same person. However that may have been, his youthful attachment was of the class sometimes considered unfortunate, as his charmer consoled herself with a suitor who possessed more substantial attractions.

"Mull and Downie," says Dr. Beattie, "were the two schools in which he combined the study of Highland characteristics, moral and physical, and the recollection of which furnished him with many life-like pictures, which he afterwards recast and sent forth to the world. The house he once inhabited, the primitive hospitality he had often enjoyed, the patriarchal suppers, the domestic circle, the warm hearts of the inmates, and the stanch Jacobite at their head, are sketched with a force and brevity that show how faithfully they had been treasured up in the poet's mind."

His engagements at Downie terminated, Campbell returned, with disappointed hopes and sad prospects, to his father's house at Glasgow. Here a violent attack of fever relieved his morbid and excited sensibilities, and prepared him to enter on his struggle with the world. In the metropolis he determined to seek his fortunes, and to Edinburgh he went, with nothing but sanguine hopes to sustain him, a little money in his pocket, and the dead weight (for all convertible purposes) of two translations from Euripides and Æschylus nearly ready for the press. Here he obtained the temporary employment which he regarded as experience in an attorney's office. While his fortunes were at their lowest ebb, he formed an acquaintance which marks, in the judgment of his biographer, "a most important epoch in his history." He was introduced to Dr. Anderson, a gentleman who seems to have enjoyed a deservedly high social position in Edinburgh, and who is known in literature as the author of certain lives of the British poets, prefixed to an ill-edited and ill-printed collection of their works. The handsome face of Campbell happened to attract the eyes of the young ladies, and they managed to have him introduced to their father. His poetry completed the conquest of the family. The doctor was as much charmed with the lad's verses as the girls had been by his fine eyes; and Miss Anderson, many years afterwards, described his first visit in a man-

ner so lively as to show that it must have produced the strong impression she represents :

"It was a most interesting scene ; and, although very young, it made a deep and lasting impression upon us. Mr. Campbell's appearance bespoke instant favor : his countenance was beautiful ; and, as the expression of his face varied with his various feelings, it became quite a study for a painter to catch the fleeting graces as they rapidly succeeded each other. The pensive air which hung so gracefully over his youthful features gave a melancholy interest to his manner, which was extremely touching. But when he indulged in any lively sallies of humor he was exceedingly amusing ; every now and then, however, he seemed to check himself, as if the effort to be gay was too much for his sadder thoughts, which evidently prevailed. As Dr. Anderson became more and more interested in the young poet, he sought every occasion to awaken in his favor a similar interest in the minds of others ; and in this effort he succeeded."

Dr. Anderson introduced his young friend, with a warm recommendation, to Mr. Mundell, the bookseller, who immediately employed him to prepare an abridged edition of Bryan Edwards' *West Indies*, for the sum of twenty pounds. On this visit Campbell remained but about two months at Edinburgh, when he returned to Glasgow to finish his translation of the *Medea*, and the preparation of his abridgment for Mundell. For the *Medea* he received an offer from his new friend, the bookseller ; but the intention of publishing it was abandoned, from the conviction probably that it would not pay. While at Glasgow he planned a magazine that was never started, but he still continued an amateur student of the law. "My leisure hours," he wrote to Dr. Anderson, "I employ in perusing Godwin, and the *Corpus Juris*. The latter I always held as a somniferous volume ; but really, on closer inspection, there is something amusing as well as improving in tracing the mental progress of mankind from the period of the Twelve Tables till the advanced time of Justinian."

Campbell mixed freely in the general society of Glasgow, and continued to cultivate relations with his old college professors. Of these, John Miller, for forty years professor of law in the university, seems to have been his favorite. John Young, the Greek professor, Campbell remembered as a man of great humor, with an exquisite

sense of the ludicrous ; of Professor Jardine he spoke as the " amiable," the " benign," the " philosophic." He thought all the professors at Glasgow very respectable, college-like persons, but of Miller he wrote with enthusiasm. " There was an air," he said, " of the high-bred gentleman about Miller, that you saw nowhere else, — something that made you imagine such old patriots as Lord Belhaven, or Fletcher of Saltoun. He was a fine, muscular man, somewhat above the middle size, with a square chest, and shapely bust, a prominent chin, gray eyes that were unmatched in expression, and a head that would have become a Roman senator. He was said to be a capital fencer ; and to look at his light, elastic step when he was turned of sixty disposed you to credit the report. But the glory was to see his intellectual gladiatorship, when he would slay or pink into convulsions some offensive political antagonist. He spoke with no mincing affectation of English pronunciation ; but his Scoto-English was as different from vulgar Scotch as that of St. James's from St. Giles's. Lastly, he had a playfulness in his countenance and conversation that was graceful from its never going to excess."

On completing his abridgment, he returned to Edinburgh, performing the journey on foot. For a while he obtained sufficient employment from Mundell, but was obliged to have recourse again to the uncongenial vocation of a tutor. " And now," wrote Campbell, many years later, " I lived in the Scottish metropolis by instructing pupils in Greek and Latin. In this vocation I made a comfortable livelihood as long as I was industrious. But *The Pleasures of Hope* came over me. I took long walks about Arthur's Seat, conning over my own (as I thought them) magnificent lines ; and, as my *Pleasures of Hope* got on, my pupils fell off. I was not friendless, nor quite solitary, at this period, in Edinburgh. My aunt, Mrs. Campbell, and her beautiful daughter Margaret, — so beautiful that she was commonly called *Mary Queen of Scots*, — used to receive me kindly of an evening, whenever I called ; and it was to them — and with no small encouragement — that I first recited my poem, when it was finished." Before he became known as an author, he was intimate with Francis Jeffrey, and with Thomas Brown, afterwards the successor of Dugald Stewart in the *Moral Philosophy* chair of Edinburgh. With John Richardson, then serving his apprenticeship with a writer to the Signet, and James Grahame, an advocate

at the Scottish bar (author of "The Sabbath"), Campbell at this time formed an intimacy, which continued till the death of Grahame in 1811, and between the survivors for forty-six years, unimpaired. Richardson enjoyed through life the confidential friendship, not only of Campbell, but of Walter Scott and Joanna Baillie.

Allusion has been made to the intention some time entertained by Campbell of joining his brothers in America. The final abandonment of this purpose was communicated to his friend Thomson, in a letter, that is interesting from the evidence it gives of the early republican bias which marked Campbell's political character through life. The letter is dated at Edinburgh, March 30th, 1798 :

"You were among the few to whom I mentioned my resolution of going to ———, and you may well suppose I congratulate myself now upon the discretion with which I mentioned it; *being compelled by necessity to stay at home!* Yes, there is surely either a fate or a Providence, or a blind necessity, which regulates the course of things. Ever since I knew what America was, I have loved and respected her government and state of society; but, without incurring censure, I cannot yet become a citizen of that enviable country. My youngest brother, who resides there, anxious to see me once more, negotiated for me, at my request, and procured me a situation; but my eldest brother, who is a man of more experience, forbids me to quit Britain till I have acquired more useful knowledge. I venerate his opinion, and, however unwilling, I relinquish my wish."

Such as we have described it in the preceding pages, was the training of Campbell for the production of *The Pleasures of Hope*. For the merely artistic portion of it he had been thoroughly schooled in the Greek and Roman classics, and was familiar with the masters of the best English style. In the practice of composition he had enjoyed no little experience. Besides the elaborate translation from the Greek dramatists, on which he had bestowed so much time and toil, he had written several original poems, some of which, with the choruses of *Medea*, he admitted, notwithstanding his fastidiousness, to a permanent place in his collected works. He had written not only his *Elegy in Mull*, which is said to have been the poem that first commended him to the attention of Dr. Anderson, but the two parts of the pretty poem addressed to Caroline, an elegy entitled *Love and Madness*, and the touching ballads of *The Wounded*

Hussar, and The Harper. The Dirge of Wallace, The Epistle to the Three Ladies of Cart, and the Lines to a Rural Beauty, were also poems of this period, which possess a merit and interest independent of the youth of the author, in the production of which he had tried and disciplined his wonderful powers.

His experience of life had not been large, but it had been not unfavorable to the cultivation of his poetical genius. The summer, which in childhood he had passed in the country, impressed upon his mind scenes and images of quiet beauty which were never effaced. The trial for treason, which he attended at Edinburgh, excited his earnest sympathies, and taught him to feel deeply with humanity struggling for enfranchisement in whatever land. He had loved, too, measurably, and, as well as we can guess, more than once; and had been consoled for his disappointments, and learned to play his flute, and write verses to a new love when he was off with the old. The wild and stern displays of nature in her gloom and sublimity he had studied in the Hebrides and Highlands, in moods which sometimes made him an apt learner in so severe a school. But, above all, he felt the continual spur and impulse of necessity. Academic competition and honors had made the praise of men a want with him; and he had a name to make, and a position to win in the world, by which he might achieve a fortune or a fame that would give lustre to circumstances even more humble than his own. It is this ungentle and irksome necessity that has been the origin of the greatest works of man, and to which, beyond all things else, we are indebted for *The Pleasures of Hope*. If Campbell had been a child of wealth, he would have dreamed away life as an amateur and critic of the works of others; but poverty compelled him to be a "maker" himself.

In his notes of this year he narrates an anecdote of his friend, Mr. Thomas Robertson, with whose kindness he seems to have been deeply impressed. "I had a friend at this time," he says, "whose kindness I shall never forget." . . . "He had seen the manuscript of *The Pleasures of Hope*, and, calling on me one morning, he said, 'Campbell, if you need money for the printing of the poem, my purse is at your service. How much will it cost?' At a random guess, I said 'Fifteen pounds. — But, my dear fellow,' I added, 'God only

knows when I may be able to repay you !' — 'Never mind that,' he replied, and left me the money ; but for the fifteen pounds I had a hundred and fifty calls more pressing than the press itself."

Campbell had at first intended to publish the poem by subscription ; but finally, through his friend Dr. Anderson, submitted the manuscript to Mundell, the only bookseller with whom he had formed any profitable connection. After some discussion, the copyright was sold "out and out" for sixty pounds, in money and books. So scanty and precarious were the resources of its author at that time, he could not be dissuaded from thus disposing of the poem ; and though, about three years afterwards, a London bookseller estimated the value at an "annuity of two hundred pounds for life," it is not probable that Mundell thought he was driving a hard bargain. The publisher, indeed, behaved with so much liberality that the poet received from the first seven editions of his work the large sum of nine hundred pounds, notwithstanding he had divested himself of all legal interest in the copyright.

"The Pleasures of Hope," says Campbell in his reminiscences, "appeared exactly when I was twenty-one years and nine months old. It gave me a general acquaintance in Edinburgh. Dr. Gregory, Henry Mackenzie, the author of the *Man of Feeling*, Dugald Stewart, the Rev. Archibald Alison, the '*Man of Taste*,' and Thomas Telford, the engineer, became my immediate patrons." With Walter Scott he had been previously acquainted ; and, soon after the appearance of his poem, was invited by him to a dinner-party of his select literary friends, among whom Campbell found himself an entire stranger. No introduction took place ; but, after the cloth was removed, Scott rose, and, with a kind and complimentary reference to the poem, proposed a bumper to the "Author of the *Pleasures of Hope*." "The poem," he added, "is in the hands of all our friends ; and the poet," pointing to a young gentleman on his right, "I have now the honor of introducing to you as my guest."

In a letter written, thirty years afterwards, to Mrs. Arkwright, the daughter of Stephen Kemble, we find a paragraph of peculiar interest, as containing the poet's description of himself at this period, and fixing the locality which suggested one of the remarkable passages in his poem. "The day that I first met your honored father," he wrote, "was at Henry Siddons', on the Calton Hill, in Edinburgh.

The scenery of the Frith of Forth was in full view from the house ; the time was summer, and the weather peculiarly balmy and beautiful. I was a young, shrinking, bashful creature : my poems were out but a few days ; and it was neck or nothing with me, whether I should go down to the gulf of utter neglect or not ; although, with all my bashfulness, I had then a much better opinion of myself and my powers than I have at this moment. Your dear father praised my work, and quoted the lines —

‘Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,’ &c.,

looking at the very hills that had suggested the thought ! Well, I thought to myself (for, as I have said, I was at that time enormously vain), there *is* some taste in this world, and I shall get on in it ; and my heart is warmed to the name of Kemble ever since. We are, alas ! very selfish ; and there was a vivid picture of that little party in my mind, when I went with an ardent heart to join in the thunders of applause that welcomed your gifted relative, who is to be the queen of our stage.” It is hardly necessary to add that the lady to whom he referred was Miss Fanny Kemble.

The original manuscript of *The Pleasures of Hope* is in existence, in good preservation, in the autograph of the poet. It formerly belonged to the late Dr. Murray, Professor of Oriental Languages, and was at the time of Campbell’s death in the possession of Mr. Patrick Maxwell, a literary gentleman of Edinburgh. The MS. consists of about forty or fifty paragraphs, extending over some twenty pages, and containing above four hundred lines. At the end of the poem is *The Irish Harper’s Lament for his Dog*, word for word as it is now printed under the title of *The Harper*.

From this manuscript the following extract, shortly after the poet’s death, was inserted in the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, with Mr. Maxwell’s permission, as a literary curiosity :

ORIGINAL INTRODUCTION TO THE “PLEASURES OF HOPE.”

Seven lingering moons have crossed the starry line
 Since Beauty’s form or Nature’s face divine
 Had power the sombre of my soul to turn, —
 Had power to wake my strings and bid them burn.
 The charm dissolves ! What Genius bade me go
 To search the unfathomed mine of human woe —

The wrongs of man to man, of clime to clime,
 Since Nature yoked the fiery steeds of Time ;—
 The tales of death—since cold on Eden's plain
 The beauteous mother clasped her Abel slain ;
 Ambitious guilt—since Carthage wept her doom ;
 The Patriot's fate—since Brutus fell with Rome ?

The charm dissolves ! My kindling fancy dreams
 Of brighter forms inspired by gentler themes ;
 Joy and her rosy flowers attract my view,
 And Mirth can please, or Music charm anew ;
 And Hope, the harbinger of golden hours,
 The light of life, the fire of Fancy's powers,
 Returns :—again I lift my trembling gaze,
 And bless the smiling guest of other days.

So when the Northern in the lonely gloom,
 Where Hecla's fires the Polar night illumine,
 Hails the glad summer to his Lulean shores,
 And, bowed to earth, his circling suns adores.

So when Cimmerian darkness wakes the dead,
 And hideous Nightmare haunts the curtained bed,
 And scowls her wild eye on the maddening brain,
 What speechless horrors thrill the slumbering swain
 When shapeless fiends inhale his tortured breath,
 Immure him living in the vaults of death ;
 Or lead him lonely through the charnelled aisles,
 The roaring floods, the dark and swampy vales !
 When rocked by winds he wanders on the deep,
 Climbs the tall spire, or scales the beetling steep,
 His life-blood freezing to the central urn,
 No voice can call for aid, no limb can turn,
 Till eastern shoot the harbinger of day,
 And Night and all her spectres fade away !

If then some wandering huntsman of the morn
 Wind from the hill his murmuring bugle horn,
 The shrill sweet music wakes the slumberer's ear,
 And melts his blood, and bursts the bands of fear ;
 The vision fades—the shepherd lifts his eye,
 And views the lark that carols to the sky.

Many of the passages in the original draft are the same as they stand in the printed poem ; others have been retouched, and others entirely suppressed. The whole poem, indeed, was much amplified

and altered; and the poet was aided in the process of revision by the severe and judicious criticism of Dr. Anderson, to whom he was indebted for many kind offices, which he recognized by dedicating to him the first volume of his poems.

"The rapture of April, 1799," says a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, "on the first appearance of *The Pleasures of Hope*, was very natural. Burns had lately died. Cowper was sunk in hopeless insanity, soon to be released. Their vivid examples had not sufficed to abolish the drowsy prestige of Hayley. Of the great constellation that has since illuminated us, but few of the more potent stars had ascended above the horizon. Crabbe, under a domestic sorrow of which Campbell was destined to participate, had fallen into a dejected inactivity, and was all but forgotten. Rogers had some years earlier published *The Pleasures of Memory*, to which *The Pleasures of Hope* owed more than the suggestion of a title; but that genial effusion only promised the consummate graces since displayed, though too parsimoniously, by its now venerable author. Wordsworth and Coleridge had sent forth *Lyrical Ballads*, some of them exquisitely beautiful, and in the aggregate most deeply influential; but these were as yet, and for a long while after, appreciated only within a narrow circle; no one misunderstood and undervalued them more than did Campbell himself. Scott had produced nothing that survives in much vitality. Moore was at college, or at Anacreon. Byron had not yet lain dreaming under the elm of Harrow, nor Wilson listened to 'the sweet bells of Magdalen tower.' The moment was fortunate, and the applause more creditable to the public than advantageous (in the upshot) to the new poet."

CHAPTER III.

THE sale of his poem had improved Campbell's finances; and with a little money in his pocket he was always buoyant and sanguine. He determined to travel, Goldsmith fashion, on the continent. His

career had been decided. It was to be that of a man of letters ; and in this view it was important for him to become acquainted with the literature and literary men of Germany. On his route he was to be joined by his friend Richardson, and together they were to produce a volume of travels, that was to go far towards paying their expenses. Then he was engaged on a poem styled *The Queen of the North*, in which he was to celebrate the glories and independence of Scotland. Of this poem he had already composed several fragments, and had contracted for its illustration with Mr. Williams, whom he describes as an artist of first-rate genius in his profession of a landscape painter. Fortunately, too, he had formed a connection, through some of his whig friends, with Perry, the liberal and gentlemanly editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, of London, for whose columns he was employed as a correspondent. The projected poem and the volume of travels both failed, and his only substantial resources in Germany proved to be Perry and *The Pleasures of Hope*.

In June, 1800, in company with his brother Daniel, who intended to establish himself on the continent as a manufacturer, the young poet embarked at Leith for Hamburg. His prudence had overcome his anxiety to visit London and its celebrities ; and he consoled himself for losing the sight of Godwin, Mackintosh, Mrs. Siddons and his friend Thomson, by the reflection that he should see Schiller and Göethe, the banks of the Rhine and the mistress of Werter.

" Besides, upon reflection," as he records himself, in a letter of that period, " I see the propriety of making my first appearance in London to the best advantage. At present I am a raw Scotch lad, and, in a London company of wits and geniuses, would make but a dull figure with my northern brogue and ' braw Scotch boos.' I am not satisfied with my quantum of literature, but intend to write a few more books before I make my *début* in London. In reality, my fixed intention, on returning from Germany, is to set up a course of lectures upon the *Belles Lettres*. I had some thoughts of lecturing in Edinburgh, but cannot think of remaining any longer in one place.

" If London should not offer encouragement, I mean to try Dublin. I think this a respectable profession, as the showman of the bear and monkey said, when he gave his name to the commissioners of the income tax, as an itinerant lecturer on Natural History."

Campbell met a kind reception among the British residents at

Hamburg, where he resided nine or ten weeks to acquire some knowledge of the language and country, before proceeding to the interior. "I have seen the great Klopstock," he wrote, soon after his arrival, to John Richardson, "and given him a copy of the third edition;" and the "mild, civil old man" returned the compliment by letters of introduction to his friends in other parts of Germany. With Klopstock he conversed only in Latin, a language which enabled him to make his way very well with the French and Germans, and still better when he fell in with the Hungarians.

From Hamburg he proceeded to Ratisbon, on the Danube, — the ancient capital of Bavaria, — where he arrived three days before it was taken by the French. The scenery of his route he describes in a letter to Dr. Anderson, in prose, which even his best poetry hardly surpasses. The incidents of war, which he witnessed, he paints with equal brilliancy and effect; and if any one of his contemporaries has achieved anything better in the same style, it was surely not at the age of two and twenty, or in a sketch designed only for the eye of private friendship. He writes, on the 10th of August, 1800, from Ratisbon:

"What are the expectations of politicians now with regard to peace? Everything here is whisper, surmise, and suspense. If war breaks out, the bridge over the Danube is expected to be blown up! You may guess what a devil of a splutter twenty-four large arches will make, — flying miles high in the air, and coming down like falling planets to crush the town! Joking apart, — and indeed the event will be no joke, — Ratisbon will be shivered to atoms; and, as no premonition is expected, the inhabitants may be buried under the ruins. But, in spite of all conjectures to the contrary, I think peace is not far off.

"My journey to Ratisbon was tedious, but not unpleasant. The general constituents of German scenery are corn-fields, — many leagues in extent, — and dark tracts of forest equally extensive. Of this the eye soon becomes tired; but in a few favored spots there is such an union of wildness, variety, richness and beauty, as cannot be looked upon without lively emotions of pleasure and surprise. We entered the valley of Heitsch, on the frontier of Bavaria, late in the evening, after the sun had set behind the hills of Saxony. A winding road through a long woody plain leads to this retreat. It

was some hours before we got across it, frequently losing our way in the innumerable paths that intersect each other. At last the shade of the forest grew deeper and darker, till a sudden and steep descent seemed to carry us into another world. It was a total eclipse ; but, like the valley of the shadow of death, it was the path to paradise. Suddenly the scene expanded into a broad grassy glen ; lighted from above by a full and beautiful moon, it united all the wildness of a Scotch glen with the verdure of an English garden. The steep hills on either side of our green pathway were covered with a luxuriant growth of trees, where millions of fire-flies flew like stars among the branches. Such enchantment could not be surpassed in Tempé itself. I would travel to the walls of China, to feel again the wonder and delight that elevated my spirits when I first surveyed this enchanting scene. An incident apparently slight certainly heightened the effect produced by external beauty. While we gazed up to the ruined fortifications, that stretched in bold, broken piles across the ridge of the mountain, military music sounded at a distance. Five thousand Austrians, on their march to Bohemia (where the French were expected to penetrate), passed our carriage in a long broad line, and encamped in a wide plain, at one extremity of the valley. As we proceeded on our way, the rear of their army, composed of Red-cloaks and Pandours, exhibited strange and picturesque groups, sleeping on the bare ground, with their horses tied to trees ; whilst the sound of the Austrian trumpets died faintly away among the echoes of the hills.

“ It was a sudden transition from the beauties of an interesting journey to the horrors of war and confusion that prevailed at Ratisbon. The richest fields of Europe desolated by contending troops. Peasants driven from their homes to starve and beg in the streets ; horses dying of hunger, and men dying of their wounds, were the dreadful novelties at this time. A few more agreeable circumstances tended to lessen the effect of these disagreeable scenes. The novelty of everything around me, the splendor and sublimity of the Catholic service, and the hospitality of the good monks [of the Benedictine Scotch College of St. James] in their old marble hall, amused me into peace of mind, as far as tranquillity could be enjoyed in such perilous times. The music of our high church cathedral is beyond conception. On the morning before the French entered Ratisbon, a

solemn ceremony was held. One passage in the Latin service was singularly apropos to the fears of the inhabitants for siege and bombardment. The dreadful prophecy, 'O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem! thou shalt be made desolate!' was chanted by a loud, single voice, from one end of the long echoing cathedral. A pause, more expressive than any sound, succeeded; and then the whole thunder of the organs, trumpets and drums, broke in. I never conceived that the *terrific* in music could be carried to such a pitch.

"Within two hours an alarm was given for the Hungarian infantry to march from the camp, and support their retreating countrymen. Their music, though less sacred, was perfect in its kind. The effect of this military exhibition, the most impressive that could be witnessed, was heightened by the sound of distant artillery, and the flashing of carbines in the neighboring wood, where the French and Austrian Roth-mantels skirmished in small parties. The appearance of dead and wounded men carrying past gave a serious aspect to the scene, and convinced the spectator that he was not witnessing the scene of a holiday parade."

Here was Campbell "fairly caged," — the French in Ratisbon and the Austrians in the village of Haddamhoff on the other side. Now and then he went to the Scottish convent; but his republican politics were not suited to that meridian; and he denounces the monks as lazy, greasy and ignorant. The French officers were more after his own heart, and, in general, "famous fellows." Of his mode of life at this time, and his views of pedestrian travel, we find an account, in a letter to his "dear and much-wished-for friend," Richardson, which, in style and substance, seems to us Goldsmith over again.

"Ratisbon is a place of much note in the history of Germany. We must learn all the striking events connected with its legends. You may judge what we could live upon, by the rate of my expenses here; and I believe, upon an average, you cannot live much cheaper in any other city. My room costs two florins — four shillings — per week. I lodge with a surgeon, called Deisch, a very genteel and agreeable man. He sends me dinner and a glass of good beer from his own table, for eighteen *kreuzers*, or sevenpence a day, to my own room. This is fully as cheap as the most reasonable eating-house would demand; and the victuals are always clean and wholesome. The wood for my winter-stove, Father Boniface tells me, will cost about thirty

shillings for a half-year. Tea and sugar are high ; but of these we might have a sufficient quantum from home, without possibility of detection. The room is large enough to hold two beds ; and, if our stocks were joined, we might live for half nothing. We might keep sufficient company at a tenth of the expense we could at Edinburgh ; for the only treat is a dish of coffee, or a glass of beer, at twopence a bottle.

“ Travelling is very cheap to those who know the coins, and the mode of procedure. Travelling even as ‘ Milord Anglais,’ I could hardly spend a guinea a day. With economy, and on foot, we may visit all the corners of Germany, travel a space of three thousand miles, stop at convenient stages for a few days at a time, and be masters of all the geographical knowledge worth learning, for *thirty pounds apiece*. I reckon thus : We set out with a stick, fitted as an umbrella, — a nice contrivance, very common here, — with a fine Holland shirt in one pocket, our stockings and silk breeches in the other, and a few cravats, wrapt in clean paper, in the crowns of our hats. This, with a pocket-book, is all the baggage we require. Books for entertainment and assistance must be deferred till we stop at some considerable towns, where there are always good libraries, and where we ought to stop, with introductory letters, a few days at least. Of these I can get sufficient. At country inns a bed and supper are had for half-a-crown apiece. Refreshments of coffee for sixpence, and of bread and beer for twopence. On reaching towns, if we manage properly, and search for a cheap little berth in the suburbs, we may live with equal economy. This is the cheapest way of travelling ; and, even should my literary schemes succeed this year beyond expectation, I am determined to put it in practice ; for I have neglected economy too long ; and, thank God, we are both philosophers enough to despise hardships for the sake of knowledge and expansion of mind. Travelling along with you, my dear friend, a crust of rye bread will be pleasanter than the finest fare in your absence.”

Campbell left Ratisbon late in October, and returned, by way of Leipsic, to Altona, where he resided until he embarked for England. Meanwhile, his situation had been, in many respects, difficult and painful. For several weeks he remained without news from home. He was solitary, dejected, anxious for the future, and in a state of uncertainty and suspense with regard to what “ was saying or doing

in Britain." He was troubled about the yet unfinished Queen of the North. His letters to Richardson during this period express an earnest longing for his friend's presence. "O, how I shall leap," he says, "when I see you spring from the packet to the Danish shore! Then, my boy, for Buda! the Danube! the hills of Bavaria! Vienna! Our tour shall delight the universe!" A fit of sickness confined him for many weeks, disabled and dispirited him, broke up his plans, and arrested all intellectual exertion. On the 25th of December, he wrote to his long-expected and still missing friend Richardson:

"By February — even by the middle of January — nay, even for certain by the 15th of January — I shall have sent to Perry twenty-four pieces of poetry; he could not insert more in a year's time, and by that period I shall be entitled surely to fifty pounds. This is all my resource. If you do not come by Yarmouth, write to him for my sake; and, on condition of twenty-four pieces being sent by that period, request, with dignified politeness, that amount; and offer twenty pieces to be sent next year for the like sum, — all as highly polished as regard to my reputation can induce me to make. What could I *not* do, were you beside me! This is all hush-work; no sending through the drum, or talking of it in Mundell's shop. Fortified with fifty pounds, I defy fate! I know how to travel and live frugally. Judge of my economy when I tell you that I can at present content myself with two meals a day, of which dinner costs *eightpence* and supper *sixpence*.

"Let us plunge down to Hungary, and there we can live comfortably upon ten shillings a week, for all the expenses of each. From this to Munich — which is worthy of a whole volume in our travels — we can walk for four pounds apiece; and you may get by water down to Presburg or Ofen for a guinea, or less. Walking, I must repeat it, is our best plan; sure and independent. Let your luggage be little; but bring, for God's sake, Shakspeare, and a few British classics. These things will be sent to Ratisbon, and thence down the Danube at small expense. I forgot to mention Adams' Comparison of Ancient and Modern Geography; also, if you wish to keep me from cutting my throat, bring the materials detailed in my last March, March! I will ever bless thy bleak, pale face, if thou givest me my friend!"

The materials referred to were scraps, hints and extracts, touching the history and tradition of Edinburgh, and some details in regard to the surrounding scenery, for his contemplated Queen of the North.

Of fourteen pieces communicated to Perry during Campbell's residence on the Danube and the Elbe, but a few have been admitted to a place in his collected poems. Of these, the first was *The Exile of Erin*, written immediately after his arrival at Altona, and suggested by the fortunes of Anthony M'Cann, a refugee Irishman, whose acquaintance Campbell had made at Hamburg. The song is to an old Irish air, which had been often used as the medium of similar sentiments. The *Lines on Revisiting a Scene in Argyshire* were first sketched in 1798, but were finished at Hamburg, and transmitted from Germany for the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*. The *Beech-tree's Petition* was written at the request of his sister Mary, and the venerable subject of the poem still stands in the garden of Ardwell, the seat of J. Murray M'Culloch, Esq., who relates the following anecdote: "On occasion of one of my happy visits to Abbotsford, my friend Sir Walter and I were taking a forenoon's walk over his fields. In our conversation, some allusion was made to *The Pleasures of Hope*, and to the celebrated author of that fine poem; when Sir Walter said, 'By the by, I was lately told that the Beechen Tree of Tom Campbell stands in your garden at Ardwell. This I took upon me to contradict, for I had never heard my friend Campbell say that he had been at Ardwell; nor did I ever hear *you* say that he had been there.' I answered, 'Indeed, my dear sir, you have unintentionally done us injustice: for it stands in our garden, and we are very proud of our classic and celebrated Beech. We must not be deprived of our tree, especially by such authority as yours; so you must get the matter authenticated as soon as you have any opportunity of doing so.' " Scott was satisfied by this explanation that the Campbell Beech really stood in Mr. M'Culloch's garden, and promised to rectify his error on every appropriate occasion.

The Ode to Winter and Ye Mariners of England were among the most finished and successful lyrics composed in Germany.

The latter was first suggested by hearing the air played at the house of a friend in Edinburgh, but was finished at Altona. It was

published by Mr. Perry, with this title: "Alteration of the Old Ballad Ye Gentlemen of England, composed on the Prospect of a Russian War,"—and was signed "Amator Patriæ."

This Ode was followed by Lines written on seeing the unclaimed Corpse of a Suicide exposed on the Banks of a River; and the Name Unknown, imitated from Klopstock. These poems, as they are now published, do not differ materially from the original manuscript.

Of his minor pieces, and the larger poem in contemplation, he thus writes to Richardson: "Look westward from Charlotte-street and tell me what are the principal scenes, or if connected with anything describable. Do see the same from the *west*. Is Benledi or Benlomond visible? What can be said of that view? Look from the castle, and see what views it can possibly afford. What is there remarkable about the Abbey? and where is the place of 'refuge'? Roslin Castle,—try, my dear friend, what can be done with that. * * *

"The subject, I think seriously, is capital. I have got an episode to the college, which pleases me. As to my labors this summer, they have been but ineffectual. God knows what a state of spirits I have enjoyed. But there is one piece, on the Valley of Eldurn, which I think well-polished and classical. Wallace is bold and irregular,—of its merit I am more doubtful. The Exile of Erin pleases Tony MacCann and his brethren. I would send Perry my Latin verses on the Deer, but you will see the subject is taken into the Valley of Eldurn. * * *

"I request your caution most earnestly about what I have said about the Queen of the North. Keep up the public mind. We shall do it this summer in our halting-place. I expect you to be the bearer of the materials."

The Valley of Eldurn we suppose to be the first sketch of his beautiful poem on leaving a scene in Bavaria, and the incident which suggested the allusion to the wounded deer is related in one of those descriptive passages which make some of his letters exquisite prose poems. "I have explored," he writes, "new and wonderful regions of romantic scenery on the Danube, and its tributary streams. Formerly I talked of scenery from pictures and imagination. But now I feel elevated to an enthusiasm which only wants your society to be

boundless, when I scour the woods of gigantic oak, the bold and beautiful hills, the shores and the rocks upon the Danube.

"Some days of this harvest have been truly fine. The verdure has revived from the heat of summer, which before had entirely parched it. What think you of valleys scoured by wild deer, lined with woods of rich and sublime growth, and scented with wild plums and Indian beans? The myrtle and vine, that would starve in our bleak climate, grow wild upon the rocks, and twine most beautifully round the caves, where the wild deer hide themselves, inaccessible to the dogs and the hunter. I saw an instance of this myself: a poor animal flew up the heights, close to my path, dived into the rocks, and neither search nor scrutiny, nor crying nor shouting, could dislodge her. The huntsman and his pack returned from this place, which I have christened the 'rock of mercy,' *rupes misericordiae*. I have written some Latin lines upon it, which I may show you some day in my portfolio."

It was in March, 1801, that the English squadron under Nelson sailed for the coast of Denmark. Rumors of this naval armament had preceded it, and Campbell came to the conclusion that no man in his senses would remain on the continent who was not independent of any connection with Great Britain. He embarked for Leith, but the vessel in which he sailed, on parting with her convoy, was spied by a Danish privateer, and chased into Yarmouth Roads, where Campbell quitted her, and took coach for London. There he arrived with few shillings in his pocket; but found Perry, and met with a most warm and cordial reception. "I will be your friend," said Perry. "I will be all that you could wish me to be." All the "fears and blue devils" of the young poet were dissipated by these few words of earnest and hearty encouragement. "Come, my dear Richardson," he wrote to his friend, "and enhance all the good fortune I enjoy by your precious society! You will be acquainted with Perry also, and must, like me, admire him. His wife is an angel, and his niece a goddess. I am over head and ears in love with the latter. Leap into your boots like Lefleur, and be in London to-morrow."

In the notes of his first visit to London, he says: "Calling on Perry one day, he showed me a letter from Lord Holland, asking about me, and expressing a wish to have me to dine at the King of Clubs. Thither with his lordship I accordingly repaired, and it was

an era in my life. There I met, in all their glory and feather, Mackintosh, Rogers, the Smiths, Sydney, and others. In the retrospect of a long life, I know no man whose acuteness of intellect gave me a higher idea of human nature than Mackintosh; and, without disparaging his benevolence, — for he had an excellent heart, — I may say that I never saw a man who so reconciled me to hereditary aristocracy like the benignant Lord Holland."

While intoxicated with this social and literary success, he learned, suddenly, the death of his father, at the patriarchal age of ninety-one. He immediately left London by sea for Edinburgh. On the voyage a lady passenger startled him with news of the arrest of Campbell the poet, for high treason. Not only was he arrested, but he was confined in the Tower, and likely to be executed. He laughed at this, and had forgotten it, when, as he was at dinner a week or two afterwards, he had a summons to attend the Sheriff of Edinburgh. The officer carried a search-warrant, and he and his papers were conveyed to the sheriff. That magistrate received him with solemnity. One of his fellow-voyagers from the Elbe to Yarmouth had been a certain Donovan, who had commanded a regiment of rebels at Vinegar Hill. Government had been warned of this man's return by some Hamburg spy, who thought fit to add that he had for his companion the author of *The Exile of Erin* and other dangerous songs, a travelling agent of the *Morning Chronicle*, notorious when in Germany for haunting rebel society, and vehemently suspected of having conspired with Moreau in Austria, and with the Irish at Hamburg, to get a French army landed in Ireland. Donovan was now in the Tower, and it might be necessary to confront his associate with him. Campbell answered that he had never seen Donovan except on board the Hamburg ship, and was wholly ignorant of his subsequent adventures. The sheriff opened the trunk, and began to examine the MSS. Innocent letters and diaries appeared, fragments of poems, and, by and by, the original draft of *Ye Mariners*, which this loyal functionary had not before heard of, and now read with equal surprise and delight. "Mr. Campbell," said he, "this is a cold, wet evening — what do you say to our having a bottle of wine during the examination of your treasonable papers?" The sheriff, of course, dismissed him in good humor.

On his return to Edinburgh, he found his family affairs dismal

enough. The small pension paid, during his father's lifetime, by the Merchants' Society at Glasgow, was discontinued. This, Campbell, with his usual generous feelings, undertook to make good. He also proposed that two of his sisters, who were then employed as governesses in private families, should get rid of their engagements, join their mother, and set up a boarding-school of their own in Edinburgh. The plan was adopted: it insured comfort otherwise unattainable for the destitute family, and for a time promised well. The poet, before quitting London, had been "liberally considered" by Perry, and he looked forward to a subscription edition of *The Pleasures of Hope*, which his publisher permitted him to issue for his exclusive benefit. He was released from his obligations in regard to *The Queen of the North*, and agreed to execute for Mundell a compendium of English History, from the accession of George III. to the commencement of the present century, in three volumes octavo, at one hundred pounds each. This work is said to be a very useful abridgment, unambitiously written, and of convenient reference.

In the autumn of this year (1801), Lord Minto, who had then recently returned from the court of Vienna, where he had resided as British Envoy Extraordinary, invited him on a visit to Minto Castle. The invitation was accepted, and the result of the visit was so agreeable to both parties that Campbell consented to take up his quarters for the ensuing season at his lordship's mansion in Hanover-square, where a "poet's room" was prepared for his reception.

His lordship availed himself occasionally of his services as secretary; but Campbell was now master of his time, and had the best opportunities of introduction to London society. At Mr. Perry's table he met the same distinguished men who had bid him welcome on his arrival from Germany; and at the King of Clubs, to which he was taken by Lord Holland and Mackintosh, he mingled with the first literary and political men of the metropolis. His happiest moments at this period seem to have been passed with Mrs. Siddons, the Kembles and his friend Telford, the distinguished engineer, whom he describes as a "fellow of infinite humor," and a most useful cicerone in London, from his universal acquaintance and popular manners. Telford, on the other hand, always manifested an affectionate attachment for Campbell, as well as a high admiration for his genius.

At the close of the parliamentary session, Lord Minto started for Scotland, taking the poet with him as his travelling companion. Campbell remained a while in Edinburgh, and did not reach Castle Minto till late in August, when he found there, among other visitors, one whom he mentions as "our Tyrtæus of the Edinburgh volunteers — Walter Scott." It was while under his lordship's roof that *Lochiel* and *Hohenlinden* were composed, revised, and finally prepared for the press. It was intended that they should first appear in the subscription quarto copy of his poems; but they were published anonymously by themselves, and dedicated to the Rev. Mr. Alison. When he read his manuscript of *Lochiel* to Mrs. Dugald Stewart, the good lady rose very gravely from her chair, walked across the room, and, laying her hand gently upon his head, said, "This will bear another wreath of laurel yet!" This little compliment made a strong impression on the mind of Campbell, and he alludes to it as one of the principal incidents in his life which gave him confidence in his own powers.

"It was long before *Lochiel* could be put into a shape that satisfied the poet. The first sketch of it was completed over a cup of tea, at two o'clock in the morning, at Castle Minto. The idea that "coming events cast their shadow before" had struck him between sleeping and waking at that seasonable hour, and, with that wrought out, he finished the poem on the spot. Some passages which he afterwards struck out he restored at the suggestion of Scott, with whom the poem was a great favorite. But Campbell had infinite trouble with it, and he wrote Lord Minto that he had made so many attempts to remodel it, and found it incorrigible, that he was tempted to throw it away in vexation. Washington Irving, in his biographical sketch of Campbell, speaks of this poem and *Hohenlinden* "as exquisite gems, sufficient of themselves to establish his title to the sacred name of poet." But the poet himself did not seem to think much of *Hohenlinden*, and considered some of the verses "d——d drum-and-trumpet lines." This we have from Sir Walter Scott, who relates an amusing anecdote in regard to it. "John Leyden," says Scott, "introduced me to Campbell. They afterwards quarrelled. When I repeated *Hohenlinden* to Leyden, he said, 'Dash it, man! tell the fellow that I hate him. But, dash him, he has written the finest verses that have been published these

fifty years.' I did mine errand as faithfully as one of Homer's messengers, and had for answer, 'Tell Leyden that I detest him; but I know the value of his critical approbation.'"

If this communication took place before the 27th March, 1803, Campbell's resentment was stronger than his vanity, for under that date he writes of his sturdy critic in a strain that is anything but complimentary. "London," he says, "has been visited in one month by John Leyden and the influenza! Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his tens of thousands. They are both raging with great violence. John has been dubbed *Dr. Leyden*, and the influenza has been called *La Grippe*. The latter complaint has confined Telford and myself for a week or so; the former has attacked us several times." Three or four days afterwards he wrote, "Leyden has gone at last, to diminish the population of India."

Dr. Beattie clears up Scott's passing allusions to this feud. Campbell had fancied he traced to Leyden an absurd exaggeration of his earlier distresses — which at last, it seems, took the shape of a newspaper paragraph, detailing how he had been actually on his way to Leith to drown himself, when he fell in with the school-master Park, and that thus his very life was due to the first interview with Dr. Anderson. Campbell's pride was grievously wounded, and he never forgave the imputed offence. "We have no belief," says an intelligent writer in the *North British Review*, "that Leyden either invented the story or wrote the paragraph; but we can very easily understand that there was a repulsive instinct between that very rough subject and the pretty-looking, probably somewhat prim little junior, originally no doubt introduced to his notice as the Pope of Glasgow."

His poem published and the subscriptions still pouring in, the *Annals* in progress at one hundred pounds the volume, a fifty-pound bank-note in actual possession, and withal "few or no debts," Campbell thought he could safely venture upon matrimony. During the summer he had fallen in love with his cousin, and his love was returned. Of his intended change of condition he wrote to his friend, Dr. Currie, that it began with a dash of romance quite sufficient for a modern novel, "for the lady's name is Matilda, and we intend to live in a cottage. What more romance would you wish for? — a poet, a cottage, a fine name, and a fortuneless marriage. It will set many

an empty head a shaking to devise by what infatuation the poor youth has set his face against the ills of life, with this increase of responsibility! But it is happy that human prosperity does not depend upon frigid maxims. A strong and virtuous motive to exertion is worth uncounted thousands, for encountering life with advantage."

Early in September, 1803, the London newspapers announced the marriage of "Thomas Campbell, Esq., author of *The Pleasures of Hope*, to Matilda, youngest daughter of Robert Sinclair, Esq., of Park-street, Westminster."

CHAPTER IV.

THE marriage of Campbell and his cousin was one of love on both sides. In the poet's eye his wife was a beautiful, lively and lady-like woman. She had travelled too; and Campbell's stories of the Elbe and Danube were matched by hers of the Rhone and Loire. In Geneva she had learned the art of making the best cup of Mocha in the world; and there was a tradition that the Turkish ambassador, seeing her at the opera in a turban and feathers, asked who she was, was told she was a Scottish lady, and thereupon said he had seen nothing so beautiful in Europe. "Her features," says Dr. Beattie, "had much of the Spanish cast; her complexion was dark; her figure graceful, below the middle size; she had great vivacity of manners, energy of mind, and sensibility, or rather irritability, which often impaired her health."

In a letter to the American publishers of Dr. Beattie's biography, Washington Irving confirms the poet's accounts of her personal beauty, and states that her mental qualities seemed equally to justify his eulogies. "She was, in fact," he adds, "a more suitable wife for a poet than poets' wives are apt to be; and for once a son of song had married a reality, and not a poetical fiction."

The young couple took lodgings in the first instance in Pimlico, where Campbell entered upon a course of life that he thought would

insure his industrious application to literature. "I am habitually contented," he wrote to his sister Mary, some three weeks after marriage, "and disposed to write from morning till night. Give me but the continuance of this prosperity, and, if vexations from external quarters do not come in upon my balance of mind, I shall ask no other blessing from Heaven but the habit of industry. Luckily, my wife is as domestic as myself. She sits all day beside me at her seam, and, except to receive such visitors as cannot be denied, we sit forever at our respective vocations. I ask no more from Heaven than to be allowed calmly and peaceably to work for my bread in this manner; and, if I can only do so, there is no earthly doubt that my circumstances will expand—not to competency, but to wealth. This is a full and true picture of my present situation and future prospects."

At Pinlico their first boy was born, and was christened Thomas Telford, after Campbell's old friend, who stood sponsor on the occasion. The young father's introduction to him is thus tenderly described in a letter to Dr. Currie: "Our first interview was when he lay in his little crib, in the midst of white muslin and dainty lace, prepared by Matilda's hands,—long before the stranger's arrival. I verily believe that lovelier babe was never smiled upon by the light of heaven. He was breathing sweetly in his first sleep—I durst not waken him, but ventured one kiss. He gave a faint murmur, and opened his little azure lights. Since that time he has continued to grow in grace and stature. I can take him in my arms, but still his good nature and his beauty are but provocatives to the affection which one must not indulge; he cannot bear to be hugged, he cannot yet stand a worrying. O, that I were sure he would live to the days when I could take him on my knee, and feel the strong plumpness of childhood waxing into vigorous youth! My poor boy! shall I have the ecstasy of teaching him thoughts, and knowledge, and reciprocity of love to me? It is bold to venture into futurity so far. At present, his lovely little face is a comfort to me; his lips breathe that fragrance which it is one of the loveliest kindnesses of nature that she has given to infants—a sweetness of smell more delightful than all the treasures of Arabia. What adorable beauties of God and nature's bounty we live in without knowing! How few have ever seemed to think an infant beautiful! But to me there seems to

be a beauty in the earliest dawn of infancy which is not inferior to the attractions of childhood, especially when they sleep. Their looks excite a more tender train of emotions. It is like the tremulous anxiety we feel for a candle new lighted, which we dread going out."

All the poet's letters in the early stages of married life show that, whatever he may have suffered from insufficient or ill-managed resources, or from over-tasking his mental faculties to sickness, his connection was a fortunate and happy one. "They were greatly attached," — we are told by a lady who visited Mr. and Mrs. Campbell at Pimlico, — "Mrs. C. studied her husband in every way. As one proof, — the poet being closely devoted to his books and writing during the day, she would never suffer him to be disturbed by questions or intrusion, but left the door of his room a little ajar, that she might every now and then have a silent peep of him. On one occasion she called me to come softly on tiptoe, and she would show me the poet in a moment of inspiration. We stole softly behind his chair — his eye was raised, the pen in his hand; but he was quite unconscious of our presence, and we retired unsuspected."

"In my married life," says Campbell, "I lived a year in town, and then took and furnished a house at Sydenham, to which I brought my young wife and a lovely boy." In that happy home he lived seventeen years, laboring sometimes at much uncongenial task-work, but regularly and conscientiously, even under the pressure of bodily pain.

"Laboring in this way" (to quote his own words), "I contrived to support my mother, and wife and children. * * * * * Life became tolerable to me, and, at Sydenham, even agreeable. I had always my town friends to come and partake of my humble fare on a Sunday; and among my neighbors I had an elegant society, among whom I counted sincere friends. It so happened that the dearest friends I had there were thorough Tories; and my Whigism was as steadfast as it still continues to be; but this acquaintance, ripening into friendship, called forth a new liberalism in my mind, and possibly also in theirs. On my part, I know that it softened the rancor of my prejudices, without affecting the sincerity of my principles; and I would advise all spirits that are apt to be over

excitable, like myself, on party questions, to go sometimes—not as a spy, but as a truce-bearer,—into the enemy's camp, and useful views and knowledge will be discovered among them when they are least suspected."

Of his personal and pecuniary circumstances at all times information has been communicated to the world in unnecessary detail. It is a topic frequently touched upon in letters not intended for the public eye, and which in our judgment ought to have been suppressed. They are all highly honorable, however, to Campbell. If he was compelled to borrow small sums, he was scrupulous in their prompt repayment. In his extremest need, too, something was sure to "turn up" to prevent his distress from becoming serious. But a memoir of Campbell would be incomplete that failed to make some allusion to a subject which has been so thoroughly blazoned, and which we desire once for all to dispose of by the following extracts from his letters:

"I do not mean to say that we suffered the absolute privations of poverty. On the contrary, it was rather the fear than the substance of it which afflicted us. But I shall never forget my sensations when I one day received a letter from my eldest brother in America, stating that the casual remittances which he had made to my mother must now cease, on account of his unfortunate circumstances; and that I must undertake, *alone*, the pious duty of supporting our widowed parent. * * * * * Here, now, I had two establishments to provide for—one at Edinburgh, and another at Sydenham; and it may be remembered that in those times the price of living was a full third-part dearer than at present. I venture to say that I could live, at the time I now write, as comfortably on four hundred pounds a year, as I could have then lived on an income of six hundred. The war prices put all economy to flight and defiance." * * * * In another passage, he says, "I had never known, in earnest, the fear of poverty before, but it now came upon me like a ruthless fiend. If I were sentenced to live my life over again, and had the power of supplicating Adversity to spare me, I would say, 'O, Adversity! take any other shape!'" * * * * "To meet these pressing demands," he adds, "I got literary engagements both in prose and poetry; but a malady came over me, which put all poetry, and even imaginative prose, out of the question.

My anxiety to wake in the morning, in order to be at my literary labors, kept me awake all night; and, from less to more, I became a regular victim to the disease called the Coma-vigil. Any attempt at original composition on my part was at this time out of the question. But the wolf was at the door; and, besides the current expenses of our common maintenance, I had to meet the quarterly payment of usurious interest, on a debt which I had been obliged to contract for our new furniture, and for the very cradle that rocked our first-born child. The usurious interest to which I allude was forty pounds a year upon a loan of two hundred pounds—a Judaic loan.

“Throbbing as my temples were, after sleepless and anxious nights, I was obliged next day to work at such literary labor as I could undertake—that is, at prosaic tasks of compilation, abridgment, or commonplace thought, which required little more than the labor of penmanship.

“I accepted an engagement to write for the *Star* newspaper, and the *Philosophical Magazine*, conducted by Mr. Tulloch, the editor of the *Star*, for which I received at the rate of two hundred pounds a year. But that sum—out of which I had to pay for a horse on which I rode to town every day—was quite inadequate to my wants; so I betook myself to literary engagements that would allow me to labor all day in the country. Dispirited beneath all hope of raising my reputation by what I *could* write, I contracted for only anonymous labor—and, of course, at an humble price.”

It was during his early residence at Sydenham that Campbell completed Lord Ullin's Daughter, which had been first planned in the Island of Mull. Two of his poems written in Bavaria were now also revised for publication—The Turkish Lady and The Soldier's Dream. Then, too, the famous Battle of the Baltic was finished. “I am stagnated by the cares of the world,” he wrote to Walter Scott, on the 27th March, 1805; “I have only fought one other battle—it is Copenhagen. I wonder how you will like it in its incorrect state.” Dr. Beattie affords us the opportunity of comparing it in this state with the finished poem :

THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the day !
When, their haughty powers to vex,
He engaged the Danish decks,
And with twenty floating wrecks
Crowned the fray !

All bright, in April's sun,
Shone the day !
When a British fleet came down,
Through the islands of the crown,
And by Copenhagen town
Took their stay.

In arms the Danish shore
Proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on !

For Denmark here had drawn
All her might !
From her battle-ships so vast
She had hewn away the mast,
And at anchor to the last
Bade them fight !

Another noble fleet
Of their line
Rode out, but these were naught
To the batteries, which they brought,
Like Leviathans afloat,
In the brine.

It was ten of Thursday morn,
By the chime,
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time —

Ere a first and fatal round
Shook the flood ;
Every Dane looked out that day,
Like the red wolf on his prey,
And he swore his flag to sway
O'er our blood.

Not such a mind possessed
England's tar ;
'T was the love of noble game
Set his oaken heart on flame,
For to him 't was all the same
Sport and war

All hands and eyes on watch,
As they keep ;
By their motion light as wings,
By each step that haughty springs,
You might know them for the kings
Of the deep !

'T was the Edgar first that smote
Denmark's line ;
As her flag the foremost soared,
Murray stamped his foot on board,
And an hundred cannons roared
At the sign !

Three cheers of all the fleet
Sung huzza !
Then, from centre, rear and van,
Every captain, every man,
With a lion's heart began
To the fray.

O, dark grew soon the heavens —
For each gun,
From its adamantine lips,
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like a hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Three hours the raging fire
Did not slack ;

But the fourth, their signals drear
Of distress and wreck appear,
And the Dane a feeble cheer
Sent us back.

The voice decayed, their shots
Slowly boom.
They ceased — and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

O ! death — it was a sight
Filled our eyes !
But we rescued many a crew
From the waves of scarlet hue,
Ere the cross of England flew
O'er her prize.

Why ceased not here the strife,
O, ye brave ?
Why bleeds old England's band,
By the fire of Danish land,
That smites the very hand
Stretched to save ?

But the Britons sent to warn
Denmark's town ;
Proud foes, let vengeance sleep
If another chain-shot sweep —
All your navy in the deep
Shall go down !

Then, peace instead of death
Let us bring !
If you 'll yield your conquered fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king !

Then death withdrew his pall
From the day ;

And the sun looked smiling bright
On a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Yet all amidst her wrecks,
And her gore,
Proud Denmark blest our chief
That he gave her wounds relief;
And the sounds of joy and grief
Filled her shore.

All round, outlandish cries
Loudly broke;
But a nobler note was rung,
When the British, old and young,
To their bands of music sung
"Hearts of oak!"

Cheer! cheer! from park and tower,
London town!
When the king shall ride in state
From St. James's royal gate,
And to all his peers relate
Our renown!

The bells shall ring! the day
Shall not close,
But a blaze of cities bright
Shall illuminate the night,
And the wine-cup shine in light
As it flows!

Yet—yet, amid the joy
And uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep
All beside thy rocky steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts, to Britain's weal
Once so true!
Though death has quenched your flame,
Yet immortal be your name!
For ye died the death of fame
With Riou!

Soft sigh the winds of heaven
O'er your grave !
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing — glory to the souls
Of the brave !

It was at this time that Campbell first thought of the publication of specimens of the British Poets, and communicated his plan to Scott in the letter containing a draft of the foregoing poem. Scott's ideas with regard to publishing were on a larger scale than Campbell's; and on the 12th of April they were developed in a letter to his partner, James Ballantyne, apparently on the suggestion of his brother-poet. "I have imagined," he says, "a very superb work. What think you of a complete edition of British Poets, ancient and modern? Johnson's is imperfect and out of print; so is Bell's, which is a Lilliputian thing; and Anderson's, the most complete in point of number, is most contemptible in execution both of the editor and printer. There is a scheme for you!" Further correspondence took place between Scott and Campbell on the subject, and some negotiation with the booksellers. It was contemplated to unite their labors in the production of the larger work suggested by Scott. Constable entered warmly into the scheme, and Campbell had some conference with Cadell and Davies, London publishers, who had been treating with Sir James Mackintosh for the biographical and critical prefaces to a similar work. Campbell offered the same terms which were suggested by Mackintosh — a thousand pounds for thirty lives; but the booksellers higgled about the price, and the negotiation appears to have been broken off on this difference of terms. Hence, instead of giving the world a really superb and valuable collection, edited by Scott and Campbell, the booksellers secured for their proposed publication the cheap services of Mr. Alexander Chalmers, whom Lockhart describes as one of their own Grub-street vassals. This, said Campbell, was disgraceful even to booksellers. One man, he was told, offered to stake his whole reputation on the work for one hundred and fifty pounds; and Chalmers was not reluctant to contract for three hundred. The publishers saved seven hundred pounds by the operation, and lost the making of many times seven hundred. A twelvemonth afterwards, Campbell formed the acquaintance of

Murray of Fleet-street, whom he found a "very excellent, and gentleman-like man — albeit a bookseller;" and none the less so, no doubt, in the poet's judgment, for being willing to pay a thousand pounds for the *Lives*, by the partnership. But Scott, by this time, was too much involved in his own literary labors to resume the undertaking; and Campbell negotiated with Murray for the *Specimens*, which did not appear for many years afterwards.

Campbell's second son was born on the 2d of June, in this year, and in a long letter addressed to Mr. Alison, we find a humorous sketch of his two boys, and his nursery amusements.

"17th July. — * * Your beloved namesake is growing a sweet and beautiful child. The elder, Telford, I am sorry to send you less favorable accounts of. Don't alarm yourself, however, for his health; it is his moral dispositions which are become rude and savage! * * * He talks a language like man in his pristine barbarity, consisting of unmodulated cries and indefinite sounds. He is rapacious, and would eat bread and milk till the day of judgment; but he is obliged to stint his stomach to five loaves and as many pints of milk per diem, besides occasional repasts. He is mischievous, and watches every opportunity to poke out little Alison's eyes, and tear the unformed nose from his face! He had not been christened, but only named, till Alison and he were converted to Christianity together. The watering of the young plants was a very uncommon scene. Telford scolded the clergyman, and dashed down the bowl with one smash of his Herculean arms. He continued boasting and scolding the priest, till a wild cry of Y-a-men! from the clerk, astonished him into silence. The first meeting of Telford and his young friend of the nursery was diverting. T. had seen no live animal of the same size, except the lambs on the Common, which he had been taught to salute by the appellation of *B-a-a!* This was for some time his nickname for your namesake.

"The importance of these pieces of information may well be called in question; but you remember the anecdote of some one who was found on his knees playing with his bairns, and who asked his visitor 'Have you ever been a father?' I shall not incur your contempt by confessing that I have worn out the knees of my breeches, not so much by praying as by creeping after Telford, the rumbustical dog! What

would we give to have one day of *you* at Sydenham, to join our creeping party!"

For the disappointment of his great scheme with his brother poet, and the "happiness he had built upon it," he was to some extent consoled by an event that figures in a laconic and agreeable postscript to a letter, otherwise in a very low key, to Walter Scott:

"P. S. *His Majesty has been pleased to confer a pension of 200*l.* a year upon me.* GOD SAVE THE KING!"

It is not known to whom, nor for precisely what services, Campbell was indebted for this seasonable assistance. At the time it was ascribed to the suggestion of one of the princesses, who had been charmed with his poetry, and had interceded with the king in his behalf. Campbell's notes on the subject are in very general terms. "My pension," he says, "was given to me under Charles Fox's administration. So many of my friends in power expressed a desire to see that favor conferred upon me, that I could never discover the precise individual to whom I was indebted for it. Lord Minto's interest, I know, was not wanting: but I hope I may say, without ingratitude to others, that I believe Charles Fox and Lord Holland would have bestowed the boon without any other intervention."

"Before that event, I had labored under such gloomy prospects as I am reluctant to look back upon; and I should probably consign the history of them to oblivion, if I gave way to unmanly feeling or false pride. But everything that is false in my pride gives way to the gratitude which I owe to those friends who rallied round me at that period; and it would be black ingratitude if I could forget that in one of those days I was saved from taking a debtor's lodgings in the King's Bench by a munificent present which the Rev. Sydney Smith conveyed to me from Lady Holland."

The pension netted him, after the deduction of fees and expenses, one hundred and sixty-eight pounds a year, — half of which he reserved to his own use, and the residue he divided between his mother and sisters. While some of his friends had exerted themselves thus beneficially with the ministry, others were seeking to make some permanent provision for his family, by again publishing a subscription edition of his poems. The celebrated Francis Horner, one of the poet's earliest friends, worked hard for him, and with good success. In a letter to Richardson, Horner says, "It may do you good, among

the slaves in Scotland, to let it be known that Mr. Pitt put his name to the subscription when he was at Bath, and we hope that most of the ministers will follow him."

Campbell mentions a dinner at Lord Holland's, where he met Fox, in the spring of 1806. "What a proud day," he says, "to shake hands with the Demosthenes of his time — to converse familiarly with the great man whose sagacity I revered as unequalled; — whose benevolence was no less apparent in his simple manners, — and to walk arm-in-arm round the room with him!" They spoke of Virgil. Fox was pleased, and said at parting, "Mr. Campbell, you must come and see me at St. Anne's Hill; there we shall talk more of these matters." Fox, turning to Lord Holland, said, "I like Campbell, he is so right about Virgil."

"What particularly struck me about Fox," the poet adds, "was the electric quickness and wideness of his attention in conversation. At a table of eighteen persons, nothing that was said escaped him, and the patest animadversion on everything that was said came down smack upon us; so that his conversation was anything but passively indolent or unformidable. * * * My hope of seeing Charles Fox at St. Anne's Hill was frustrated, alas! by the national misfortune of his death ———"

This year was passed by Campbell chiefly in seclusion at Sydenham, in revising an edition of Johnson's Lives, and in writing several new biographical sketches of the poets. Towards its close he is said to have made the first outline sketch of Gertrude of Wyoming.

CHAPTER V.

A WRITER in the *Quarterly Review* gives a lively description of the society by which Campbell was surrounded at Sydenham. The neighborhood was studded with the residences of comfortable families connected with the commerce of London, and with several of these the poet and his wife soon came to be on a footing of close intimacy.

"Weary wives, idle widows, involuntary nuns, were excited splendidly by such a celebrity at their doors. The requests for autographs were unceasing. No party could be complete without *The Pleasures of Hope*; he was here in no danger of being overborne or outshone.

"By-and-by he joined a volunteer regiment, called the 'North Britons,' and for a time was constant at drill, and also at mess. This last was not good for his health. Already, his newspaper engagement bringing him daily to town, he had been quite enough exposed to the temptation of festive boards and tavern meetings. Moreover, temptations of a like kind were not wanting at Sydenham itself. There were jolly aldermen there, as well as enthusiastic spinsters. Above all, the original of *Paul Pry*, Tom Hill, then a flourishing dry-salter in the city, and proprietor and editor of the *Theatrical Mirror*, had a pretty box in the village, where on Saturdays convened the lights of song and the drama, Matthews, Liston, Incledon, and with them their audacious messmate and purveyor; the stripling Hook. The dignity of Campbell's reputation surrounded him amidst these merry-makers with a halo before which every head bowed — which every chorus recognized. All this was very different from Holland House, from the King of Clubs — even from the Divan in the Row. To Campbell it was more fascinating. Even so Goldy, in the circle of Burke and Johnson, sighed secretly for his Irish poetasters and index-makers, and the 'shoemaker's holidays,' as he called them, of Highbury Barn."

But it was in the midst of all these influences — unfavorable as they may have been to poetic inspiration — that Campbell composed *Gertrude of Wyoming*. This exquisite poem was completed in 1808, and published in the following year with a dedication to Lord Holland. The proof-sheets were read by Mr. Alison and one or two judicious friends in Edinburgh; but it does not appear that the poem was submitted to any such processes as no doubt greatly improved *The Pleasures of Hope*. Among the friends permitted to peruse the manuscript was the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, who favored the author with an epistolary critique, to the justice of which every appreciating reader of Campbell must assent:

"EDINBURGH, March 1st, 1809.

* * * * "I have seen your *Gertrude*. The sheets were sent to Alison, and he allowed me, though very hastily, to peruse them. There is great

beauty, and great tenderness and fancy in the work—and I am sure it will be very popular. The latter part is exquisitely pathetic, and the whole touched with those soft and skyish tints of purity and truth which fall like enchantment on all minds that can make anything of such matters. Many of your descriptions come nearer the tone of ‘The Castle of Indolence’ than any succeeding poetry, and the pathos is much more graceful and delicate. * * * But there are faults, too, for which you must be scolded. In the first place, it is too short,—not merely for the delight of the reader, but, in some degree, for the development of the story, and for giving full effect to the fine scenes that are delineated. It looks almost as if you had cut out large portions of it, and filled up the gaps very imperfectly. * * *

“There is little or nothing said, I think, of the early love and of the childish plays of your pair, and nothing certainly of their parting, and the effects of separation on each—though you had a fine subject in his European tour, seeing everything with the eyes of a lover, a free man, and a man of the woods. * * * It ends rather abruptly,—not but there is great spirit in the description, but a spirit not quite suitable to the soft and soothing tenor of the poem. The most dangerous faults, however, are your faults of diction. There is still a good deal of obscurity in many passages, and in others a strained and unnatural expression—an appearance of labor and hardness; you have hammered the metal in some places till it has lost all its ductility.

“These are not great faults, but they are blemishes; and, as dunces will find them out, noodles will see them when they are pointed to. I wish you had had courage to correct, or rather to avoid them; for with you they are faults of over-finishing, and not of negligence. I have another fault to charge you with in private, for which I am more angry with you than for all the rest. Your timidity, or fastidiousness, or some other knavish quality, will not let you give your conceptions glowing, and bold, and powerful, as they present themselves; but you must chasten and refine and soften them, forsooth, till half their nature and grandeur is chiselled away from them. Believe me, my dear C., the world will never know how truly you are a great and original poet till you venture to cast before it some of the rough pearls of your fancy. Write one or two things without thinking of publication, or of what will be thought of them—and let me see them, at least, if you will not venture them any further. I am more mistaken in my prognostics than I ever was in my life, if they are not twice as tall as any of your full-dressed children. * * * I write all this to you in a terrible hurry, but tell me instantly when your volume is to be out.

“F. JEFFREY

By his friends in Edinburgh the new poem was hailed with a general acclamation of delight, to which the reading public of Great Britain gave a cordial response. In the following spring a second edition was called for. Meanwhile, with a facility somewhat remarkable for Campbell, he sketched the touching story of O'Connor's Child in the autumn, finished it in December, and published it in the same volume with Gertrude.

In 1811, Campbell was invited to deliver a course of lectures before the Royal Institution, for one hundred guineas—the terms proposed by himself. Two were to be delivered before and three after Easter, in the following year. To his brother Alexander the poet wrote that it was a “very honorable appointment.” “I hope,” said Sir Walter Scott, “that Campbell’s plan of lectures will succeed. I think the brogue may be got over, if he will not trouble himself by attempting to correct it, but read with fire and feeling. He is an animated reciter, but I never heard him read.”

In February of the year 1812, the poet’s mother died at Edinburgh, at the age of seventy-six. She had been for several months a sufferer, and Campbell said that he felt more at the news of her first shock of paralysis than at her decease. “It is only,” said he, “when I imagine her alive in my dreams, that I feel deeply on the subject.”

Meanwhile, the time approached for the delivery of his lectures, of which we find, in a letter of the poet, the annexed synopsis. “I begin my first lecture with the Principles of Poetry; I proceed, in my second, to Scripture, to Hebrew, and to Greek Poetry. In the fourth, I discuss the Poetry of the Troubadours and Romancers, the rise of Italian Poetry with Dante, and its progress with Ariosto and Tasso. In the fifth, I discuss the French theatre, and enter on English poetry—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare. In the sixth, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Cowper and Burns, are the yet unfinished subjects. It forms a sort of chronological, though necessarily imperfect, sketch of the whole history of Poetry. My endeavor is to give portraits of the succession of the truly great poets in the most poetical countries of Europe. I forgot to say that I have touched also on Oriental poetry.”

Of the poet’s success in his new vocation we learn from one of his own letters to an old friend:

TO THE REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON.

"SYDENHAM, April 26, 1812.

"MY DEAREST ALISON: The day before yesterday I gave my first lecture at the Royal Institution, with as much success as ever your heart could have wished, and with more than my most sanguine expectations anticipated. Indeed, I had occasionally pretty *sanguine* expectations of a very different sort of reception. I took, however, great pains with the first lecture, and, though I was flattered by some friends saying I had thrown away too many good things for the audience, yet I have a very different opinion. I felt the effect of every sentence and thought, which I had tried to condense. You will think me mad in asserting the audience to be enlightened; but now I must think them so — wise, enlightened as gods, since they cheered me so! and you will think me very vain in telling you all this. Pray burn this letter with fire in case it should rise up in judgment against my vanity! But really and truly, my dear old friend, I am not so vain as *satisfied* that all my labor has not been threshing on the water. I was told, of course, all the good things about my own sweet self, in the ante-chamber. Lord Byron, who has now come out so splendidly, told me he heard Bland, the poet, say (knowing neither his lordship nor me), 'I have had more *portable* ideas given me in the last quarter of an hour than I ever imbibed in the same portion of time.' Archdeacon Nares fidgeted about, and said, 'That's new; at least, quite new to me.' I could not look in my friend's face; and I threatened to divorce my wife if she came. All friends struck me blind, except my chieftain's lovely daughter, and now next-door neighbor on the Common, Lady Charlotte Campbell. I thought she had a feudal right to have the lecturer's looks to herself. But chiefly did I repose my awkward eyes on the face of a little yellow unknown man, with a face and a smile of approbation indescribably ludicrous. When I came to your name about 'association,' I felt the force of your doctrine, and my heart, having passed from fear to confidence, swelled so much that, for fear of crying, I stopt sooner than I ought, but I said you were an eloquent and venerable clergyman. I could not add *my friend*, for it sent another idea most terribly through my heart.

"I had taken no small pains with my voice and pronunciation, strengthening the one not under a pedantic teacher, but with some individuals who are good judges of reading, and getting rid of *Caledonianisms* in the utterance.

"My dear boy, Thomas, hoped, on my return, that 'nobody had made me laugh during my lecture!' The little wee man with the yellow face certainly made me smile.

"Now this news, with the taking of Badajos, is quite sufficient for one week. I had forgot to remind you of my pension — no wonder. I shall be

popular in London, for probably three weeks! and nothing less than a riot at the theatre, or a more than ordinary case of gallantry in high life, can put me before that time out of date! * * *

"But seriously, my dearest Alison, a greater cause of my good spirits is the recovery of Thomas from an illness and fever of six weeks, which has reduced him to a shadow. He is now fairly better. How are all your dear circle? Remember me to them. Your ever affectionate

"T. CAMPBELL."

During the remainder of this year and a portion of 1813, the poet seems to have devoted more time than was usual with him to general society. Lady Charlotte Campbell had introduced him to the Princess of Wales, and he became an habitual visitor at the Court of Blackheath, where he was no doubt more at his ease than he would have been in any other court. He became quite a favorite of the princess, and danced Scotch reels with her "more than once." Here he met Mackintosh and Sir Thomas Lawrence; and, on one occasion, Dr. Burney and his daughter, Madame D'Arblay. "Her features," he says, "must have been once excellent; her manners are highly polished, and delicately courteous, — just like Evelina grown old, — not bashful, but sensitively anxious to please those about her. I sat next to her, alternately pleased and tormented with the princess' *naïveté* and Madame D'Arblay's refinement. Her humility made me vow that I would abandon the paths of impudence forever! Yet I know not that anybody but herself could manage so much gentleness. I believe any other person would appear *designing* with it. But really you would love her for her communicativeness, and fine tact in conversation."

Campbell's first acquaintance with Theodore Hook was of this period. "Yesterday an improvisatore — a wonderful creature of the name of Hook — sang some extempore songs, not to my admiration, but to my astonishment. I prescribed a subject, — 'pepper and salt,' — and he seasoned the impromptu with both — very truly Attic salt. He is certainly the first *improvisatore* this country ever possessed — he is but twenty."

In the same circles he met with another man of extraordinary social talent, and of no little note, towards the close of the last century, for his convivial songs. "I dined yesterday with Captain Morris, the old bard, who sang his own songs in his eighty-first year with

the greatest glee, and obliged me to sing some Scotch songs and the Exile of Erin. * * * The party was at Lonsdale's, the painter's; and you may guess how social it was when worse, infinitely worse *thrapples*, as we Scotch say, volunteered songs after dinner, in the hearing of ladies. Poor old Morris was cut a little—but he is a wonderful spirit. His dotage seems to consist of boasting of the king's kindness to him. I was as sober as a judge when I came home, at one in the morning."

In the spring of 1813 Madame de Staël visited England. Campbell had previously corresponded with her, and had offered to superintend the translation of one of her works. She had written him, in January, from Stockholm, thanking him for his offer, and telling him that during the ten years for which she had been absent from England the English poem which excited her most, and which she read again and again, was *The Pleasures of Hope*. During the visit Campbell saw her several times, and read her his lectures, one of them against her own doctrines in poetry. Woman of genius as she was, Madame de Staël showed the tact and lavished the compliments of a French woman. Campbell tells us that "every now and then" she said to him, "When you publish your lectures they will make a great impression over all Europe; I know nothing in English but Burke's writings so striking." Every now and then! The poet might have thought, with the queen in Hamlet, "the lady doth protest too much, methinks."

During this summer Campbell passed a few weeks at Brighton, where he met Herschel, whom he found a "simple, great being." He spent a day with the astronomer by invitation. Herschel described his interview with Bonaparte, and said that, though the emperor affected astronomical subjects, he did not understand them deeply. Of his great telescope Herschel said, with a greatness and simplicity of expression that struck the poet with wonder, "I have looked further into space than ever human being did before me. I have observed stars of which the light takes two millions of years to travel to this globe."

At Holland House, also, as well as at St. James's Place, in the society of Lord Holland and Mr. Rogers, he now met familiarly the distinguished men of the time. "I have spent," he writes to a friend, "a pleasant day at Lord Holland's. We had the Marquis

of Buckingham, Sergeant Best, Major Stanhope, Sir James Mackintosh, and a *swan* at dinner. Lord Byron came in the evening. It was one of the best parties I ever saw." Byron and Campbell had first met in 1811, at the table of Mr. Rogers. On another occasion — after a dinner party at Holland House — Lord Byron writes, "Campbell looks well, seems pleased, and dresses to sprucery. A blue coat becomes him, — so does a new wig. He really looked as if Apollo had sent him a birth-day suit, or a wedding garment. He was lively and witty. * * * We were standing in the ante-saloon when Lord H. brought out of the other room a vessel of some composition, similar to that used in Catholic churches; and, seeing us, he exclaimed, 'Here is some incense for you!' Campbell answered, 'Carry it to Lord Byron: he is used to it.'"

In 1814 the poet visited Paris, and, though his acquaintance with art was so limited as to render his criticism of little value, we cannot read without interest the glowing transcript of his impressions in the Louvre.

"PARIS, September 8, 1814.

"Written in the Louvre, within two yards of the Apollo. I take out this sheet the moment I see the Apollo de Belvidere and the Venus de Medicis. Mrs. Siddons is with me. I could almost weep — indeed I must. * * *

"T. C."

"I write this after returning from the Louvre. * * * You may imagine with what feelings I caught the first sight of Paris, and passed under Montmartre, the scene of the last battle between the French and Allies. * * * It was evening when we entered Paris. Next morning, I met Mrs. Siddons; walked about with her, and then visited the Louvre together. * * * O, how that immortal youth, Apollo, in all his splendor — majesty — divinity — flashed upon us from the end of the gallery! What a torrent of ideas, classically associated with this godlike form, rushed upon me at this moment! My heart palpitated — my eyes filled with tears — I was dumb with emotion.

"Here are a hundred other splendid statues, — the Venus, the Menander, the Pericles, Cato and Portia, — the father and daughter in an attitude of melting tenderness. . . . I wrote on the table where I stood with Mrs. Siddons the *first* part of this letter in pencil, — a record of the strange moments in which I felt myself suddenly transported, as it were, into a new world, and while standing between the Apollo and the Venus." * * *

"Coming home, I conclude a transcript of the day: The effect of the statue-gallery was quite overwhelming — it was even distracting; for the

secondary statues are things on which you might dote for a whole day ; and while you are admiring one, you seem to grudge the time, because it is not spent in admiring something else. Mrs. Siddons is a judge of statuary ; but I thought I could boast of a triumph over them, in point of taste, when she and some others of our party preferred another Venus to ‘the statue that enchants the world.’ I bade them recollect the waist of the true Venus—the chest and the shoulders. We returned, and they gave in to my opinion that these parts were beyond all expression. It was really a day of tremulous ecstasy. The young and glorious Apollo is, happily, still white in color. He seems as if he had just leapt from the sun ! All pedantic knowledge of statuary falls away, when the most ignorant in the arts finds a divine presence in this great created form. Mrs. Siddons justly observed that it gives one an idea of God himself having given power to catch, in such imitation, a ray of celestial beauty.

“The Apollo is not perfect ; some parts are modern, and he is not quite placed on his perpendicular by his French transporters ; but his head, his breast, and one entire thigh and leg, are indubitable. The whole is so perfect, that, at the full distance of the hall, it seems to blaze with proportion. The muscle that supports the head thrown back—the mouth, the brow, the soul that is in the marble,—are not to be expressed.

“After such a subject, what a falling off it is to tell you I dined with human beings !—yea, verily, at a hotel with Mrs. Siddons, her family, and Sergeant Best and party. We were all splendidly dressed, dined splendidly, and paid in proportion ; yet I never paid fourteen shillings for a dinner with more pleasure. It was equal to any at Lord Holland’s table—a profusion of luxuries and fruits fit to pall an epicure. After dinner we repaired to the opera—a set of silly things, but with some exquisite music, at which even Mrs. Siddons, exhausted with admiring the Apollo, fell asleep. I should tell you that last night I was alone at the ‘Orphan of China,’ and read the tragedy so as closely to follow, and feel the recitation. * * *

“T. C.”

“PARIS, Sept. 12, 1814.

“* * * I have seen a good deal of French society at Madame de Staël’s. Yesterday I dined with Schlegel and Humboldt, who are both very superior men, and with a host of Marquis and Marquises. After much entreaty, they made me repeat *Lochiel*. I have made acquaintance also with Denon, the Egyptian traveller, who is a very pleasing person, and gave me an admission to the sittings of the academy.”

A month afterwards Campbell wrote to a friend, — “To-morrow I am to be at Madame de Staël’s, where the Duke of Wellington is expected. I was introduced to him at his own house, where he was

polite enough; but the man who took me was so stupid as not to have told him the only little circumstance about me that could have entitled me to his notice. Madame de Staël asked him if he had seen me? He said *a Mr., &c.*, had been introduced to him, but he thought it was one of the thousands of that name from the same country; he did not know that it was *the* Thomas; but, after which, his Grace took my address in his memorandum-book, adding, he was sorry he had not known me sooner."

In 1815 Campbell was called to Scotland by the death of his Highland cousin, MacArthur Stewart, of Ascog, who had left five hundred pounds, with a share of any unsettled residue of his estate, to "the author of *The Pleasures of Hope*." In giving his instructions for the settlement, the old man said that "little Tommy, the poet, ought to have a legacy, because he had been so kind as to give his mother sixty pounds yearly out of his pension." This bequest turned out to be worth nearly five thousand pounds, the income of which Campbell enjoyed during his lifetime, the capital remaining untouched, and descending, ultimately, to his son. This turn of good luck came opportunely to the poet, like many others in the course of his life. "I feel as blithe" he said to his Edinburgh friends, "as if the devil were dead." But it does not seem that Campbell was any less in want of money, whatever he might receive from pension, legacies, or copyright; his disposition to give expanded with his means, and he managed always to let his charities exceed his income just enough to subject himself to continual annoyance.

In April, 1816, Sir Walter Scott wrote to his "dear Tom" that he had heard, "with great glee," of his intention to visit Edinburgh the next winter, with the view of lecturing; and that hearing this had put a further plan in his head, which he communicated in confidence. His idea was, that either of the two classes of rhetoric and history in the university of Edinburgh might be made worth four or five hundred pounds to Campbell, though they were of no value to the professors in possession. "Our magistrates," says Scott, "who are patrons of the university, are at present rather well disposed towards literature (witness their giving me my freedom, with a huge silver tankard that would have done honor to Justice Shallow); and the Provost is really a great man, and a man of taste and reading; so I have strong hope our point, so advantageous to the university, may

be carried. If not, the failure is *mine*, not yours. You will understand me to be sufficiently selfish in this matter, since few things could give me more pleasure than to secure your good company through what part of life's journey may remain to me. In saying speak to *nobody*, I do not include our valuable friend John Richardson, or any other sober or well-judging friend of yours."

Campbell did not carry out his intention of lecturing in Edinburgh, and it does not appear that any action was taken upon the friendly suggestion of Sir Walter Scott.

On the death of Francis Horner, a loved and lamented friend, Campbell attempted a poem to his memory. Horner's political fame sprung from his skilful discussion of financial questions; and it was not easy to treat of banking and bullion in a poetical aspect. In spite of this difficulty, the poet succeeded better than he had hoped. The sketch of the monody was read at Holland House, and was condemned, we are inclined to believe, on the merits; though Campbell thought he had given umbrage to his noble friends by a line in praise of Canning's eloquence.

In the spring of 1817 Campbell met the poet Crabbe at Holland House, in company with Moore. They lounged the better part of a day about the park and library, conversing, among other matters, about the English novelists. "Your father," he wrote subsequently to the son of Crabbe, "was a strong Fieldingite, and I as sturdy a Smollettite. His mildness in literary argument struck me with surprise in so stern a painter of nature; and I could not but contrast the unassumingness of his manners with the originality of his powers. In what may be called the ready-money small-talk of conversation, his facility might not, perhaps, seem equal to the known calibre of his talents; but in the progress of conversation I recollect remarking that there was a vigilant shrewdness that almost eluded you, by keeping its watch so quietly. Though an oldish man when I saw him, he was a '*laudator temporis acti*,' but a decided lover of later times. The part of the morning which I spent with him and Tom Moore was to me, at least, of memorable agreeableness."

On the 27th of June, in this year, the festival in honor of John Philip Kemble was celebrated in Freemason's Hall, and the fame of it will live forever in the splendid verses which Campbell contributed to the occasion.

On the 4th of July Campbell gave a little dinner at Sydenham, at which Crabbe, Moore and Rogers, were the only guests. It may well be that at his own hospitable board the poet of Memory had sometimes brought together a more distinguished party, but it was not common at Sydenham. Moore and Campbell, at all events, remembered it, and both wrote about it. Campbell says: "One day — and how can it fail to be memorable to me, when Moore has commemorated it? — Crabbe, Rogers, and Moore came down to Sydenham, pretty early in the forenoon, and stopped to dine with me. We talked of founding a Poet's Club, and set about electing the members, not by ballot, but *vivâ voce*. The scheme failed — I scarcely know how; but this I know, that a week or two afterwards I met with Mr. Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, who asked me how our Poet's Club was going on. I said 'I don't know. We have some difficulty in giving it a name; we thought of calling ourselves *The Bees*.' 'Ah,' said Perry, 'that's a little different from the common report; for they say you are to be called *The Wasps*!' I was so stung with this waspish report, that I thought no more of the Poet's Club."

Of the same dinner he wrote a few days afterwards, to his sister:

"We had a most pleasant day. The sky had lowered and rained till they came, and *then* the sun shone out. 'You see,' I said to my guests, 'that Apollo is aware of our meeting!' Crabbe is absolutely delightful — simple as a child, but shrewd, and often good-naturedly reminding you of the best parts of his poetry. He took his wine cheerfully, far from excess; but his heart really seemed to expand, and he was full of anecdote and social feeling."

The commemoration of the day by Moore is in the verses to the poet Crabbe's Inkstand, written May, 1832:

"How freshly doth my mind recall,
'Mong the few days I've known with thee,
One that, most buoyantly of all,
Floats in the wake of memory!

* * *

"He,* too, was of our feast that day,
And all were guests of one whose hand
Hath shed a new and deathless ray
Around the lyre of this great land;

* Rogers.

In whose sea-odes, as in those shells
 Where ocean's voice of majesty
 Seems still to sound, immortal dwells
 Old Albion's Spirit of the Sea.

“ Such was our host ; and though since then
 Slight clouds have risen 'twixt him and me,
 Who would not grasp such hand again,
 Stretched forth again in amity ?
 Who can, in this short life, afford
 To let such mists a moment stay,
 When thus one frank, atoning word,
 Like sunshine, melts them all away ? ”

On the occasion of the lamented death of the Princess Charlotte, Campbell wrote a monody, which was recited by Mrs. Bartley, at Drury Lane, for the benefit of the performers, who were severe sufferers by this national calamity. Before it was printed, copies of this monody were sent by the author to the Prince Regent and Prince Leopold. He enclosed the lines, also, to his sister, with the remark that they were hardly worth mentioning for their poetry, but that they were a sincere expression of the feelings of a whole kingdom. Leopold sent him a very polite and kind acknowledgment, “ like a true gentleman,” but the poet heard nothing from Carlton House.

In the autumn of 1818, on an invitation communicated by his friend Mr. Roscoe, the poet delivered a course of lectures on poetry, before the Royal Institution of Liverpool. It embraced the same subjects with his London course, but there was some change in the arrangement. On this excursion he received three hundred and forty pounds from his Liverpool subscriptions, and one hundred more for repeating the lectures at Birmingham, on his way to London. From the contemporary notices we infer that Campbell must have been a very agreeable lecturer. We know that in private he sometimes recited his own poetry with animation and effect ; and we can well imagine that his fine eye and voice were made to do their full part in setting off his public discourses to the best advantage.

At Birmingham he seldom visited, except at the house of “ poor Gregory Watt's father, *the* James Watt.” Here he was a guest peculiarly welcome, and he found Watt, at the age of eighty-three,

full of anecdote and interest. His son promised the poet a cast of a "glorious bust of his father, by Chantrey, and a profile of Gregory."

His lectures he concluded so much to his own satisfaction, and that of his auditors, that he thought lecturing likely to become his *metier*. Invitations to repeat the series were urged upon him from Glasgow and Edinburgh, but they were declined, in consequence of a chest complaint, from which he was at that time suffering. He said that he had *not* a voice to exert without imminent hazard.

During his absence from London the *Specimens of the British Poets at length* made its appearance. It was published in seven volumes, duodecimo, the first of which was devoted to an essay on English poetry. The remaining volumes were occupied with the specimens, and with critical and biographical notices of their authors. A second edition was published many years afterwards, in one volume octavo, and it has been recently republished in the United States. The work was deservedly successful, and still maintains a high reputation. A writer in the *Quarterly Review*, after the death of Campbell, styled it "a book not unworthy to be handed down with the classical verse of its author."

CHAPTER VI.

IN the month of May, 1820, Campbell was lecturing again before the Royal Institution, and preparing for another visit to Germany, with his family. It was his intention to proceed to the Rhine, and pass some time at Bonn, or Heidelberg, in revising his lectures, and extending them till they should comprehend an entire view of Greek, Roman, French, Spanish, German and Italian literature. Before starting on his journey, he signed an agreement with Mr. Colburn, the publisher, to edit the *New Monthly Magazine* for three years from the first of the succeeding January, and furnish for it

annually six articles in prose and six in verse, on a salary of five hundred pounds. It was stipulated that the prose articles should contain the whole value and substance of the Lectures on Poetry, the copyright of which, with that of all his own writings in the magazine, was to revert to the author. This matter arranged, Campbell embarked for Germany by the way of Rotterdam. Early in June he was at Bonn, on the Rhine, where he studied German with Professor Strahl, whom, in return, he assisted in the pronunciation of the English. The professor read to him from a book entitled *Beauties of British Literature*, containing extracts from Scott and Byron, with the entire works of Campbell himself. Another edition of his poems had also appeared at Leipsic.

Of this visit his letters record some personalities of interest :

“ BONN, June 30.

“ I am fortunate in my lodgings. For a pound a week I have two very large, good bed-rooms and a sitting-room ; lofty, beautifully papered ; the ceiling painted ; china vases in the recesses ; paintings in gilded frames all round the walls ; and a sofa covered with such new and beautiful silk, that I cannot find in my heart to sit down upon it. For half-a-crown a day, I have dinner for Matilda and myself, consisting of soup, cutlets, ham, fowls, &c. ; and a bottle of Rhenish for a shilling. Thomas is boarded with Professor Kapp, at five pounds a month, including all teachers. He sees us very seldom, and is kept tightly to his studies ; while I prosecute my own in the library, and step in at pleasure to the lectures of the professors. Schlegel, I must say, is very eloquent ; though I cannot yet perfectly follow German as I hear it spoken. His students seem in raptures with him ; in fact, he should never be out of the pulpit.”

“ RATISBON, August 2.

“ Though much exhausted, my spirits rallied at sight of the Danube,—first visible from the high road, about four miles from Ratisbon. At that moment, as you may guess, I felt a flood of associations rushing upon my mind, that seemed as wide as the river I was contemplating. The sensation was less melancholy than I expected ; I felt myself tranquil, and even cheerful ; though the scene reminded me how much of life was gone by, and how much there was to regret in the retrospect ! But the evening was fine, the prospect grand ; and, as I stood up in the carriage, I could reckon twenty places fraught with lively interest to my memory. There were the heights to which the Austrians retreated in 1800 ; there was the spire of the church from which I had watched their movements ; there was the wood, from which the last shot was fired, before the armistice. Alas ! that

campaign was but a trifle ; ten years afterwards, thirty thousand fell in the great battle with Napoleon, before Ratisbon. This morning, since five o'clock, I have been looking at the scene of action.

"My first visit was to the Scotch college,—a dismal visit! Of all the monastery, there are only two survivors, out of a dozen whom I knew. I first inquired for the worthy prelate, who had shown a fatherly kindness to me when I was here. He died, they told me, last April, between eighty and ninety years of age. I scarcely imagined that the news of an old man's death could have touched me so much ; but I could not help weeping heartily when I recalled his benevolent looks and venerable figure, and found myself in the same hall where I had often sat and conversed with him,—admiring, what seemed so strange to me, the most liberal and tolerant religious sentiments from a Roman Catholic abbot. Poor old Arbuthnot! it was impossible not to love him. All Bavaria, they told me, lamented his death. He was, when I knew him, the most commanding human figure I ever beheld. His head was then quite white ; but his complexion was fresh, and his features were regular and handsome. In manners, he had a perpetual suavity and benevolence. I think I still see him in the cathedral, with the golden cross on his fine chest, and hear his full, deep voice chanting the service."

"VIENNA, Sept. 29.

"I have found a kind friend in the Countess R. All Vienna speaks not only well, but reverentially, of her. She is majestic, like Mrs. Siddons, but very natural and gentle, an excellent scholar,—for she helped me out with a quotation from Cicero,—yet perfectly unassuming, almost to timidity. Her house is the rendezvous of the best society in Vienna ; and she made me promise to come every evening. When I arrive, I find her seated in full glory at the upper end of the room, where the place beside her is reserved for me. * * * Here you meet a number of the Polish nobility, of whom the women are extremely beautiful. The men are more like Englishmen than any foreigners I have seen. It is curious to find myself at home amongst them, and receiving invitations to call upon them, should I ever be at Warsaw!

"During a day I spent at the countess' house, she took me to the height called the 'Fountain of the Thorn,' where we had a most magnificent view of the course of the Danube, from the walls of Vienna to the mountains of Hungary. Our party partook of a collation on the side of a beautiful hill, where we looked over woods on the fine prospect, and sat surrounded by beds of mignonette, which was fragrant enough to regale even my dull senses. * * * I have written a few lines to the countess on the subject, which I will show you when we meet.

"I have found an excellent friend,—for so I may truly call him,—in

Von Hammer, a member of the Aulic Council, and of celebrity as an Oriental scholar. He has translated my Lines on a Scene in Argyleshire; another literary man has translated Ye Mariners; and both have appeared in the Vienna papers. The Exile of Erin has been ten years translated; and — would you believe it? — The Pleasures of Hope was translated into Danish three years ago, and the translator is to sup with me to-night!"

From Vienna Campbell returned to Bonn, where he left his son to be educated under care of Dr. Meyer, and proceeded, with his wife, to England. Having entered on the editorship of Mr. Colburn's magazine, he found it necessary to remove to London, and took lodgings at 62 Margaret-street, till he established himself permanently in a small house in Seymour-street West. With this journal he continued his connection for ten years.

The politics of the *New Monthly* had been ultra tory, while Campbell was a whig; but this he seemed to think of little importance. Relying upon the literary superiority which he could give to its pages, he sought at once to procure able contributors among his literary friends. As might have been expected, however, those of them who were implicated in political relations turned a cold shoulder on his enterprise. The witty and reverend Sydney Smith wrote him a quizzical note of negation, in which great anxiety was expressed to know the line of conduct he intended to "hold on the subject of religion." "Answer my question," he added, "and I will take time to consider the matter." Moore wrote from Sevrès that he had been of late giving himself up to pleasure and had dwelt carelessly, and that the few hours the "world" left him were barely sufficient for himself, without "admitting any works of supererogation for others." His old friend Perry, too, of the *Morning Chronicle*, was opposed to the magazine, because it had stolen the name of another work for party purposes. In spite of these drawbacks, Campbell succeeded in enlisting a corps of writers, who, by their varied and lively talents, gave the *New Monthly* a high position in the world of belles-lettres. It maintained a fair rivalry with *Blackwood*, and far excelled all other competitors in the same field. Talfourd, the Smiths, authors of *The Rejected Addresses*, Mrs. Hemans, Hazlitt, Foscolo, Miss Landon, Barry Cornwall, Præd, and Mr. Blanco White, the author of *Doblado's Letters*, were among his contributors; and Mr. Cyrus Redding rendered valuable service to the poet as his assistant editor.

Campbell, during the ten years, furnished some thirty poems, which were printed with his name. Besides his twelve lectures, his chief prose contributions were, a Letter to Mr. Brant, the son of a Mohawk Chief; Letters to the Students of the Glasgow University; an article on the University of London; a few reviews,—one, of Milton's theological tracts; of the four first volumes of Las Casas' Napoleon; Hugh's Travels, and Moore's Byron; with articles on the Civilization of Africa, Shakspeare's Sonnets, and Flaxman's Lectures. He wrote, sometimes, a critical notice of a new book, and when a friend died contributed a few lines for the obituary. The magazine, probably, derived more advantage from his name than from his labors; though a public journal takes its tone and character from the directing mind, which, in this case, was undoubtedly Campbell's.

Among his poetical contributions to the magazine was *The Last Man*, published in 1823, an effort in the style of his best days. He was not a little troubled lest he should be suspected of stealing the idea of this poem from the *Darkness* of Lord Byron. It was one, it seems, that he had long cherished,—as we see many instances in which half a score or more of years elapsed between his conception of a poem and its completion. In this case he had conversed with his brother poet, some fifteen years previously, on the subject; and to this conversation he attributed the similarity of the leading idea in the two poems, though it was original in neither.

On the 16th of November, 1824, Campbell wrote to a friend, "I am to be out in print on Monday; and, if I should not see you on that day, *Theodoric* will." The poem appeared, and sorely disappointed a public then accustomed to high achievements in the poetical art, and looking to the mature power of Campbell for something to surpass the productions of his marvellous youth. "I am sorry," he wrote to his sister, "that there should be any great expectation excited about the poem, which is not of a nature to gratify such expectation. It is truly a *domestic* and private story. I know very well what will be its fate; there will be an outcry and regret that there is nothing grand or romantic in the poem, and that it is too humble and familiar. But I am prepared for this; and I also know that, when it recovers from the first buzz of such criticism, it will attain a steady popularity."

Campbell expressed much pleasure when he learned that Jeffrey intended to review his new work. "I think," said the poet, "*he* has the stuff in him to understand Theodoric." In a kind and gentle spirit the great critic exercised his censorial functions. He surveyed the poem in its favorable aspect, and said everything in its behalf that could suggest itself to the ingenious advocate. He said it, too, in that plausible and persuasive style which he knew so well how to employ, and which would induce the belief that he was quietly expressing his own convictions, instead of adroitly seeking to make out his case. But it was all in vain. Campbell's idea of the immediate reception of the poem was certainly realized, but it has not yet attained the "steady popularity" to which its author thought it was ultimately destined.

The event of most interest in the public life of Campbell was the establishment, through his agency, of the University of London. Of this scheme he was the originator, and, in managing its preliminary arrangements, exhibited uncommon address and energy. From his correspondence of this period, it would seem to be owing mainly to his exertions that the institution escaped, at the outset, a sectarian character, that would have seriously impaired its usefulness. We cite a few extracts from the correspondence to which we refer :

"SEYMOUR-STREET WEST, April 30, 1825.

" * * * I have had a double-quick time of employment since I saw you. In addition to the business of the magazine, I have had that of the university in a formidable shape. Brougham, who must have popularity among dissenters, propounded the matter to them. The delegates of almost all the dissenting bodies in London came to a conference at his summons. At the first meeting, it was decided that there should be *theological* chairs, partly Church of England and partly Presbyterian. I had instructed all friends of the university to resist any attempt to make us a theological body ; but Brougham, Hume, and John Smith, came away from the first meeting saying, 'We think, with you, that the introduction of divinity will be mischievous ; but we must yield to the dissenters, with Irving at their head. We must have a *theological* college.' I immediately waited on the Church of England men, who had already subscribed to the number of a hundred, and said to them, 'You see our paction is broken ; I induced you to subscribe, on the faith that no ecclesiastical interest, English or Scotch, should predominate in our scheme ; but the dissenters are rushing in. What do you say ?' They — that is, the Church of England friends of the

scheme — concerted that I should go commissioned from them to say at the conference, that either the Church of England must predominate, or else there must be no church influence. I went with this commission; I debated the matter with the dissenters. Brougham, Hume, and John Smith, who had before deserted me, changed sides, and came over to me. Irving and his party stoutly opposed me; but I succeeded, at last, in gaining a complete victory.

"A directory of the association for the scheme of the university is to meet in my house on Monday, and everything promises well. You cannot conceive what anxiety I have undergone, whilst I imagined that the whole beautiful project was likely to be reduced to a mere dissenter's university. But I have no more reason to be dissatisfied with the dissenters than with the hundred Church of England subscribers, whose interests I have done my best to support. *I regard this as an eventful day in my life.*"

A few days afterwards he wrote to a friend who had manifested a deep interest in the enterprise, and whom from the closing sentence of the letter we presume to be Dr. Beattie:

"You will not grudge postage to be told the agreeable news that Brougham and Hume have reported their having had a conference with the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord Liverpool; and that they expressed themselves not unfavorable to the plan of a great college in London. Of course, as ministers had not been asked to pledge themselves to support us, but only to give us a general idea of their disposition, we could only get what we sought — a general answer — but that being so favorable is much. I was glad also to hear that both Mr. Robinson and Lord Liverpool approved highly of no rival theological chairs having been agreed upon. Mr. R. even differed from Mr. Hume, when the latter said that, of course, getting a charter is not to be thought of. 'I beg your pardon,' said Mr. Robinson, 'I think it might be thought of; and it is by no means an impossible supposition.'

"A copy of my scheme of education, but much mutilated and abridged, is submitted to their inspection. I mean, however, to transmit to them my scheme in an entire shape, and to publish it afterwards as a pamphlet. In the mean time, I must for a while retire, and leave this business to other hands, now that it seems *safe* from any mischief which hitherto threatened it. I send you this intelligence, because it is an *event to me*, or at least a step in a promised event, which will be, perhaps, *the only important one in my life's little*

history; and your correspondence has been a register of my affairs for a long time, and I hope will always be."

His plan fairly in the way to be carried out, Campbell revisited Germany, with the view of making himself familiar with the discipline and internal arrangements of her universities. At Hamburg, he met Tony M'Cann, the Exile of Erin, no longer "lonely and pensive" as in 1801, but as happy as a married gentleman in easy circumstances could well be—out of Ireland. His exile had been solaced by the charms and fortune of a wealthy young widow of Altona, whose compassion for the "heart-broken stranger" may have been first excited by the pathetic strains of the poet. "I found my Exile of Erin," says Campbell, "as glad to see me as if we had but parted a quarter of a year, instead of a quarter of a century." Under such auspices, Hamburg threatened to be a little too gay for him, and he escaped from an "impending shower of invitations" to Berlin, where he fixed himself at the St. Petersburg hotel. Here he had a slight fever, but applied himself industriously to the object of his journey, and obtained all the information respecting the university, and every book he desired. On his return to Hamburg, in October, he was invited by the English residents, to the number of eighty, to a public dinner.

From the active part which Campbell, as its prime mover, had taken in the establishment of the London university, it was naturally expected that he was to be installed as warden, and, at the same time, occupy some professorship. Why no such appointment was offered him remains to this day unexplained. Dr. Beattie throws no light upon the point. Though he intimates, in a foot-note, that the importance of his services was not acknowledged, he does not tell us who questioned it, or why Campbell was passed over in organizing the college in Gower-street. If the slight was a mortification to the poet, he was presently to be compensated for it by unexpected honors from another quarter.

The academic fame of Campbell would have descended, by tradition, among the students of the university of Glasgow, if it had not been kept alive by his celebrity as a poet. Early in 1826 he received an intimation that it was desired he should become Lord Rector of that institution for the ensuing year. The office had long been considered as the mere medium of a compliment to some gentleman of

the neighborhood, and was usually held by a whig and tory in succession. "The election," says a writer in the *London Quarterly Review*, "was with the students in certain classes — those, we presume, of the first foundation: these were all, however, very young students, — the majority boys from twelve to sixteen, — and they had for ages voted in their red togas and antique nations as their masters in conclave settled beforehand. The scheme was to make this undergraduate-poll a real one; to have Lord Rectors of their own free choice; and it was very natural and honorable for the Glasgow lads to think first of the originator of the London novelty, and greatest literary name connected with their own college within living memory. Campbell was delighted when he heard of this rebellion against the *Senatus Academicus*, then mostly composed of tories. He and his whig friends in the north exerted every energy; the 'ancient solitary reign' of the dignitaries fell at the first assault, and was (apparently) abolished forever." This triumph was the more gratifying from the fact that it was achieved over two other candidates, Sir Thomas Brisbane and Mr. Canning.

In consequence of his delicate state of health, Campbell was not installed as Lord Rector until the 12th of April, when he delivered his inaugural address to an overflowing assembly of professors, students and citizens. "I was a student then," says a reminiscient, "and, like others, was charmed. We have had the most distinguished men of the day successively elected to the office of Rector, — Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, Lord Brougham, Lord Jeffrey, Sir James Mackintosh, and many more celebrated in oratory, science and general literature. I have heard all their addresses, but none of them came up to that of Thomas Campbell."

On the 14th of November Campbell was reelected Lord Rector for the year 1828, without a dissentient voice. During his second year of office, he lost his wife. She died on the 9th of May, and on the 15th of the same month the poet thus writes: " * * * I am alone; and I feel that I shall need to be some time alone, prostrated in heart before that Great Being who can alone forgive my errors; and in addressing whom, alone, I can frame resolutions in my heart to make my remaining life as pure as nature's infirmities may permit a soul to be that believes in His existence and goodness and mercy." As his grief subsided, we find him in communication with Lord Aber-

deen on the Commission of Inquiry, and doing his utmost to preserve the privileges of his students; and so grateful were "his boys," as he called them, that, to testify their admiration and cordial respect, they resolved to strain every nerve to reëlect him for the third time, — an honor the highest that they could confer. No such instance had happened for a century previously. This honor, however, was disputed. Sir Walter Scott was put forward as a competitor, and was supported by the Vice-rector. Campbell, however, was reëlected for the year 1829; and, by his exertions, permanent advantages were secured for his "darling boys." "For three years," says a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* for February, 1849, "during which unusual period he held the office, his correspondence with the students never flagged; and it may be doubted whether the university ever possessed a better Rector." A club bearing his name was founded in his honor, and the students presented him with a silver bowl, which he prized highly and mentions in his will.

During the year 1829 he formed a society with the title of the Literary Union, the object of which was to bring the literary men of London into habits of more social and friendly intercourse than then existed. Campbell had been one of the original founders, and a regular attendant down to this time, of the Athenæum Club. Why he abandoned it to set up a rival institution in its neighborhood, is not stated. It is surmised by the *Quarterly Review* that he had been offended by the reluctance of the old committee to facilitate the admission of some of his Polish and Irish friends, while in the new club he had everything his own way. He presided over it till 1843, but it did not long survive its founder.

Early in 1830 the poet was shocked by the death of his friend, Sir Thomas Lawrence. He commenced soon afterwards the preparation of his biography, but abandoned it in consequence of the impatience of the booksellers, and the difficulty of collecting the necessary materials. The following extracts from his correspondence of this year will be read with interest:

"June 2d. — I am happy to tell you, my dearest sister, that I have at last had the pleasure of seeing young Milnes under my roof. He is a charming young man. I had a party of twelve at dinner about a week ago, where he met the family of the Calcotts; and they admired him so much that they asked me for his address, that they might

invite him to their house. Calcott is an artist of the very first-rate genius and estimation. He might have been President, if he had chosen to stand candidate at the late election. His wife was the Maria Graham who wrote her travels in South America and India. * * *

"I have been spending a month in the country with an excellent young friend, the author of *The Silent River*, and another beautiful little drama. I was very happy there — too happy to be industrious; and the life of Sir Thomas was therefore suspended. My health, however, has been benefited.

"*Aug. 26th.* — * * * On Monday last I had my dear friends, Mrs. Dugald Stewart and her daughter, to dine with me. * * * I had also the good fortune to have that day the great Cuvier and his daughter for my guests.

"Baron Cuvier is delightfully simple as you could wish a first-rate great man to be; and his daughter, or I should say his step-daughter, M^{lle} Devaucel, enchanted us all. Mr. Rogers, who knew her at Paris, and was with us, said that she had a sort of fascination over all the *savans* in Paris; and a wager was laid that she would fascinate even the giraffe. It really so happened; and the stupendous animal, twenty-two feet high, used to follow her about like a lamb.

"*Sept. 28th.* — I am so fatigued by finishing the October number of the *New Monthly*, that I can hardly hold a pen; I have had agitation superadded to fatigue. You remember that the end of last month I went to visit my poor boy; I went out of town with a full assurance on my mind that there was no objectionable paper for the September number in the hands of the printer — no paper which I had not seen and approved of. The bargain between Colburn and myself gives me the privilege as an editor. Judge of my horror, when I returned to town, to find that an article had been printed attacking the memory of Dr. Glennie, of Dulwich, a man with whom you know I was on intimate and kindly terms of friendship. I have made in the forthcoming number a full and distinct explanation of this accident. The vile paper was sent by —, whom Dr. Glennie would not allow to try experiments on Lord B——'s foot, when Lord B—— was Dr. G.'s pupil."

This circumstance led to the close of his editorial relations with Mr. Colburn's magazine.

CHAPTER VII.

It had been Campbell's intention, on leaving the *New Monthly*, to withdraw from all connection with periodical literature, and so to husband his resources as to live without the "drudgery of authorship." But, on adjusting accounts with his publisher, he found himself largely in debt; and then commenced the traffic on his name which associated it with works unworthy of his high reputation. In 1831 he became connected with the *Metropolitan Magazine*, originally as editor, afterwards as part proprietor, with Mr. Cochrane, the publisher, and Captain Chamier. His friend Rogers lent him five hundred pounds to pay for his share in the partnership, for which the banker-poet refused to take security. Campbell, however, was not to be outdone in delicacy or punctilio where money was concerned, and caused a security to be made by a life insurance, and a lien upon his library and furniture. Not long after, he learned, to his dismay, that the speculation was a bubble, and weeks elapsed before he succeeded in withdrawing his money from a bankrupt concern. We can well imagine the weight that was lifted from his heart when he was able to write to his friend, "I am very happy to tell you that the *five hundred*, which you so generously lent me, is safe at my banker's in St. James-street, and waits your calling for it. Blessed be God, that I have saved both it and myself from being involved as partner in *The Metropolitan!*"

During the summer of this year he passed some time at St. Leonard's, where his health was much improved by the balmy sea-air, and where his poetic faculty came back to him with its old glow and vigor. He was secure here from social temptations, and wrote more verses than he had written for many years before within the same time. The magnificent poem on the sea, which Campbell in his later years considered his finest production, and which is entirely worthy of his early fame, was written here in the course of eight or nine days. Here also he wrote the Lines on Poland. These two poems, which first appeared in the *Metropolitan*, he republished in a *brochure*, in the hope, by selling it at a couple of shillings, to raise fifty pounds for the Polish charities in which he was now largely involved. In the autumn he wrote to a friend:

"I find St. Leonard's still, on the whole, agree pretty well with my health, though the highly bracing effect of the sea-air has gone with its novelty, and there is something either in its saline particles, or in the glaring light of the place, that affects my eyes most disagreeably * * * The society also — though the sea is not accountable for others — is too changeable. The disagreeable gentry are, for the most part, the most permanent ; and the *agreeables* — almost as soon as you begin to know the value of their society, like 'riches, take unto themselves wings and flee away.' I experience this mutability of the place very much in a little literary society which I have formed, and which is called *The Monks of St. Leonard's*, and of which I am the venerable Abbot ! All our best crows are going away — and very dull ones remaining in their stead."

About this time Campbell was in correspondence with Mrs. Arkwright in regard to setting some of his poems to music. "There are no verses of mine," he tells her in one of his letters, "that I shall not think the better of, for their being selected by you as the subjects of musical composition." "You may turn every line of me into music," he writes again, "if you think me worth the honor. Would to heaven you could turn my poor self into a pleasant tune ! But the difficulty would be how to set me. I am too graceless for a psalm-tune, too dull for a glee, and too irregular for a march." In one of his letters to this accomplished lady, he expresses his pleasure to find that Mrs Hemans is one of her favorite poets. "She seems to me," he adds, "a genius singularly fitted for the accompaniment of your graceful and noble musical powers. She may not be the boldest and deepest of female geniuses, though the richness of her vein is very sterling ; but, to my taste, she is the most elegant (lyric) poetess that England has produced. I hope you are personally acquainted with her, which, I am sorry to say, I am not."

Mrs. Arkwright, as we have mentioned, was a daughter of Stephen Kemble, and, in allusion to a meeting with that distinguished actor many years previously, he says : "As your father was the first who rejoiced my ear by commending the beginning of my first poem, so I have a superstitious joy in thanking his daughter for setting its conclusion to music."

In October, 1831, he paid a visit to Mr. Arkwright and his family in Derbyshire, where he renewed his intimacy with the Kembles, and

talked with his host about farming and machinery, both of which he found "amusing subjects." But he preferred, no doubt, another part of his entertainment, which was reading poetry to Mrs. Arkwright and the ladies. He was at all times devoted to the society of the sex, and very susceptible to their charms. Even in his widowhood he found as many Carolines and Amandas as he used to rave about when he was a handsome bachelor at Mull. Every now and then he attached himself to some amiable and accomplished female, who put him to considerable expense in new wigs and dress-coats, to say nothing of more spacious lodgings, and more stylish furniture. But, if he was volatile in love, he was steadfast in friendship; and it does not seem to have been his own fault that he failed to form a new connection, "to restore him to the happiness of married life."

At Mr. Arkwright's he made the acquaintance of Neukomm, whose performances on the organ struck him with wonder and admiration. "That a human being could create such sounds," he said, "I never imagined. Such glory, such radiance of sound, such mystery, such speaking dreams, that bring angels to smile upon you, — such luxury and pathos! — O, it is no *learned* music — it is a soul speaking as if from heaven! No disparagement to Paganini, *he* is the wonderful itself, in music — but Heavens! what has he to do with the *heart*, like this organ-music of Neukomm? I seem as if I had never heard music before. We were all wrapped in astonishment! It was strange to see the expressions of ecstasy in the vulgarest rustic faces. * * He is a highly-polished man, and as meek and amiable as he is wonderful. The pleasure of his company beguiled me to go and hear him again on the organ yesterday, and I almost wished I had not gone. His playing was, if possible, more exquisite. It was too — too much. He made me imagine my child, Alison, was speaking to me from heaven! Again — as if he knew what was passing in my thoughts about Poland, he introduced martial music, and what seemed to me lamentations for the slain. I suspect he did so purposely; for we had spoken much of the Poles. I could not support this. Luckily I had a pew to myself; and I believe, and trust, I escaped notice. But when two pieces were over I got out as quietly as I could to a lonely part of the church-yard, where I hid myself, and gave way to almost convulsive sensations. I have not recovered this inconceivably pleasing and painful shock."

On his return to St. Leonard's, having meanwhile been disembarassed of his pecuniary responsibilities for the *Metropolitan*, he set himself down in earnest to the composition of the Life of Mrs. Siddons. In the spring of 1832 he was able to say that he had finished "two chapters to perfection." "I have got noble materials for the rest," he wrote to Mrs. Arkwright, "and you will not be sorry for my being her biographer." To the same lady he wrote :

"Wheresoever I go I hear nothing but your music, and either my poetry with it, or Lockhart's. Acquit poets of jealousy. Truly I love Lockhart's 'Lay your golden cushion down' so that I always tell the fair songstress, 'Tut! give us none of Campbell's drawling things, but that lively Spanish ballad, 'Get up, Get up, Zeripha'' and, on my return home from the party, I sing it to myself all the way. I do think that air one of the happiest your happy genius ever threw off. It is 'wild, warbling nature all — above the reach of art!'

"Pray don't relax in your ambition to be a popular melodist. The maker of melodies is a real poet; melody-making is a sort of distillery of the spirit of poetry, and the melodist may deny all submission in rank to the brewers and vintners of versification."

The *Metropolitan* now passed into the hands of Captain Marryatt, the novelist, "a blunt rough diamond," says Campbell, "but a clever fellow and a gentleman." He entreated the poet to remain in the editorial department; and, as they were old friends, the poet could not refuse. The Polish association, too, required his services, and he returned to London. "I have left St. Leonard's," he wrote on the 30th of April, "and given up my house there. It was inconvenient for me to be so far from town; but I shall always have a kindly feeling to the place. The sea restored my health, and, excepting the agony I felt at the news from Poland, I never felt half a year pass over with more tolerable tranquillity. I had, besides the Milneses, some very pleasant acquaintances. My small neat house hung over the sea, almost like the stern of a ship."

His whole life was now engrossed with the cause of Poland. "His devotion to it," says Dr. Madden in his recollections furnished to Dr. Beattie, "was a passion, that had all the fervor of patriotism, the purity of philanthropy, the fidelity of a genuine love of liberty. I was with him on the day he received an account of the fall of Warsaw. Never in my life did I see a man so stricken with profound sorrow! He

looked utterly woe-begone; his features were haggard, his eyes sunken, his lips pale, his color almost yellow. I feared that if this prostration of all energy of mind and body continued, his life or his reason must have sunk under the blow."

The poet's letters give a lively impression of his habits and mode of life at this time :

" May 31st. — We have had a dinner in the Association Chambers, — the room where Milton wrote his ' Defence of the People of England ! ' Prince Czartoryski, and the other Poles now in London, were our guests ; and we sat down fifty-three in number. Never did a fête go off better. The Rev. Dr. Wade, in full canonicals, offered a solemn prayer in form of grace, which was strikingly impressive. * *

" I was in the chair. When we had the cloth removed, at seven p. m., I had not one word prepared for the score of toasts I had to give. But I felt no difficulty in speaking, except that of being overcome by my feelings ; and the general feeling was so strong, that one of the Birmingham deputies, a noble-looking man, burst into tears, and sobbed audibly."

" June 28th. — The affairs of Poland are getting more and more interesting. * * * We have got the subject into Parliament. We have auxiliary Polish societies in the provinces. Everywhere the subject stirs up indignation and enthusiasm ; and, though one's interest in it is painful, it is still an *irresistible* subject. The business of the association has accordingly engrossed much of my time. I have letters in French, German, and even Latin, to write, — for we have correspondence as far as Hungary, — and these afford me nothing like a sinecure."

" June 28th. — You have heard that a strong party of my friends have already agreed to bring me in (if they can) for Glasgow. What my chance is, I believe no mortal alive, without preternatural powers, could determine. But I am really not at all anxious to get into Parliament."

" July 31st. — After full and frequent deliberation, I have come to the resolution not to make the attempt to get into Parliament. * * * If I were elected to-morrow, — elected even for Glasgow, — I am convinced that the seeming good fortune would be a misfortune to me. I find myself implicated in the Polish Association to a degree that half absorbs my time and attention. The German question — another

and the same with the Polish — involves me also in correspondence with the German patriots ; and really, at this moment, my own private studies are so much impeded, that to go into Parliament — even if I could get into it — would be my ruin.”

“*Aug. 25th.* — Here, in the Polish Chambers, I daily parade the main room, — a superb hall, — where all my books are ensconced, and where old ‘Nol’ used to give audience to his foreign ambassadors.”

“*Sept. 28th.* — I am not dissatisfied with my existence, as it is *now* occupied. * * * I get up at *seven*, write letters for the Polish Association until half-past *nine*, breakfast, go to the club, and read the newspapers till *twelve*. Then I sit down to my own studies ; and with many, and, alas ! vexatious interruptions, do what I can till *four*. I then walk round the Park, and generally dine out at *six*. Between nine and ten I return to chambers, read a book, or write a letter ; and go to bed always before *twelve*.” * * * “But my own proper business, you will ask, — what is that ? Why, *now*, it is, in earnest, the Life of Mrs. Siddons. How it has been impeded I can scarcely tell you. *The Metropolitan* will hardly account for it, — though, really, my random contributions to that journal break up more time than you would imagine. But our journal, *Polonia*, has imposed a great deal of trouble upon me.”

“*Dec. 4th.* — About four-score refugees have been supported or relieved, and sent abroad, by our society. But the task of doing so was left entirely to your humble servant and our indefatigable and worthy secretary, Adolphus Bach. He has injured his business, as a German jurist, by giving up so much of his time for this purpose ; and I have injured my health.”

At this time Campbell occupied an attic at the Polish chambers, in Duke-street, which is now distinguished by a marble tablet affixed by his friend Bach, and bearing the following inscription : “In this attic Thomas Campbell, Hope’s bard, and mourning Freedom’s hope, lived and thought, A. D. MDCCCXXXII., while at the head of the Literary Association of the friends of Poland, his creation. *Divina virtutis pietatis amicitia*, MDCCCLVII. A. B. col.” In the summer of 1833 he became more intimate than hitherto with Dr. Beattie, and went to reside at his cottage, in Hampstead. He immediately took possession of a room, which he designated as “Campbell’s ward,” the

name by which it is still known. In this pleasant village he passed his time in morning walks on the heath, visits to Mrs. Joanna Baillie and her sister, and in such literary pursuits as amused, without fatiguing or exciting him. His health rapidly improved under the watchful care of his friendly physician, to whom he was chiefly indebted for whatever comfort and happiness he enjoyed in his later years. These visits he frequently repeated, and, whenever he found himself suffering in health or spirits, "Well," he would say, "I *must* come into hospital!" and, packing up his valise, would repair to Campbell ward. Dr. Beattie was not only a skilful physician, but a man of letters, and an enthusiastic admirer of the poet's genius. The effect of his visits to the pleasant villa of his friend, and the society of Hampstead, is well described in a letter of the poet to his sister. He is speaking of Dr. Beattie. "His society," he says, "and that of his wife and sister, have been to me a sort of *moral medicine*, they are such kind, amiable, and happy people. Beattie has been a fortunate man. * * He married a charming woman. * * Their home is a little picture of paradise! * * I cannot describe to you how they have tended your brother's health."

The Life of Mrs. Siddons was not fairly off his hands till the middle of 1834, having been originally written for one volume octavo, and expanded to two volumes for the accommodation of the book-sellers. Campbell thought the matter would "bear diffusion," but we imagine the work must have suffered in the process. Having put the corrections to the last sheet, Campbell started for Paris, which he had not visited for twenty years. There the Polish Literary Society immediately waited upon him with a complimentary address, and a public dinner was given him, at which Prince Czartoryski presided. He was still occupied with literary projects, and commenced the collection of materials for a work on the Geography of Classical History. He wrote to Dr. Beattie that he was studying twelve hours a day. During his researches in the king's library he cast his eyes on a point of the map, the ancient Roman city of Icosium, that corresponded with the site of Algiers. It occurred to him that the recent French conquest might develop more interesting matters than were to be found in the labors of the classic topographers, and, closing his book, with all his soul he wished himself at Algiers. His old propensity for roving took possession of him, and, finding

that he had the money necessary at his command, he determined to gratify it.

On his arrival at Algiers, he took lodgings in the house of a gentleman who had been an old officer of Napoleon's staff, then a merchant, but a great amateur of music, painting and natural history. Campbell first called on him to see his cabinet of Moorish antiquities, not knowing that he had apartments to let. Learning this, he went the next day to inquire their price. "It is only," he replied, "for fear of hurting your feelings, that I do not offer them to you for nothing," and named a price far below their value. "Monsieur Descousse," the traveller rejoined, "they are worth twice that rent; I am rather a rich man than otherwise, and let me pay for them what is fair and just." He would not take a sou more, and this little act of courtesy seems to have gratified Campbell as much as to learn that Captain St. Palais, aid-de-camp of the commander in chief of the colonial army, was engaged in translating his poems, with a view to publication. At Algiers he met Chevalier Neukomm, whose acquaintance he had made at Mrs. Arkwright's. At his instance Campbell undertook the composition of the words of an oratorio from the book of Job, and to this we owe the fragment which appears among his poems. Campbell found it impossible to versify the sublime text of the Bible without impairing it.

During his stay in Africa, he visited the whole coast of Algiers, from Bona to Oran, and penetrated seventy miles into the interior, as far as Mascara, the capital of an unconquered native province. "I have slept for several nights," he says in a letter to his nephew, "under the tents of the Arabs. I have heard a lion roar in his native savage freedom, and I have seen the noble animal brought in dead—measuring seven feet and a half, independently of the tail. I dined also at General Trizel's table off the said lion's tongue, and it was as nice as a neat's tongue."

On his return from Algiers, in 1835, Campbell had a gratifying interview in Paris with Louis Philippe, who was curious to learn the state of the province from an intelligent Englishman, and received him with marked courtesy and respect. When the poet arrived in London, he looked and felt "some years younger" than when he commenced his travels. His mind and body were restored to their old tone and elasticity, and Dr. Beattie says that he never appeared to greater

advantage than immediately after his return. His chronic complaint of "impecuniosity" had been relieved by a seasonable legacy of a thousand pounds from his old friend Telford, the engineer. He had picked up much entertaining information in his tour, and told his "traveller's stories" with animation and effect. The results of his observation he published in the *New Monthly*, under the title of Letters from the South, afterwards collected in two volumes.

The summer subsequent to his return he passed in Scotland, on a visit to his "Northern brethren," and the happiest he ever made. His residence during this period was chiefly in the house of his cousin, Mr. Gray, of Blairbeth, near Glasgow, and in that of Mr. Alison, at Edinburgh. He had been at Blairbeth but a day or two, when a deputation from the Campbell Club, of Glasgow, waited upon him, to the number of "two coach-loads," with a request that he would appoint a day for dining with them. The dinner was fixed accordingly for the 21st of June. Campbell, as the guest of the evening, sat on the right of the president, and Professor Wilson, who had come up from Edinburgh expressly to be present on this occasion, on the left. Some eighty gentlemen were present, and the poet was received and cheered with the greatest enthusiasm. From Glasgow he went to the Highlands, Inverary, Rothsay, Castle Towart and Greenock. "It would savor of vanity," he wrote to a friend, "to tell you how I have been received. Cheered on coming aboard the steamboats, into public rooms, and cheered on leaving them. Yes: but Cobbett, you will tell me, had also his hand-shakings and popularity. True; but were the *motives* of those who greeted him so pure as those of my greeters? And yet, no small stimulus of happiness was necessary to help me over recollections which the scenes of Scotland have inspired — the homes of my dead friends! — above all that, 'yesterday' — my birth-day! — which reminds me how soon I shall be gathered to my fathers!"

On returning to Glasgow, he found a communication from the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, inviting him to a public dinner in that city. It was a painful occasion for him, however; and when he came to speak of Dugald Stewart, Alison, and other of his old friends, "the act of suppressing tears amounted to agony." A similar honor was proposed to him at Dublin, which he was compelled to decline. In September he spent three days with Brougham at his country-seat, whence he returned directly to London.

In 1836 he commenced the preparation of a new edition of his poems, with designs by Turner, in the style of the illustrated copy of Rogers' *Italy*. Campbell was much pleased with the great artist's drawing for O'Connor's Child, but seems to have been disappointed in the general result. He had not the same exchequer to draw upon as his friend the banker; and when the edition was out he found great difficulty in disposing of the drawings, for which he had paid Turner five hundred and fifty pounds. "I had been told," he wrote to his friend, Mr. Gray, of Glasgow, "that Turner's drawings were like bank-notes, that would always fetch the price paid for them; but, when I offered them at three hundred pounds, I could get no purchaser. One very rich and judicious amateur, to whom I offered them, said to me, 'I have no intention to purchase these drawings, because they are worth so little money that I should be sorry to see you sell them for as little as they are really worth. The truth is, that fifteen out of the twenty are but indifferent drawings. But, sell them by lottery, and either Turner's name will bring you in two hundred guineas, or Turner himself will buy them up.' I went to Turner, and the amateur's prediction was fulfilled, for Turner bought them up for two hundred guineas."

Soon after the issue of this edition, Campbell took it into his head to make a present of his works to the queen. This was purely an act of gallantry and loyalty. No man ever lived who had less of the tuft-hunter in his composition than Campbell. When he had got up his Letters from the South, and a copy of the vignette edition of his poems, "bound with as much gilding as would have gilt the Lord Mayor's coach," he went to Sir H. Wheatley, to beg that he would present them to his sovereign. It was objected that the queen declined all presentation copies from authors. Campbell parried this objection skilfully and with dignity. "Stranger as I am, Sir Henry," he said, "I am known to you by character; and may I beg of you to convey to the queen, — if it can be done with tact and delicacy, — that I am in perfectly easy circumstances; that I covet no single advantage that is in the gift of her sceptre; and that I would rather bury my book in the ground than that the offering of it should be interpreted into a selfish wish to intrude myself on her notice." Sir Henry finally consenting to take charge of the volumes

and speak to the queen on the subject, Campbell sent them with a note, in these words :

"SIR : I thank you for your kind promise to take charge of my works, and to apply to her Majesty to receive them. I have been for nearly forty years one of the popular living poets of England, and I think it no overweening ambition to wish to be read by my sovereign."

"That evening," says Campbell, "I had a note from Sir Henry, saying that the queen had been graciously pleased to accept the volumes, and desired that I should write my name in them. I repaired to St. James's next morning; Sir Henry began stammering out a dictation of what I should write about her Majesty's feet, loyal duty, and so forth, when I wrote on each blank leaf, 'To her Majesty Queen Victoria, from her devoted subject, Thomas Campbell.' 'Ah, that will do,' said Sir Henry."

An edition of Shakspeare which he supervised for Mr. Moxon, a new poem, entitled *The Pilgrim of Glencoe*, and a *Life of Petrarch*, were now the literary task-work of his life. In the winter of 1840 he leased a house in Victoria-square, Piccadilly, where he proposed to spend his declining years. This movement gave rise to another matrimonial rumor. "So you are *to be married*," his sister wrote him; "that is reported, and quite certain. O, my good brother, is not this a rash step at your years?" Campbell replied that he suspected there was some mistake in the report, but did not know why she should be surprised at such a step at his young and giddy age of sixty-three. Instead of taking a wife (a dream that he seems never to have abandoned), he pursued the more prudent course of adopting a daughter, in the person of his favorite niece, Mary Campbell.

In the new residence, which he had very tastefully and comfortably fitted up, he corrected the last proofs of *Petrarch*; but his health declined, and his powers failed rapidly. He became restless and whimsical. On one occasion he surprised his friends by advertising for a young child whom he had met in the streets, and who interested him so much that he desired to "be allowed to see her again." Soon after, he started suddenly for the Brunnens of Nassau, where he found himself without money, having left a quantity of bank-notes in his bed-room press, which he had forgotten. He wrote to his friend Dr. Beattie, in great dismay, and requested him to enter his

house, and make search for the missing funds. After a minute and unsuccessful examination, the doctor accidentally lighted upon a red-embroidered slipper, in which he was surprised and pleased to find three hundred pounds in bank-notes, twisted as if they were to be used as paper matches.

In his voyage up the Rhine, Campbell met on the steamboat the historian of the middle ages. "Hallam is a most excellent man," said the poet, in one of his letters, "of great acuteness, and of immense research in reading. I believe him to have neither gall nor bitterness; and yet he is a perfect boia-contradictor! * * His powers of study are like those of the scholars of the Alexandrian Academy, whose viscera were alleged to be made of brass. He baits Sydney Smith himself, with his provoking accuracy as to matters of fact. Smith once said to me, 'If Hallam were in the midst of a full assembly of scientific men, and if Euclid were to enter the room, with his Elements under his arm, and were to say, "Gentlemen, I suppose no one present doubts the truth of the Forty-fifth Proposition of my First Book of Elements," Mr. Hallam would say, "Yes, I have my doubts."'"

In another letter from Germany, he alludes to the admiration of children which appears in several of his poems, and which led to the eccentric advertisement just mentioned:

"What pleases me most about the Germans is, that they indulge me in my ruling passion of admiration of fine children. Their children are not quite so beautiful as ours, but really some of them are great beauties. I have met with one of three, and another of six years old, both of them charming; and, like true young women, they are sensible to admiration. The younger has large round black eyes, that glow with triumph when you admire her; and the other is a *blonde*, that blushes still more interestingly. Every one here, from the highest to the lowest, that has a fine child, seems to take it as a compliment that you stop and shake its little hand; whereas the same thing in England would be resented as a liberty."

Soon after his return to England, he published *The Pilgrim of Glencoe*, with other poems, dedicated to his friend Dr. Beattie. To say that the chief piece in this collection was regarded as a failure, would be but a faint expression of the truth. It is a feeble production, possessing little interest as a story, and no merit as a poem.

His next literary enterprise was a subscription edition of his works; but, before this was issued, he received the sum of eight hundred pounds, by the death of his only surviving sister, and the plan of publishing by subscription was abandoned. The new edition was transferred to Mr. Moxon. The poet now became more restless and uneasy than ever, and went to various places in France and England in pursuit of health, but derived no benefit from these changes. He felt the advances of age, which were only too visible to his friends. His constitution, never robust, was sensibly undermined; and in the summer of 1843 he repaired to Boulogne, hoping to emancipate himself from the cares and expenses of London, and pass the remainder of his days in cheerful seclusion.

Not many days were left for him, and those were painful ones, though they were solaced by the kind attentions of an affectionate niece, and towards their close by the presence of his best friend,—Dr. Beattie. He was disappointed in his new residence. It was more expensive than he had anticipated. He found the climate keen and cold, and the winds “chilled his marrow.” The society was very agreeable, though infested by rogues and swindlers. The streets, too, were “semi-perpendicular.” In regard to the importation of books from England, he was vexed by the custom-house restrictions. He missed his club,—a great loss for such a club-haunter as Campbell. His brother and sisters were now all dead. The wife to whom he was tenderly attached had gone before him many years. His only surviving son was a lunatic. He had no “old familiar faces” about him. He was home-sick, and was dying in a foreign land. Not altogether cheerless, however, was his decline. His niece read to him from his favorite authors, and played the airs which he had loved in his youth. The notes which he wrote at this period were good-humored, and his conversation continued cheerful and pleasant to the last.

In June, 1844, a letter from Mary Campbell brought Dr. Beattie and his wife to the chamber of the dying poet. He had now been more than three weeks confined to his bed, and for some time, excepting his physician, Dr. Allatt, had seen no one but his niece and a sister of charity, who watched with him during the night. When his old friends arrived, his words were “Visit of angels from heaven.” He smiled faintly, and spoke with his eye more express-

ively than by his lip. His complaint was of weakness and a morbid sensation of chilliness. The next day he rallied a little, but it was evident that the case was hopeless. At one time, being doubtful if he was conscious of what was said, some one named Hohenlinden, and suggested that the author was a Mr. Robinson. "No," said the poet, calmly and distinctly, "it was one Tom Campbell." On the seventh of June, his respiration was more impeded, and a swelling in his right foot increased. He continued to converse, however, at intervals, in a serene and interesting manner. In reply to the inquiry of Dr. Beattie if his mind was quite easy, he said, with much earnestness and energy, "Yes, I have entire control over my mind;" adding, after a little pause, "I am quite —" The last word was inaudible. He was fully aware of his situation, and, though serious, was placid and composed. No murmur or expression of pain escaped from him during several days which Dr. Beattie passed in his chamber. At last, on its being remarked that he showed great patience under suffering, he said faintly, and for the first time, "*I do suffer.*" A strong religious feeling was now manifested by the poet. Prayers from the Liturgy were read to him at his request, and passages from the Scriptures, which he listened to with deep emotion. A day or two before his death, he was visited by Mr. Moxon, his publisher, and expressed pleasure at seeing him. On the fourteenth of the month, when he seemed sleeping heavily, his lips suddenly moved, and in a slow, distinct whisper he said, "We shall see * * to-morrow," naming a long-departed friend. In the afternoon of the next day he died. When the spirit had left the body his countenance was placid, and fixed in its happiest expression.

While the arrangements required by the laws of France were in progress, the body remained in the drawing-room, the head slightly elevated in the coffin, and crowned with a wreath of laurel and evergreen. This had been placed there by his old English nurse, a soldier's widow, whom Dr. Beattie found sitting by the remains, with the prayer-book in her hand, and Campbell's Poems by her side. The folds of his shroud were scattered with roses, and a bunch of wild-flowers was held in his unconscious grasp. Many of the English residents of Boulogne, friends and strangers, called to give a last look and pay a last tribute of respect to one who had been, for nearly half a century, emphatically the "popular poet" of his country.

On the third of July his body was deposited in the centre of Poet's Corner, in Westminster Abbey. His funeral was most honorably attended. His brother poet, the Rev. Mr. Milman, one of the prebendaries of the church, headed the procession. His old and dear friend Richardson, and the Duke of Argyle, head of his clan, stood by his bier. Sir Robert Peel, then premier, Brougham, Lockhart, Macaulay, Lord Campbell, B. D'Israeli, Horace Smith, Dr. Croly, Thackeray, and many other gentlemen of political and literary distinction, united in rendering the last honors to one whom they admired for his generous and noble qualities as a man no less than for his genius as a poet. A guard of Polish nobles, and a numerous body of private friends and citizens, joined in the sad ceremonies. When the officiating minister arrived at that portion of the ceremony in which dust is consigned to dust, Colonel Szyrma, a member of the Literary Association of Poland, scattered over the coffin of the poet a handful of earth from the grave of Kosciusko, at Cracow. More cordial respect and homage had never marked the obsequies of any literary man, since the Abbey received the ashes of Addison.

The inscription on the coffin was, "Thomas Campbell, LL.D., author of *The Pleasures of Hope*, aged *lxvii*."

This event was commemorated by a kindred spirit—Horace Smith—in lines worthy to live in the same volume with the immortal productions of him in whose honor they were written.

CAMPBELL'S FUNERAL.

'T is well to see these accidental great,
Noble by birth, or Fortune's favor blind,
Gracing themselves in adding grace and state
To the more noble eminence of mind ;
And doing homage to a bard
Whose breast by Nature's gems was starred,
Whose patent by the hand of God himself was signed

While monarchs sleep, forgotten, unrevered,
Time trims the lamp of intellectual fame.
The builders of the pyramids, who reared
Mountains of stone, left none to tell their name
Though Homer's tomb was never known,
A mausoleum of his own,
Long as the world endures, his greatness shall proclaim

What landing sepulchre does Campbell want ?
 'Tis his to give, and not derive renown.
 What monumental bronze or adamant
 Like his own deathless Lays can hand him down ?
 Poets outlast their tombs : the bust
 And statue soon revert to dust ;
 The dust they represent still wears the laurel crown.
 The solid abbey walls that seem time-proof,
 Formed to await the final day of doom, —
 The clustered shafts, and arch-supported roof,
 That now enshrine and guard our Campbell's tomb, —
 Become a ruined, shattered fane,
 May fall and bury him again,
 Yet still the bard shall live, his fame-wreath still shall bloom.
 Methought the monumental effigies
 Of elder poets, that were grouped around,
 Leaned from their pedestals with eager eyes,
 To peer into the excavated ground,
 Where lay the gifted, good and brave ;
 While earth from Kosciusko's grave
 Fell on his coffin-plate with Freedom-shrieking sound.
 And over him the kindred dust was strewed
 Of Poet's Corner. O misnomer strange !
 The poet's confine is the amplitude
 Of the whole earth's illimitable range,
 O'er which his spirit flings its flight,
 Shedding an intellectual light —
 A sun that never sets, a moon that knows no change.
 Around his grave in radiant brotherhood,
 As if to form a halo o'er his head,
 Not few of England's master-spirits stood,
 Bards, artists, sages, reverently led
 To wave each separating plea
 Of sect, clime, party and degree,
 All honoring him on whom Nature all honors shed.
 To me, the humblest of the mourning band,
 Who knew the bard through many a changeful year,
 It was a proud, sad privilege to stand
 Beside his grave and shed a parting tear.
 Seven lustres had he been my friend ; —
 Be that my plea when I suspend
 This all-unworthy wreath on such a poet's bier

CHAPTER VIII.

IN his early years Campbell was eminently handsome, and the portraits of him when somewhat advanced in life show that he still retained a countenance of great beauty. "He was a delicate child," says a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, who seems to have been familiar with his person at various periods of his life, "with a slight form, small, accurate features, a hectic complexion, and eyes such as no one could see and forget; Lawrence's pencil alone could transmit their dark mixture of fire and softness. Many physiologists have noticed the contrast between the organization of the ordinary Gael and that of the aristocracy. Speaking generally, no class of gentry in Europe are above these last, whether you regard the proportions of the frame or the facial lines. Their blood, no doubt, has been largely dashed with intermixtures; and Campbell's countenance, we must own, said more than the heralds have been able to do in support of the story of the 'adventurous Norman' and 'the Lady of the West.'"

Of his personal appearance in his study in his later years, the full-length etching which accompanies this biographical sketch is said to convey a faithful presentment. It is copied from an outline in *Fraser's Magazine*, taken while the poet was editor of the *New Monthly*; and no doubt savors of caricature, notwithstanding the general resemblance. It seems to correspond with the account given by Mr. R. Carruthers, in his *Mornings with Campbell*. "The poet," says this writer, "was breakfasting in his sitting-room, which was filled with books, and had rather a showy appearance. The carpet and tables were littered with stray volumes, letters and papers. At this time, he was, like Charles Lamb, a worshipper of the great plant; and tobacco-pipes were mingled with the miscellaneous literary wares. A large print of the queen hung over the fireplace; he drew my attention to it, and said it had been presented to him by her majesty; he valued it very highly. 'Money could not buy it from me,' he remarked. * * He was generally careful as to dress, and had none of Dr. Johnson's indifference to fine linen. His wigs were always nicely adjusted, and scarcely distinguishable from natural

hair. His appearance was interesting and handsome. Though rather below the middle size, he did not seem little; and his large dark eye and countenance bespoke great sensibility and acuteness. His thin, quivering lip, and delicate nostril, were highly expressive. When he spoke, as Leigh Hunt has remarked, dimples played about his mouth, which, nevertheless, had something restrained and close in it, as if some gentle Puritan had crossed the breed, and left a stamp on his face such as we see in the female Scotch face rather than the male * * In personal neatness and fastidiousness, no less than in genius and taste, Campbell in his best days resembled Gray. Each was distinguished by the same careful finish in composition, the same classical predilections and lyric fire, rarely but strikingly displayed. In ordinary life they were both somewhat finical, yet with great freedom and idiomatic plainness in their unreserved communications,—Gray's being evinced in his letters, and Campbell's in conversation."

During his residence at Sydenham, Campbell generally rose late. He breakfasted and studied for an hour or two, and dined at two or three o'clock. He then made calls upon his neighbors, passing a good deal of time with his friends the Mayors, of whose conversation he was fond. After tea, he retired to his study, where he remained till a late hour. His habits at this time were strictly domestic. He had a few literary friends, now and then, to dine with him, giving them a hearty welcome, and a poet's frugal fare. He was hospitable and social. When with company, he liked to sit and chat over his wine. When alone, he never indulged in the pleasures of the table. His household, indeed, was managed with the most prudent economy during the whole of Mrs. Campbell's lifetime. His circumstances were moderate, and he lived accordingly. "And his good, gentle, patient little wife," says Mrs. Grant, "was so frugal, so simple, and so sweet-tempered, that she disarmed poverty of half its evils."

He was very careless about his letters and papers, and when editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* was continually losing the articles designed for the journal. It was his habit to read every note he received, and, if it was convenient at the moment, to send a brief and formal reply. At other times, he would read his letters and thrust them into his coat-pocket, from which they seldom emerged for any purposes of response. He had no method or system in the disposition of his papers. They lay scattered about his table in confusion, and

by way of clearing up, he would occasionally jumble them into a heap, or thrust them into a box or drawer. In his study, he would place them over the books in his shelves, or in the volumes that he happened to be reading; but they were always missing when wanted. Mrs. Campbell was in the habit of taking possession of all letters and articles intended for the magazine, and sending them to the office. "How should he take care of the papers," she would say, laughingly, to his assistant editor, Mr. Redding, "when he cannot take care of himself? I am obliged to look after him; he had better not have them in the study at all."

Soon after becoming editor of the *New Monthly*, he received, through the Hon. T. P. Courtenay, a poetical contribution from Mr. Canning, then premier. It was an epitaph on his son, George Charles Canning. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Courtenay brought him from the same source a copy of a private letter addressed by Mr. Canning to Mr. Bolton, of Liverpool, explaining the circumstances of his resignation. The letter originated in an article in the *Courier* newspaper, and on its face was obviously confidential. It was handed to Campbell with no view to its publication, but to post him up in the affair, and give the tone to his political comments for the month. He passed over the letter, without reading it, or a moment's reflection, to Mr. Redding, who asked, very naturally, if it was to be inserted entire. Campbell replied in the affirmative. We may judge of the horror of Mr. Courtenay and Mr. Canning, when this confidential letter appeared at full length in the pages of the *New Monthly*, to which it could have been communicated only by the ex-premier or his confidential correspondent. It is needless to say that Mr. Canning had no further contributions for the *New Monthly*.

We have already mentioned an incident illustrating the poet's carelessness about money. On his return from his last visit to Scotland, Mr. Redding met him in the street in London, and walked to his lodgings with him. After sitting a while, a thought struck him, and he began fumbling in his pockets. "Surely," said he, "I can't have lost them,—I had a hundred pounds here, and more, just now." His pockets were searched in vain. He had been set down in the White House Yard, Fetter Lane. He was positive he had the notes there. Thither they repaired, in a fruitless search. Campbell did not know their number, and of course never heard of the missing

notes. They were loose in his pocket, and he had probably pulled them out in the coach or the yard, when he was searching for something else.

This habitual carelessness was inconsistent with a growing fondness for money, which was one of the marks of his decline. Naturally he was one of the most generous men in the world. He seems to have had no expensive habits, but, after satisfying his own moderate wants, always managed to embarrass himself by his charities. His circumstances in his latter years ought to have been entirely comfortable, as the number of his private dependants had diminished. But he had grown acquisitive, or affected to have become so. When he edited the *Scenic Annual* for 1838, he was conscious that he would be much abused for lending his name to such a work. "But," he said, "as I get two hundred pounds for writing a sheet or two of paper, it will take a great deal of abuse to mount up to that sum." So, when he was engaged in eliminating a *Life of Petrarch* from the manuscripts of Arch-deacon Coxe, he found it wearisome enough; but the thought of two hundred pounds descending in a golden shower consoled him. "I am the lovely Danae," he said, "and Colburn is my Jupiter." In relation to the same enterprise, he described himself to a friend as working literally as hard as any mechanic, from six to twelve;—but "this treadmill labor," he added, "is the result of sheer avarice, miserly niggardliness! I am principally employed in translating from Italian authors, and could get the whole done by an assistant, I believe, for thirty pounds. But the money—the money! O, my dear M., the thought of parting with it is *unthinkable!* and pounds sterling are to me 'dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart!'"

If Campbell had been the miser that he pretends, he would never have confessed it to himself, much less to his correspondents. If it were anything more than a whim or caprice, the secret of it is explained in the following extract from a letter to an intimate friend: "Moxon has thrown off ten thousand copies of an edition of all my poems, in double columns, at two shillings a copy. *I hope to make well by it. I am getting more and more avaricious—at the same time, more interested than ever in public charities; above all, in the Mendicity Society.* At present, the payment of the wood-cuts keeps me low, but next year I expect to be rich! Whatever I can now

spare, I mean to go to organized societies for the benefit of my own countrymen. After supporting the Polish Association for nine years, I mean now to take my leave of it, because it interferes with my subscriptions to other institutions. * * * Poor fellows! I heartily pity the Poles still; and there is, no doubt, much suffering among them; but where can you look round, without seeing sufferings? And our own country has the most sacred claim upon us. O, —! were you and I but rich enough, what masses of misery we should alleviate! * * * For my own part, the last years of my checkered life are cheered by the prospect of having a residue to relieve distress, out of an income that has lately increased, and is threatened with no diminution."

Campbell's manner in conversation was lively, and sometimes impetuous. He was never comic, but as light-hearted and cheerful as a boy. He told an amusing story with effect, though he failed in all his printed attempts of this kind. He occasionally put on a Scotch accent, for humor's sake; but his general conversation was free from it. In the domestic circle he is said to have been the "pleasantest company that could be conceived." An instance is related of the way in which he would sometimes abandon himself to his impulses. When he went to Glasgow to be inaugurated as Lord Rector, on reaching the college-green he found the boys pelting each other with snow-balls. He rushed into the mêlée, and flung about his snow-balls right and left with great dexterity, much to the delight of the boys, but to the great scandal of the professors. He was proud of the piece of plate that the Glasgow lads gave him, and referred to the occasion as one of the pleasantest recollections of his life. Of the honor conferred by his college title he was less sensible. He hated the sound of *Doctor* Campbell; and when Pringle, the poet and traveller, reminded him that he must submit to it as an LL.D., he looked grave, and said that "no friend of his would ever call him so."

In his study he kept a tobacco-box, from which he would fill his pipe, and occasionally, when a little abstracted, transfer a small quantity of the weed to his mouth. But this was an exception to his general habit, and rather an indication of absence of mind. Of this latter trait, one or two anecdotes are told. Whenever he wanted to dispose of anything at home in a particularly secure place, he was

sure not to find it again without a good deal of extra trouble. On one occasion, he by note invited his friend Redding to dine with him on the 29th of January. When his guest came, with whom he was intimate enough to take the liberty, Campbell expressed surprise, and insisted that he had invited him for the next day. "I've Tories to-day," he said, "and Whigs to-morrow." Redding would have withdrawn, but Campbell peremptorily forbade it. "You shall have both dinners," he said. "All the party for to-morrow are of the right kind, — staunch Cromwellians, sturdy Roundheads, — and we'll have calf's head, and toast the immortal memory of Old Noll." Campbell would have protested that the mistake in the day was his friend's; but the invitation was in writing, and spoke for itself.

Campbell's politics, however, did not materially interfere with his friendships. He was in the habit of going familiarly to Murray's, where he met with more men of talent than under any other roof, but Rogers' or Lord Holland's. Murray's was then the great resort of the Quarterly reviewers and the literary Tories; but Campbell mingled with them freely. Sometimes he found himself the only Whig present; and on one occasion, it being remarked that he had not remained long on a visit — "I felt myself a sojourner in a strange land," he replied; "I did not like to be the only one of my party." He was warm and earnest in his views of political questions, high-minded and liberal; and, with less impatience of restraint, and a more regular application to business, he might have distinguished himself in public life. He was not successful, however, as a speaker. His ideas flowed faster than his speech, and he soon became excited and almost unintelligible.

He was averse to controversy, and sought to live upon kind terms with all his literary brethren, though he detested Hazlitt, and had no love for the poets of the Lake school. On the publication of Moore's *Life of Byron*, he found two or three passages that annoyed him exceedingly, and, as the champion of Lady Byron, he assailed the author in terms of unnecessary ardor. The noble poet had understood Campbell as speaking in a sarcastic spirit at Lord Holland's, when he said, "Take the incense to Lord Byron, he is used to it," — and had represented him as being "nettled." "What feeling," he said, in a letter to Moore on this subject, "but that of kindness could I have had to Lord Byron? He was always affectionate to me, both

in his writings and in personal interviews; how strange that he should misunderstand my manner on the occasion alluded to! and what temptation could I have to show myself pettish and envious before my inestimable friend Lord Holland? The whole scene described by Lord Byron is a phantom of his imagination. Ah, my dear Moore! if we had him back again, how easily could we settle these matters!" A coldness ensued between the poets, in consequence of Campbell's attack on the biographer; but it formed only a temporary interruption to their friendship.

His disposition to evade discussion is shown by his conduct in regard to the "Pope" controversy. In his *Specimens of the British Poets*, speaking of the several editors of Pope, Campbell had referred to Mr. Bowles, and the stress laid by that critic on the argument that Pope's images are "drawn more from art than nature." Campbell defended Pope, and Mr. Bowles wrote a letter to justify what he called his "invariable principles of poetry." On this, a literary *mêlée* followed, in which Byron, Gilchrist, Roscoe, the *Quarterly Review*, and at length Moore, were engaged, with no little ardor. On the publication of his third lecture on Poetry, Campbell attached a note to it, in which he says, "When the book in which I dissented from Mr. Bowles' theory of criticism comes to a second edition, I shall have a good deal to say to my reverend friend. I have not misrepresented him, as he imagines; *but I have no leisure to write pamphlets about him.*" When the work in question came to a second edition, Campbell was still less in the vein for controversy. He left the volunteers to fight out the battle, and perhaps never thought of it again.

Campbell was of a delicate organization. Haydon, the painter, in his autobiographical notes, styles him "bilious and shivering." His habits required seclusion even for the perusal of a book. Trifles distracted him. He was exceedingly sensitive, and reserved in the expression of his opinions. Of his own poetry he spoke but seldom, and only when he could not well avoid it. He was a simple-hearted man, of blameless intentions, and with a tender regard for the feelings of all with whom he was called to associate. One who had known him for thirty years, and for more than one-third of that period had been in habits of almost daily association with him, bears the strongest testimony to the beauty and purity of his character. "I believe

“a more guileless man,” says Mr. Cyrus Redding, “one less capable of imagining evil towards another, never breathed.”

His habits of study were discursive. Some ten years elapsed between his commencement of the *Specimens of the British Poets* and its publication. His *Lectures on Poetry* he laid by for a year and a half, whilst he was editing the *New Monthly Magazine*, to which he contributed meanwhile but a few verses. Many subjects interested him. He was sometimes deep in political economy, and again in German metaphysics and biblical literature. To classical literature he always devoted a good deal of time. From the main subject of his immediate study he was continually diverging into the collateral topics suggested in the course of his reading. This easy diversion rendered him unreliable in any literary undertaking; and hence, perhaps, Campbell's querulous censures of the booksellers. The trade could not depend upon his punctuality, and were not ready to contract for unfinished works at some uncertain future period. Though in jest he toasted Napoleon for having “shot a bookseller,” he seems to have been treated with uniform liberality by his publishers.

His memory was well stored with passages from the ancient and modern classics. Greek verses he could repeat thirty or forty in succession, and with the same facility from the English and Italian poets. With French literature he was not so conversant, and the writers in that language he seldom quoted. He was exceedingly fastidious with reference to his own productions. He was not satisfied with effect, but sought to finish and polish till he sometimes impaired and enfeebled his poems. Many of his poems, as they are now printed, are very different from the original impressions. His retouches, however, were chiefly designed to render his verse more complete, or to improve the verbal expression of a thought. Errors of description or in natural history, such as abound in *Gertrude of Wyoming*, he never corrected. Except in the case of *The Pleasures of Hope*, he consulted no one before publication. He said that he “never leaned on the taste of others, with that miserable disregard of his own judgment” which was implied in some of the anecdotes, in regard to his habits of composition, which had found their way into print. His prose manuscripts he seldom copied. His poems he frequently wrote out very fairly and legibly, on paper which he ruled

for the purpose. When he had completed the manuscript of his smaller poems, he would have a few copies printed on slips, to keep by him for alteration and revision. Gertrude of Wyoming, which, of his longer poems, the poet preferred, he wrote in the leisure time of a twelve-month. The Last Man was composed in the space of three forenoons, and it was sent to press with very inconsiderable changes from the original copy. Mr. Redding doubts if he ever wrote anything entirely to his own satisfaction, except the Lines on Kemble.

Generally, he composed with difficulty. He could never accomplish the leading article for a newspaper; a task which requires the possession of a peculiar, not to say rare talent. He could not express his thoughts with sufficient rapidity under the idea of editorial responsibility; and hence it happened that Perry was compelled to assign him to the Correspondence and the Poet's Corner, in his early connection with the *Morning Chronicle*. He sometimes wrote an *impromptu* in verse, though his efforts in this way, we imagine (as he intimates was the case on one of his German visits), were generally got up in the forenoon, to be written in the ladies' albums in the evening. Mr. Redding, however, mentions one that may well have been what it claimed to be.

Some time about the year 1822, the elder Roscoe was introduced to Sir Walter Scott, at Campbell's residence. They had a very pleasant meeting, and the great novelist diverted Mrs. Campbell exceedingly by his stories. Mr. Redding took coffee with them that evening. Campbell was in good spirits, and said, "I have a mind to try an *impromptu*." "I fancy such things are not so much your forte as Theodore Hook's," Redding replied. "Well, I will try," rejoined the poet; "leave me uninterrupted for a few minutes." Redding took up a book. Campbell quickly repeated the following lines:

"Quoth the South to the North, 'In your comfortless sky
Not a nightingale sings.' 'True,' the North made reply,
'But your nightingale's warblings I envy you not,
When I think of the strains of my Burns and my Scott!'"

"There is my *impromptu*," said the poet, "and you imagined I was not equal to making one!" "Now, then, the lines should be put upon paper," Mr. Redding rejoined. And the poet immediately

wrote down the words, with the title "Impromptu by Thomas Campbell." Redding retained the original as a memento of the meeting of Scott, Roscoe and Campbell, and published it in his *Reminiscences* of the poet, in the *New Monthly Magazine*.

Besides the well-known portrait of Campbell by Lawrence, several others were taken at different periods. About the year 1838, he sat to a distinguished American artist, Mr. S. S. Osgood, who has succeeded in the execution of two very faithful likenesses, and to whom we have been indebted for an anecdote well worth preserving. When the artist first saw Campbell, it was at his lodgings, near the head of St. James-street, Piccadilly, up three flights of stairs. The poet received him in his library, in which there was but one window; the walls were covered with well-filled book-cases, and by the hearth was a leopard's skin for a rug. "When I painted my last picture of that distinguished man," says the artist, "now some fourteen years ago, he was plainly exhibiting the lines of sorrow and age on his fine countenance. The dreadful malady with which his only son was visited to one of Campbell's acute sensibilities must have been the most terrible affliction that could befall him. It gave a shock to his whole nervous system, from which he never recovered, and which accounts in some measure for the charge sometimes made against him of indulging to excess in the use of stimulants. A slight indulgence overcame him, in the diseased state of his nervous system. At times I found him one of the most agreeable men I ever encountered; at other times he was thoughtful, with an expression of deep sadness, which indeed never entirely left his countenance, even in his happiest moments. An overwhelming grief had stamped its impress upon his features. * * I made some notes of his conversation at this time: but I have mislaid them, and will not venture to repeat from memory. One thing, however, from its peculiarity, I have not forgotten. You know the way in which his name is generally pronounced in this country. In allusion to this, he once said to me, 'Why do the Americans always call me Camel? I've no hump on my back.' This little fact may be of interest, as showing that his name should be pronounced as it is spelt."

This imperfect personal narrative, we think, furnishes abundant proof that CAMPBELL was a generous, noble-hearted, and high-minded man. Whatever may be the opinions of critics with regard to the

relative merits of his longer didactic and descriptive works, it is, no doubt, the well-established popular judgment, that CAMPBELL stands first and without a rival among the Lyrical Poets of his age. "Many years since," said Washington Irving, in 1841, "we hailed the productions of his muse, as beaming forth like the pure lights of heaven among the meteor exhalations and paler fires with which our literary atmosphere abounds. Since that time many of these meteors and paler fires, that dazzled and bewildered the public eye, have fallen to the earth and passed away,—and still we find *his poems like the stars, shining on with undiminished lustre.*" More fit words for the conclusion of this sketch are nowhere to be found than those of the poet himself, uttered in his old age: "I believe when I am gone justice will be done to me in this way—that I was a pure writer. It is an inexpressible comfort, at my time of life, to be able to look back and feel that I have not written one line against religion or virtue."

POEMS.

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART THE FIRST.

ANALYSIS OF PART I.

THE Poem opens with a comparison between the beauty of remote objects in a landscape and those ideal scenes of felicity which the imagination delights to contemplate—the influence of anticipation upon the other passions is next delineated—an allusion is made to the well-known fiction in Pagan tradition, that, when all the guardian deities of mankind abandoned the world, Hope alone was left behind—the consolations of this passion in situations of danger and distress—the seaman on his watch—the soldier marching into battle—allusion to the interesting adventures of Byron.

The inspiration of Hope, as it actuates the efforts of genius, whether in the department of science, or of taste—domestic felicity, how intimately connected with views of future happiness—picture of a mother watching her infant when asleep—pictures of the prisoner, the maniac, and the wanderer.

From the consolations of individual misery a transition is made to prospects of political improvement in the future state of society—the wide field that is yet open for the progress of humanizing arts among uncivilized nations—from these views of amelioration of society, and the extension of liberty and truth over despotic and barbarous countries, by a melancholy contrast of ideas we are led to reflect upon the hard fate of a brave people recently conspicuous in their struggles for independence—description of the capture of Warsaw, of the last contest of the oppressors and the oppressed, and the massacre of the Polish patriots at the bridge of Prague—apostrophe to the self-interested enemies of human improvement—the wrongs of Africa—the barbarous policy of Europeans in India—prophecy in the Hindoo mythology of the expected descent of the Deity to redress the miseries of their race, and to take vengeance on the violators of justice and mercy.

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART I.

At summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
And every form that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;

Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.
With thee, sweet HOPE! resides the heavenly light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight:
Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way,
That calls each slumbering passion into play.
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path or Glory's bright career.

Primeval HOPE! the Aëonian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourned their first decay;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;
When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again;
All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind,
But HOPE, the charmer, lingered still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
From Carmel's heights to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world — a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious HOPE! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
What viewless forms the Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrowed lines of anxious thought away.

Angel of life ! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore.
Lo ! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathomed fields ;
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurled,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world !

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles,
On Bhering's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles ;
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow,
And waft, across the waves' tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form !
Rocks, waves and winds, the shattered bark delay ;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But HOPE can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep ;
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul ;
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossomed vale,
Rush on his thought ; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the loved shore he sighed to leave behind ;
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace ;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear !
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children-dear !

While, long neglected, but at length caressed,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave ! in peril's darkest hour,
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power ;
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
On stormy floods, and carnage-covered fields,
When front to front the bannered hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.
When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil !
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy stormy music in the drum !

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore —
In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
'T was his to mourn Misfortune's rudest shock,
Scourged by the winds, and cradled on the rock ;
To wake each joyless morn and search again
The famished haunts of solitary men,
Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,
Know not a trace of Nature but the form ;
Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
Pale, but intrepid,— sad, but unsubdued,
Pierced the deep woods, and, hailing from afar
The moon's pale planet and the northern star,
Paused at each dreary cry, unheard before,
Hyenas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore

Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend !

Congenial HOPE ! thy passion-kindling power,
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour !
On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,
I see thee 'light, and wave thy golden wand.

"Go, child of Heaven ! (thy wingéd words proclaim)
'T is thine to search the boundless fields of fame !
Lo ! Newton, priest of Nature, shines afar,
Scans the wide world, and numbers every star !
Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye ?
Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,
The speed of light, the circling march of sound ;
With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,
Or yield the lyre of Heaven another string.

"The Swedish sage admires, in yonder bowers,
His wingéd insects, and his rosy flowers ;
Calls from their woodland haunts the savage train,
With sounding horn, and counts them on the plain ;
So once, at Heaven's command, the wanderers came
To Eden's shade, and heard their various name.

"Far from the world, in yon sequestered clime,
Slow pass the sons of Wisdom, more sublime ;
Calm as the fields of Heaven, his sapient eye
The loved Athenian lifts to realms on high ;
Admiring Plato, on his spotless page,
Stamps the bright dictates of the Father sage :
'Shall Nature bound to Earth's diurnal span
The fire of God, the immortal soul of man ?'

“Turn, child of Heaven, thy rapture-lightened eye
To Wisdom’s walks, the sacred Nine are nigh;
Hark ! from bright spires that gild the Delphian height,
From streams that wander in eternal light,
Ranged on their hill, Harmonia’s daughters swell
The mingling tones of horn and harp and shell;
Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow.
And Pythia’s awful organ peals below.

“Beloved of Heaven ! the smiling Muse shall shed
Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head ;
Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfined,
And breathe a holy madness o’er thy mind.
I see thee roam her guardian power beneath,
And talk with spirits on the midnight heath ;
Inquire of guilty wanderers whence they came,
And ask each blood-stained form his earthly name ;
Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell,
And read the trembling world the tales of hell.

“When Venus, throned in clouds of rosy hue,
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew,
And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ,
Sacred to love, and walks of tender joy,
A milder mood the goddess shall recall,
And soft as dew thy tones of music fall ;
While Beauty’s deeply-pictured smiles impart
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart,
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain,
And plead in Beauty’s ear, nor plead in vain.

“Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred deem,
And steep thy song in Mercy’s mellow stream ;
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—
For Beauty’s tears are lovelier than her smile ;—

On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief,
And teach impassioned souls the joy of grief?

"Yes; to thy tongue shall seraph words be given,
And power on earth to plead the cause of Heaven;
The proud, the cold, untroubled heart of stone,
That never mused on sorrow but its own,
Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.
The living lumber of his kindred earth,
Charmed into soul, receives a second birth,
Feels thy dread power another heart afford,
Whose passion-touched, harmonious strings accord
True as the circling spheres to Nature's plan;
And man, the brother, lives the friend of man.

"Bright as the pillar rose at Heaven's command,
When Israel marched along the desert land,
Blazed through the night on lonely wilds afar,
And told the path,—a never-setting star;
So, heavenly Genius, in thy course divine,
HOPE is thy star, her light is ever thine!"

Propitious Power! when rankling cares annoy
The sacred home of Hymenean joy;
When doomed to Poverty's sequestered dell
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,
Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same,—
O, there, prophetic HOPE! thy smile bestow,
And chase the pangs that worth should never know—
There, as the parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,
Tell that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter age.

What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill;
Tell, that when silent years have passed away,
That when his eye grows dim, his tresses gray,
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
And deck with fairer flowers his little field,
And call from Heaven propitious dews to breathe
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath;
Tell, that while Love's spontaneous smile endears
The days of peace, the sabbath of his years,
Health shall prolong to many a festive hour
The social pleasures of his humble bower.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy,—
“Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy!
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last,
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past,
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

“And say, when summoned from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
O, wilt thou come at evening hour to shed
The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed;

With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe?"

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply;
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care
Or lisps with holy look his evening prayer,
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;
How fondly looks admiring HOPE the while
At every artless tear, and every smile;
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

Where is the troubled heart consigned to share
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
To count the joys of Fortune's better day!
Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume
The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom,
A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored,
Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board;
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
And virtue triumphs o'er remembered woe.

Chide not his peace, proud Reason; nor destroy
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.

Hark ! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail ;
She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore
Watched the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,
Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,
Clasped her cold hands, and fixed her maddening gaze :
Poor widowed wretch ! 't was there she wept in vain,
Till Memory fled her agonizing brain ; —
But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,
Ideal peace, that truth could ne'er bestow ;
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
And aimless HOPE delights her darkest dream.

Oft when yon moon has climbed the midnight sky,
And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,
Piled on the steep, her blazing fagots burn
To hail the bark that never can return ;
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep,
That constant love can linger on the deep.

And, mark the wretch, whose wanderings never knew
The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue ;
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it erred no more.
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
The unfeeling proud one looks — and passes by,
Condemned on Penury's barren path to roam,
Scorned by the world, and left without a home —
Even he, at evening, should he chance to stray
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,
Where, round the cot's romantic glade, are seen
The blossomed bean-field, and the sloping green,
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while —
O ! that for me some home like this would smile,

Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm !
There should my hand no stinted boon assign
To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine ! —
That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,
And HOPE half mingles with the poor man's prayer.

HOPE ! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be ;
I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright Improvement ! on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime ;
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk,
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at Summer's opening day ;
Each wandering genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,
And silent watch, on woodland heights around,
The village curfew as it tolls profound.

In Libyan groves, where damned rites are done,
That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,
Truth shall arrest the murderous arm profane,
Wild Obi flies — the veil is rent in twain.

Where barbarous hordes on Scythian mountains roam,
Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home ;

Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,
From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,
Truth shall pervade the unfathomed darkness there,
And light the dreadful features of despair.—
Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,
And asks the image back that Heaven bestowed!
Fierce in his eye the fire of valor burns,
And, as the slave departs, the man returns.

O! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased a while,
And HOPE, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland — and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
O! Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save! —
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live — with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death,— the watch-word and reply;
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm! —

In vain, alas ! in vain, ye gallant few !
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew : —
O, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime ;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe !
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career : —
HOPE, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And freedom shrieked — as KOSCIUSKO fell !

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air —
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below ;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay !
Hark, as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call !
Earth shook — red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry !

O ! righteous Heaven ! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save ?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance ! where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God ;
That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar ?
Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast ;
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below ?
Departed spirits of the mighty dead !
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled !

Friends of the world, restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van !
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own !
O ! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot TELL — the BRUCE OF BANNOCKBURN !

Yes ! thy proud lords, unpitied land ! shall see
That man hath yet a soul — and dare be free !
A little while along thy saddening plains
The starless night of Desolation reigns ;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven !
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled,
Her name, her nature, withered from the world !

Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,
And hate the light because your deeds are dark ;
Ye that expanding truth invidious view,
And think, or wish, the song of HOPE untrue ;
Perhaps your little hands presume to span
The march of Genius and the powers of man ;
Perhaps ye watch, at Pride's unhallowed shrine,
Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine : —
" Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease, and here
Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career."

Tyrants ! in vain ye trace the wizard ring ;
In vain ye limit Mind's unwearied spring :
What ! can ye lull the wingéd winds asleep,
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep ?
No ! the wild wave contemns your sceptred hand ;
It rolled not back when Canute gave command !

Man ! can thy doom no brighter soul allow ?
Still must thou live a blot on Nature's brow ?

Shall war's polluted banner ne'er be furled ?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world ?
What ! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied ?
Why then hath Plato lived — or Sidney died ?

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name !
Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire
The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre !
Rapt in historic ardor, who adore
Each classic haunt, and well-remembered shore,
Where Valor tuned, amidst her chosen throng,
The Thracian trumpet, and the Spartan song ;
Or, wandering thence, behold the later charms
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms !
See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell !
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
Hath Valor left the world — to live no more ?
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye ;
Hampden no more, when suffering freedom calls,
Encounter Fate, and triumph as he falls ;
Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm ?

Yes, in that generous cause, forever strong,
The patriot's virtue, and the poet's song,
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay.

Yes, there are hearts, prophetic HOPE may trust,
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
Ordned to fire the adoring sons of earth
With every charm of wisdom and of worth ;

Ordained to light, with intellectual day,
 The mazy wheels of nature as they play,
 Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,
 And rival all but Shakspeare's name below.

And say, supernal Powers! who deeply scan
 Heaven's dark decrees, unfathomed yet by man,
 When shall the world call down, to cleanse her shame
 That embryo spirit, yet without a name,—
 That friend of Nature, whose avenging hands
 Shall burst the Libyan's adamantine bands! . . .
 Who, sternly marking on his native soil
 The blood, the tears, the anguish, and the toil,
 Shall bid each righteous heart exult, to see
 Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free! .

Yet, yet, degraded men! the expected day
 That breaks your bitter cup is far away;
 Trade, wealth and fashion, ask you still to bleed,
 And holy men give Scripture for the deed;
 Scourged, and debased, no Briton stoops to save
 A wretch, a coward; yes, because a slave! —

Eternal Nature! when thy giant hand
 Had heaved the floods, and fixed the trembling land,
 When life sprang startling at thy plastic call,
 Endless her forms, and man the lord of all!
 Say, was that lordly form inspired by thee,
 To wear eternal chains and bow the knee?
 Was man ordained the slave of man to toil,
 Yoked with the brutes, and fettered to the soil;
 Weighed in a tyrant's balance with his gold?
 No, Nature stamped us in a heavenly mould!
 She bade no wretch his thankless labor urge,
 Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge!

No homeless Libyan, on the stormy deep,
To call upon his country's name, and weep! —

Lo! once in triumph, on his boundless plain,
The quivered chief of Congo loved to reign;
With fires proportioned to his native sky,
Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye;
Scoured with wild feet his sun-illuminated zone,
The spear, the lion, and the woods, his own!
Or led the combat, bold without a plan,
An artless savage, but a fearless man!

The plunderer came; alas, no glory smiles
For Congo's chief, on yonder Indian Isles!
Forever fallen, no son of Nature now,
With Freedom chartered on his manly brow!
Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away,
And when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day
Starts, with a bursting heart, forevermore
To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore!

The shrill horn blew; at that alarum knell
His guardian angel took a last farewell!
That funeral dirge to darkness hath resigned
The fiery grandeur of a generous mind!
Poor fettered man! I hear thee whispering low
Unhallowed vows to Guilt, the child of Woe,
Friendless thy heart; and canst thou harbor there
A wish but death,—a passion but despair?

The widowed Indian, when her lord expires,
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral fires!
So falls the heart at Thralldom's bitter sigh!
So Virtue dies, the spouse of Liberty!

But not to Libya's barren climes alone,
To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone,

Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye,
Degraded worth, and poor misfortune's sigh! —
Ye orient realms, where Ganges' waters run!
Prolific fields, dominions of the sun!
How long your tribes have trembled and obeyed!
How long was Timour's iron sceptre swayed,
Whose marshalled hosts, the lions of the plain,
From Scythia's northern mountains to the main,
Raged o'er your plundered shrines and altars bare,
With blazing torch and gory cimitar, —
Stunned with the cries of death each gentle gale,
And bathed in blood the verdure of the vale!
Yet could no pangs the immortal spirit tame,
When Brama's children perished for his name;
The martyr smiled beneath avenging power,
And braved the tyrant in his torturing hour!

When Europe sought your subject realms to gain,
And stretched her giant sceptre o'er the main,
Taught her proud barks the winding way to shape,
And braved the stormy Spirit of the Cape;
Children of Brama, then was Mercy nigh
To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye?
Did Peace descend, to triumph and to save,
When freeborn Britons crossed the Indian wave?
Ah, no! — to more than Rome's ambition true,
The Nurse of Freedom gave it not to you!
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,
And, in the march of nations, led the van!

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,
And plunder piled from kingdoms not their own,
Degenerate trade, thy minions could despise
The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries;

Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming store,
While famished nations died along the shore ;
Could mock the groans of fellow-men, and bear
The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair ;
Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,
And barter, with their gold, eternal shame !

But hark ! as bowed to earth the Bramin kneels,
From heavenly climes propitious thunder peals !
Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,
Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,
And solemn sounds, that awe the listening mind,
Roll on the azure paths of every wind.

“ Foes of mankind ! (her guardian spirits say)
Revolving ages bring the bitter day,
When Heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,
And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew ;
Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurled
His awful presence o'er the alarmed world ;
Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,
Convulsive trembled, as the Mighty came ;
Nine times hath suffering Mercy spared in vain,—
But heaven shall burst her starry gates again !
He comes ! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky
With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high,
Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm !
Wide waves his flickering sword ; his bright arms glow
Like summer suns, and light the world below !
Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed,
Are shook ; and Nature rocks beneath his tread !

“ To pour redress on India's injured realm,
The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm ;

To chase destruction from her plundered shore
With arts and arms that triumphed once before,
The tenth Avatar comes ! at Heaven's command
Shall Seriswattee wave her hallowed wand !
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,
Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime ! —
Come, Heavenly Powers ! primeval peace restore !
Love ! — Mercy ! — Wisdom ! — rule forevermore ! ”

PART THE SECOND.

ANALYSIS OF PART II.

APOSTROPHE to the power of Love—its intimate connection with generous and social Sensibility—allusion to that beautiful passage, in the beginning of the Book of Genesis, which represents the happiness of Paradise itself incomplete till love was superadded to its other blessings—the dreams of future felicity which a lively imagination is apt to cherish, when Hope is animated by refined attachment,—this disposition to combine, in one imaginary scene of residence, all that is pleasing in our estimate of happiness, compared to the skill of the great artist who personified perfect beauty, in the picture of Venus, by an assemblage of the most beautiful features he could find—a summer and winter evening described, as they may be supposed to arise in the mind of one who wishes, with enthusiasm, for the union of friendship and retirement.

Hope and Imagination inseparable agents—even in those contemplative moments when our imagination wanders beyond the boundaries of this world, our minds are not unattended with an impression that we shall some day have a wider and more distinct prospect of the universe, instead of the partial glimpse we now enjoy.

The last and most sublime influence of Hope is the concluding topic of the poem—the predominance of a belief in a future state over the terrors attendant on dissolution—the baneful influence of that sceptical philosophy which bars us from such comforts—allusion to the fate of a suicide—Episode of Conrad and Ellenore—conclusion.

PART II.

IN joyous youth, what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
Who hath not paused while Beauty's pensive eye
Asked from his heart the homage of a sigh?
Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow;
There be, whose loveless wisdom never failed,
In self-adoring pride securely mailed;—
But, triumph not, ye peace-enamored few!
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you!
For you no fancy consecrates the scene
Where rapture uttered vows, and wept between;
'T is yours, unmoved, to sever and to meet;
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet!

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead?
No; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy!
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
O, what were man?—a world without a sun.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!

In vain the viewless seraph lingering there,
At starry midnight charmed the silent air ;
In vain the wild-bird carolled on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep ;
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Aërial notes in mingling measure played ;
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee ; —
Still slowly passed the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray.
The world was sad ; the garden was a wild !
And man, the hermit, sighed, till woman smiled !

True, the sad power to generous hearts may bring
Delirious anguish on his fiery wing ;
Barred from delight by Fate's untimely hand,
By wealthless lot, or pitiless command ;
Or doomed to gaze on beauties that adorn
The smile of triumph or the frown of scorn ;
While Memory watches o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew ;
Peace may depart, and life and nature seem
A barren path, a wildness, and a dream !

But can the noble mind forever brood,
The willing victim of a weary mood,
On heartless cares that squander life away,
And cloud young Genius brightening into day ?
Shame to the coward thought that e'er betrayed
The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade !
If HOPE's creative spirit cannot raise
One trophy sacred to thy future days,
Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy shrine,
Of hopeless love to murmur and repine !

But, should a sigh of milder mood express
Thy heart-warm wishes, true to happiness,
Should Heaven's fair Harbinger delight to pour
Her blissful visions on thy pensive hour,
No tear to blot thy memory's pictured page,
No fears but such as fancy can assuage ;
Though thy wild heart some hapless hour may miss
The peaceful tenor of unvaried bliss
(For love pursues an ever-devious race,
True to the winding lineaments of grace) ;
Yet still may HOPE her talisman employ
To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy,
And all her kindred energies impart,
That burn the brightest in the purest heart.

When first the Rhodian's mimic art arrayed
The queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,
The happy master mingled on his piece
Each look that charmed him in the fair of Greece.
To faultless Nature true, he stole a grace
From every finer form and sweeter face ;
And as he sojourned on the Ægean isles, -
Woody all their love, and treasured all their smiles !
Then glowed the tints, pure, precious, and refined,
And mortal charms seemed heavenly when combined ;
Love on the picture smiled ! Expression poured
Her mingling spirit there, and Greece adored !

So thy fair hand, enamored Fancy, gleans
The treasured pictures of a thousand scenes ;
Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,
With Peace embosomed in Idalian bowers ;

Remote from busy Life's bewildered way,
O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway;
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,
With hermit steps to wander and adore!
There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,
And muse on Nature with a poet's eye!—
And when the sun's last splendor lights the deep,
The woods and waves, and murmuring winds asleep,
When fairy harps the Hesperian planet hail,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green;
No circling hills his ravished eye to bound,
Heaven, Earth and Ocean, blazing all around.

The moon is up,—the watch-tower dimly burns,—
And down the vale his sober step returns;
But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away;
And oft he lingers from his home a while
To watch the dying notes, and start, and smile!

Let Winter come, let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep!
Though boundless snows the withered heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm,
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day;
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chained waters slumbering on the shore,

How bright the fagots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall !

How blest he names, in Love's familiar tone,
The kind fair friend, by nature marked his own ;
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since when her empire o'er his heart began,
Since first he called her his before the holy man !

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
And light the wintry paradise of home ;
And let the half-uncurtained window hail
Some way-worn man benighted in the vale !
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,
While fiery hosts in Heaven's wide circle play,
And bathe in lurid light the milky-way,
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour,—
With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,
A generous tear of anguish, or a smile,—
Thy woes, Arion, and thy simple tale,
O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail !
Charmed as they read the verse too sadly true,
How gallant Albert, and his weary crew,
Heaved all their guns, their foundering bark to save,
And toiled, and shrieked, and perished on the wave !

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep ;
There on his funeral waters, dark and wild,
The dying father blessed his darling child ;
O, Mercy, shield her innocence ! he cried,
Spent on the prayer his bursting heart, and died !

Or they will learn how generous worth sublimes
The robber Moor, and pleads for all his crimes !
How poor Amelia kissed, with many a tear,
His hand, blood-stained, but ever, ever dear !
Hung on the tortured bosom of her lord,
And wept and prayed perdition from his sword !
Nor sought in vain — at that heart-piercing cry
The strings of Nature cracked with agony !
He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurled,
And burst the ties that bound him to the world !
Turn from his dying words, that smite with steel
The shuddering thoughts, or wind them on the wheel —
Turn to the gentler melodies that suit
Thalia's harp, or Pan's Arcadian lute ;
Or, down the stream of Truth's historic page,
From clime to clime descend, from age to age !

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes obtrude
Than Fancy fashions in her wildest mood ;
There shall he pause, with horrent brow, to rate
What millions died — that Cæsar might be great !
Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,
Marched by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore ;
Faint in his wounds, and shivering in the blast,
The Swedish soldier sunk — and groaned his last !
File after file the stormy showers benumb,
Freeze every standard-sheet, and hush the drum !
Horseman and horse confessed the bitter pang,
And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang !
Yet, ere he sunk in Nature's last repose,
Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,
The dying man to Sweden turned his eye,
Thought of his home, and closed it with a sigh

Imperial Pride looked sullen on his plight,
And Charles beheld — nor shuddered at the sight !

Above, below, in Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
Thy fairy worlds, Imagination, lie,
And HOPE attends, companion of the way,
Thy dream by night, thy visions of the day !
In yonder pensile orb, and every sphere
That gems the starry girdle of the year —
In those unmeasured worlds, she bids thee tell,
Pure from their God, created millions dwell,
Whose names and natures, unrevealed below,
We yet shall learn, and wonder as we know ;
For, as Iona's saint, a giant form,
Throned on her towers, conversing with the storm
(When o'er each Runic altar, weed-entwined,
The vesper-clock tolls mournful to the wind),
Counts every wave-worn isle, and mountain hoar,
From Kilda to the green Ierne's shore ;
So, when thy pure and renovated mind
This perishable dust hath left behind,
Thy seraph eye shall count the starry train,
Like distant isles embosomed in the main ;
Rapt to the shrine where motion first began,
And light and life in mingling torrent ran ;
From whence each bright rotundity was hurled,
The throne of God — the centre of the world !

O, vainly wise, the moral Muse hath sung
That suasive HOPE hath but a Siren tongue !
True ; she may sport with life's untutored day,
Nor heed the solace of its last decay,
The guileless heart her happy mansion spurn,
And part, like Ajut — never to return !

But yet, methinks, when Wisdom shall assuage
The grief and passions of our greener age,
Though dull the close of life, and far away
Each flower that hailed the dawning of the day;
Yet o'er her lovely hopes, that once were dear,
The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe,
With milder griefs her aged eye shall fill,
And weep their falsehood, though she loves them still!

Thus, with forgiving tears, and reconciled,
The King of Judah mourned his rebel child!
Musing on days when yet the guiltless boy
Smiled on his sire, and filled his heart with joy;
My Absalom! the voice of Nature cried,
O, that for thee thy father could have died!
For bloody was the deed, and rashly done,
That slew my Absalom! — my son! — my son!

Unfading HOPE! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul and dust to dust return,
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
O, then thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day —
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phoenix spirit burns within!

O, deep-enchancing prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds, untravelled by the sun!
Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run,

From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
'T is Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud !
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust ;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and called upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss !

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb !
Melt and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul !
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day !
The strife is o'er — the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark ! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heaven, undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds, that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody ;
Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still
Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill !

Soul of the just ! companion of the dead !
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled ?
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose ;
Doomed on his airy path a while to burn,
And doomed, like thee, to travel and return.

Hark ! from the world's exploding centre driven,
With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels, and adamantine car ;
From planet whirled to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought ;
But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun !
So hath the traveller of earth unfurled
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world ;
And o'er the path by mortal never trod
Sprung to her source — the bosom of her God !

O, lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind ;
Who, mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss ?
There live, alas ! of heaven-directed mien,
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, Man ! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower ;
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life and momentary fire
Light to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm ;
And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To night and silence sink forevermore !

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?
Is this your triumph — this your proud applause,
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?
For this hath Science searched, on weary wing,
By shore and sea, each mute and living thing!
Launched with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?
Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
And wheeled in triumph through the signs of Heaven,
O, star-eyed Science! hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!
Ah me! the laurelled wreath that Murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the sceptic head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I smile on death, if heaven-ward HOPE remain!
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If Chance awaked, inexorable power,
This frail and feverish being of an hour;
Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep a little while;
Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!

Truth, ever lovely,—since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—
How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing Virtue, pillowed on the heart !
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder rolled,
And that were true which Nature never told,
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquered field,
No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed !
O, let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate ;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in !

And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay,
Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay.
Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale,
It darkly hints a melancholy tale !
There, as the homeless madman sits alone,
In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan ;
And there, they say, a wizard orgie crowds,
When the moon lights her watch-tower in the clouds.
Poor lost Alonzo ! Fate's neglected child !
Mild be the doom of Heaven —as thou wert mild !
For, O ! thy heart in holy mould was cast,
And all thy deeds were blameless but the last.
Poor lost Alonzo ! still I seem to hear
The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier !
When Friendship paid, in speechless sorrow drowned,
Thy midnight rites, but not on hallowed ground !

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave, O, leave the light of HOPE behind !
What though my wingéd hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between,

Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm — when pleasures lose the power to please !
Yes ; let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee :
Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea —
Mirth, Music, Friendship, Love's propitious smile,
Chase every care, and charm a little while,
Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,
And all her strings are harmonized to joy ! —
But why so short is Love's delighted hour ?
Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flower ?
Why can no hymned charm of music heal
The sleepless woes impassioned spirits feel ?
Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create,
To hide the sad realities of fate ? —

No ! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,
Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school,
Have power to soothe, unaided and alone,
The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone !
When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls,
Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls ;
When, ' reft of all, yon widowed sire appears
A lonely hermit in the vale of years ;
Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow
To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Woe ?
No ! but a brighter soothes the last adieu, —
Souls of impassioned mould, she speaks to you !
Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain,
Congenial spirits part to meet again !

What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,
What sorrow choked thy long and last adieu !
Daughter of Conrad ? when he heard his knell,
And bade his country and his child farewell,

Doomed the long isles of Sidney-cove to see,
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee?
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice returned, to bless thee, and to part;
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmured low
The plaint that owned unutterable woe;
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathomed gloom,
Lured his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time!

"And weep not thus," he cried, "young Ellenore,
My bosom bleeds; but soon shall bleed no more!
Short shall this half-extinguished spirit burn,
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return!
But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,
The immortal ties of Nature shall expire;
These shall resist the triumph of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away!
Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once shall never die!
That spark unburied in its mortal frame,
With living light, eternal, and the same,
Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,
Unveiled by darkness — unassuaged by tears!

"Yet, on the barren shore and stormy deep,
One tedious watch is Conrad doomed to weep;
But when I gain the home without a friend,
And press the uneasy couch where none attend,
This last embrace, still cherished in my heart,
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part!
Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,
And hush the groan of life's last agony!

“Farewell ! when strangers lift thy father’s bier,
And place my nameless stone without a tear ;
When each returning pledge hath told my child
That Conrad’s tomb is on the desert piled ;
And when the dream of troubled Fancy sees
Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze ;
Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is o’er ?
Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore ?
Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,
Scorned by the world, to factious guilt allied ?
Ah ! no ; methinks the generous and the good
Will woo thee from the shades of solitude !
O’er friendless grief Compassion shall awake,
And smile on innocence, for Mercy’s sake !”

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
The tears of Love were hopeless, but for thee !
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell,
If Fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart ?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restored a while in every pleasing dream ?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,
By artless friendship blessed when life was new ?

Eternal HOPE ! when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began — but not to fade. —
When all the sister planets have decayed ;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven’s last thunder shakes the world below ;
Thou, undismayed, shalt o’er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature’s funeral pile !

THEODRIC ;

A DOMESTIC TALE.

'T WAS sunset, and the Ranz des Vaches was sung,
And lights were o'er the Helvetian mountains flung,
That gave the glacier tops their richest glow,
And tinged the lakes like molten gold below :
Warmth flushed the wonted regions of the storm,
Where, Phoenix-like, you saw the eagle's form
That high in Heaven's vermilion wheeled and soared,
Woods nearer frowned, and cataracts dashed and roared
From heights browsed by the bounding bouquetin ;
Herds tinkling roamed the long-drawn vales between,
And hamlets glittered white, and gardens flourished green :
'T was transport to inhale the bright sweet air !
The mountain-bee was revelling in its glare,
And roving with his minstrelsy across
The scented wild weeds, and enamelled moss.
Earth's features so harmoniously were linked,
She seemed one great glad form, with life instinct,
That felt Heaven's ardent breath, and smiled below
Its flush of love, with consentaneous glow.

A Gothic church was near ; the spot around
Was beautiful, even though sepulchral ground ;
For there nor yew nor cypress spread their gloom,
But roses blossomed by each rustic tomb.

Amidst them one of spotless marble shone, —
A maiden's grave, — and 't was inscribed thereon,
That young and loved she died whose dust was there :

“Yes,” said my comrade, “young she died, and fair !
Grace formed her, and the soul of gladness played
Once in the blue eyes of that mountain-maid :
Her fingers witched the chords they passed along,
And her lips seemed to kiss the soul in song :
Yet wooed and worshipped as she was, till few
Aspired to hope, 't was sadly, strangely true,
That heart, the martyr of its fondness, burned,
And died of love that could not be returned.

Her father dwelt where yonder castle shines
O'er clustering trees and terrace-mantling vines :
As gay as ever, the laburnum's pride
Waves o'er each walk where she was wont to glide, —
And still the garden whence she graced her brow
As lovely blooms, though trode by strangers now.
How oft, from yonder window o'er the lake,
Her song of wild Helvetian swell and shake
Has made the rudest fisher bend his ear,
And rest enchanted on his oar to hear !
Thus bright, accomplished, spirited, and bland,
Well-born, and wealthy for that simple land,
Why had no gallant native youth the art
To win so warm — so exquisite a heart ?
She, 'midst these rocks inspired with feelings strong
By mountain-freedom — music — fancy — song,
Herself descended from the brave in arms,
And conscious of romance-inspiring charms,
Dreamt of heroic beings ; hoped to find
Some extant spirit of chivalric kind ;

And, scorning wealth, looked cold even on the claim
Of manly worth, that lacked the wreath of fame.

Her younger brother, sixteen summers old,
And much her likeness both in mind and mould,
Had gone, poor boy ! in soldiership to shine,
And bore an Austrian banner on the Rhine.

'T was when, alas ! our empire's evil star
Shed all the plagues, without the pride, of war;
When patriots bled, and bitterer anguish crossed
Our brave, to die in battles foully lost.
The youth wrote home the rout of many a day ;
Yet still he said, and still with truth could say,
One corps had ever made a valiant stand,—
The corps in which he served,—THEODRIC'S band.
His fame, forgotten chief ! is now gone by,
Eclipsed by brighter orbs in Glory's sky ;
Yet once it shone, and veterans, when they show
Our fields of battle twenty years ago,
Will tell you feats his small brigade performed,
In charges nobly faced and trenches stormed.
Time was when songs were chanted to his fame,
And soldiers loved the march that bore his name :
The zeal of martial hearts was at his call,
And that Helvetian's, UDOLPH'S, most of all.
'T was touching, when the storm of war blew wild,
To see a blooming boy — almost a child —
Spur fearless at his leader's words and signs,
Brave death in reconnoitring hostile lines,
And speed each task, and tell each message clear,
In scenes where war-trained men were stunned with fear.

THEODRIC praised him, and they wept for joy
In yonder house, when letters from the boy

Thanked Heaven for life, and more, to use his phrase,
Than twenty lives — his own commander's praise.
Then followed glowing pages, blazoning forth
The fancied image of his leader's worth,
With such hyperboles of youthful style
As made his parents dry their tears and smile :
But differently far his words impressed
A wondering sister's well-believing breast ; —
She caught the illusion, blessed THEODRIC'S name
And wildly magnified his worth and fame ;
Rejoicing life's reality contained
One heretofore her fancy had but feigned,
Whose love could make her proud ! — and time and chance
To passion raised that day-dream of Romance.

Once, when with hasty charge of horse and man
Our arrière-guard had checked the Gallic van,
THEODRIC, visiting the outposts, found
His UDOLPH wounded, weltering on the ground :
Sore crushed, half-swooning, half-upraised he lay,
And bent his brow, fair boy ! and grasped the clay.
His fate moved even the common soldier's ruth —
THEODRIC succored him ; nor left the youth
To vulgar hands, but brought him to his tent,
And lent what aid a brother would have lent.

Meanwhile, to save his kindred half the smart
The war-gazette's dread blood-roll might impart,
He wrote the event to them ; and soon could tell
Of pains assuaged and symptoms auguring well ;
And last of all, prognosticating cure,
Enclosed the leech's vouching signature.

Their answers, on whose pages you might note
That tears had fallen whilst trembling fingers wrote,

Gave boundless thanks for benefits conferred,
Of which the boy, in secret, sent them word,
Whose memory Time, they said, would never blot;
But which the giver had himself forgot.

In time, the stripling, vigorous and healed,
Resumed his barb and banner in the field,
And bore himself right soldier-like, till now
The third campaign had manlier bronzed his brow,
When peace, though but a scanty pause for breath,—
A curtain-drop between the acts of death,—
A check in frantic war's unfinished game,
Yet dearly bought, and direly welcome, came.
The camp broke up, and UDOLPH left his chief
As with a son's or younger brother's grief;
But journeying home, how rapt his spirits rose!
How light his footsteps crushed St. Gothard's snows!
How dear seemed even the waste and wild Shreckhorn,
Though wrapt in clouds, and frowning as in scorn
Upon a downward world of pastoral charms;
Where, by the very smell of dairy-farms,
And fragrance from the mountain-herbage blown,
Blindfold his native hills he could have known!

His coming down yon lake,— his boat in view
Of windows where love's fluttering kerchief flew,—
The arms spread out for him—the tears that burst —
('T was JULIA'S, 't was his sister's, met him first);
Their pride to see war's medal at his breast,
And all their rapture's greeting, may be guessed.

Ere long, his bosom triumphed to unfold
A gift he meant their gayest room to hold,—
The picture of a friend in warlike dress;
And who it was he first bade JULIA guess.

'Yes,' she replied, 't was he, methought in sleep,
When you were wounded, told me not to weep.'
The painting long in that sweet mansion drew
Regards its living semblance little knew.

Meanwhile THEODRIC, who had years before
Learnt England's tongue, and loved her classic lore,
A glad enthusiast now explored the land,
Where Nature, Freedom, Art, smile hand in hand ;
Her women fair ; her men robust for toil ;
Her vigorous souls, high-cultured as her soil ;
Her towns, where civic independence flings
The gauntlet down to senates, courts, and kings ;
Her works of art, resembling magic's powers ;
Her mighty fleets, and learning's beauteous bowers,--
These he had visited, with wonder's smile,
And scarce endured to quit so fair an isle.
But how our fates from unmomentous things
May rise, like rivers out of little springs !
A trivial chance postponed his parting day,
And public tidings caused, in that delay,
An English Jubilee. 'T was a glorious sight !
At eve stupendous London, clad in light,
Poured out triumphant multitudes to gaze ;
Youth, age, wealth, penury, smiling in the blaze ;
The illumined atmosphere was warm and bland,
And Beauty's groups, the fairest of the land,
Conspicuous, as in some wide festive room,
In open chariots passed with pearl and plume.
Amidst them he remarked a lovelier mien
Than e'er his thoughts had shaped, or eyes had seen ;
The throng detained her till he reined his steed,
And, ere the beauty passed, had time to read

The motto and the arms her carriage bore.
Led by that clue, he left not England's shore
Till he had known her ; and to know her well
Prolonged, exalted, bound, enchantment's spell ;
For with affections warm, intense, refined,
She mixed such calm and holy strength of mind,
That, like Heaven's image in the smiling brook,
Celestial peace was pictured in her look.
Hers was the brow, in trials unperplexed,
That cheered the sad, and tranquillized the vexed ;
She studied not the meanest to eclipse,
And yet the wisest listened to her lips ;
She sang not, knew not Music's magic skill,
But yet her voice had tones that swayed the will.
He sought — he won her — and resolved to make
His future home in England, for her sake.

Yet, ere they wedded, matters of concern
To CÆSAR'S court commanded his return,
A season's space,—and on his Alpine way,
He reached those bowers, that rang with joy that day
The boy was half beside himself,—the sire,
All frankness, honor, and Helvetian fire,
Of speedy parting would not hear him speak ;
And tears bedewed and brightened JULIA'S cheek.

Thus, loth to wound their hospitable pride,
A month he promised with them to abide ;
As blithe he trod the mountain-sward as they,
And felt his joy make even the young more gay.
How jocund was their breakfast-parlor, fanned
By yon blue water's breath,—their walks how bland.
Fair JULIA seemed her brother's softened sprite —
A gem reflecting Nature's purest light,—

And with her graceful wit there was inwrought
A wildly sweet unworldliness of thought,
That almost child-like to his kindness drew,
And twin with UDOLPH in his friendship grew.
But did his thoughts to love one moment range? —
No, he who had loved CONSTANCE could not change!
Besides, till grief betrayed her undesigned,
The unlikely thought could scarcely reach his mind,
That eyes so young on years like his should beam
Unwooded devotion back for pure esteem.

True she sang to his very soul, and brought
Those trains before him of luxuriant thought,
Which only Music's heaven-born art can bring,
To sweep across the mind with angel wing.
Once, as he smiled amidst that waking trance,
She paused o'ercome, he thought it might be chance,
And, when his first suspicions dimly stole,
Rebuked them back like phantoms from his soul.
But when he saw his caution gave her pain,
And kindness brought suspense's rack again,
Faith, honor, friendship, bound him to unmask
Truths which her timid fondness feared to ask.

And yet with gracefully ingenuous power
Her spirit met the explanatory hour; —
Even conscious beauty brightened in her eyes,
That told she knew their love no vulgar prize;
And pride like that of one more woman-grown,
Enlarged her mien, enriched her voice's tone.
'T was then she struck the keys, and music made
That mocked all skill her hand had e'er displayed.
Inspired and warbling, rapt from things around,
She looked the very Muse of magic sound,

Painting in sound the forms of joy and woe,
Until the mind's eye saw them melt and glow.
Her closing strain composed and calm she played,
And sang no words to give its pathos aid ;
But grief seemed lingering in its lengthened swell,
And like so many tears the trickling touches fell.
Of CONSTANCE then she heard THEODRIC speak,
And steadfast smoothness still possessed her cheek.
But when he told her how he oft had planned
Of old a journey to their mountain-land,
That might have brought him hither years before,
' Ah, then,' she cried, ' you knew not England's shore !
And had you come — and wherefore did you not ? '
' Yes,' he replied, ' it would have changed our lot ! '
Then burst her tears through pride's restraining bands,
And with her handkerchief, and both her hands,
She hid her voice and wept. — Contrition stung
THEODRIC for the tears his words had wrung.
' But no,' she cried, ' unsay not what you 've said,
Nor grudge one prop on which my pride is stayed ;
To think I could have merited your faith
Shall be my solace even unto death ! '
' JULIA,' THEODRIC said, with purposed look
Of firmness, ' my reply deserved rebuke ;
But, by your pure and sacred peace of mind,
And by the dignity of womankind,
Swear that when I am gone you 'll do your best
To chase this dream of fondness from your breast.'

The abrupt appeal electrified her thought ; —
She looked to Heaven as if its aid she sought,
Dried hastily the tear-drops from her cheek,
And signified the vow she could not speak.

Ere long he communed with her mother mild ;
' Alas,' she said, ' I warned — conjured my child,
And grieved for this affection from the first,
But like fatality it has been nursed ;
For when her filled eyes on your picture fixed,
And when your name in all she spoke was mixed,
'T was hard to chide an over-grateful mind !
Then each attempt a likelier choice to find
Made only fresh-rejected suitors grieve,
And UDOLPH'S pride — perhaps her own — believe
That, could she meet, she might enchant even you.
You came. — I augured the event, 't is true,
But how was UDOLPH'S mother to exclude
The guest that claimed our boundless gratitude ?
And that unconscious you had cast a spell
On JULIA'S peace, my pride refused to tell ;
Yet in my child's illusion I have seen,
Believe me well, how blameless you have been ;
Nor can it cancel, howsoe'er it end,
Our debt of friendship to our boy's best friend.'
At night he parted with the aged pair ;
At early morn rose JULIA to prepare
The last repast her hands for him should make :
And UDOLPH to convoy him o'er the lake.
The parting was to her such bitter grief,
That of her own accord she made it brief ;
But, lingering at her window, long surveyed
His boat's last glimpses melting into shade.
THEODRIC sped to Austria, and achieved
His journey's object. Much was he relieved
When UDOLPH'S letters told that JULIA'S mind
Had borne his loss firm, tranquil, and resigned.

He took the Rhenish route to England, high,
Elate with hopes, fulfilled their ecstasy,
And interchanged with CONSTANCE'S own breath
The sweet eternal vows that bound their faith.

To paint that being to a grovelling mind
Were like portraying pictures to the blind.
'T was needful even infectiously to feel
Her temper's fond and firm and gladsome zeal,
To share existence with her, and to gain
Sparks from her love's electrifying chain
Of that pure pride, which, lessening to her breast
Life's ills, gave all its joys a treble zest,
Before the mind completely understood
That mighty truth—how happy are the good!

Even when her light forsook him, it bequeathed
Ennobling sorrow; and her memory breathed
A sweetness that survived her living days,
As odorous scents outlast the censer's blaze.

Or, if a trouble dimmed their golden joy,
'T was outward dross, and not infused alloy;
Their home knew but affection's looks and speech—
A little Heaven, above dissension's reach.
But 'midst her kindred there were strife and gall;
Save one congenial sister, they were all
Such foils to her bright intellect and grace,
As if she had engrossed the virtue of her race.
Her nature strove the unnatural feuds to heal,
Her wisdom made the weak to her appeal;
And, though the wounds she cured were soon unclosed,
Unwearied still her kindness interposed.

Oft on those errands though she went in vain,
And home, a blank without her, gave him pain,

He bore her absence for its pious end.
But public grief his spirit came to bend;
For war laid waste his native land once more,
And German honor bled at every pore.
O, were he there, he thought, to rally back
One broken band, or perish in the wrack !
Nor think that CONSTANCE sought to move and melt
His purpose; like herself she spoke and felt :—
' Your fame is mine, and I will bear all woe
Except its loss ! — but with you let me go
To arm you for, to embrace you from, the fight,
Harm will not reach me — hazards will delight !
He knew those hazards better; one campaign
In England he conjured her to remain,
And she expressed assent, although her heart
In secret had resolved *they* should not part.

How oft the wisest on misfortune's shelves
Are wrecked by errors most unlike themselves !
That little fault, *that* fraud of love's romance,
That plan's concealment, wrought their whole mischance.
He knew it not preparing to embark,
But felt extinct his comfort's latest spark,
When, 'midst those numbered days, she made repair
Again to kindred worthless of her care.
'T is true she said the tidings she would write
Would make her absence on his heart sit light .
But, haplessly, revealed not yet her plan,
And left him in his home a lonely man.

Thus damped in thoughts, he mused upon the past;
'T was long since he had heard from UDOLPH last,
And deep misgivings on his spirit fell
That all with UDOLPH's household was not well.

'T was that too true prophetic mood of fear
That augurs griefs inevitably near,
Yet makes them not less startling to the mind
When come. Least looked-for then of human kind
His UDOLPH ('t was, he thought at first, his sprite),
With mournful joy that morn surprised his sight.
How changed was UDOLPH! Scarce THEODRIC durst
Inquire his tidings,— he revealed the worst.
' At first,' he said, ' as JULIA bade me tell,
She bore her fate high-mindedly and well,
Resolved from common eyes her grief to hide,
And from the world's compassion saved our pride;
But still her health gave way to secret woe,
And long she pined — for broken hearts die slow!
Her reason went, but came, returning like
The warning of her death-hour — soon to strike;
And all for which she now, poor sufferer! sighs,
Is once to see THEODRIC ere she dies.
Why should I come to tell you this caprice?
Forgive me! for my mind has lost its peace.
I blame myself, and ne'er shall cease to blame,
That my insane ambition for the name
Of brother to THEODRIC founded all
Those high-built hopes that crushed her by their fall.
I made her slight her mother's counsel sage,
But now my parents droop with grief and age;
And, though my sister's eyes mean no rebuke,
They overwhelm me with their dying look.
The journey's long, but you are full of ruth;
And she who shares your heart, and knows its truth,
Has faith in your affection far above
The fear of a poor dying object's love.'

'She has, my UDOLPH,' he replied, 't is true;
And oft we talk of JULIA — oft of you.'
Their converse came abruptly to a close;
For scarce could each his troubled looks compose,
When visitants, to CONSTANCE near akin
(In all but traits of soul), were ushered in.
They brought not her, nor 'midst their kindred band
The sister who alone, like her, was bland;
But said — and smiled to see it give him pain —
That CONSTANCE would a fortnight yet remain.
Vexed by their tidings, and the haughty view
They cast on UDOLPH as the youth withdrew,
THEODRIC blamed his CONSTANCE's intent.—
The demons went, and left him as they went
To read, when they were gone beyond recall,
A note from her loved hand explaining all.
She said that with their house she only staid
That parting peace might with them all be made;
But prayed for love to share his foreign life,
And shun all future chance of kindred strife.
He wrote with speed, his soul's consent to say:
The letter missed her on her homeward way.
In six hours CONSTANCE was within his arms:
Moved, flushed, unlike her wonted calm of charms,
And breathless, with uplifted hands outspread,
Burst into tears upon his neck, and said,—
'I knew that those who brought your message laughed,
With poison of their own to point the shaft;
And this my one kind sister thought, yet loth
Confessed she feared 't was true you had been wroth.
But here you are, and smile on me; my pain
Is gone, and CONSTANCE is herself again.'

His ecstasy, it may be guessed, was much ;
Yet pain's extreme and pleasure's seemed to touch.
What pride ! embracing beauty's perfect mould ;
What terror ! lest his few rash words mistold
Had agonized her pulse to fever's heat ;
But calmed again so soon it healthful beat,
And such sweet tones were in her voice's sound,
Composed herself, she breathed composure round.

Fair being ! with what sympathetic grace
She heard, bewailed and pleaded, JULIA'S case ;
Implored he would her dying wish attend,
'And go,' she said, 'to-morrow with your friend ;
I'll wait for your return on England's shore,
And then we'll cross the deep, and part no more.'

To-morrow both his soul's compassion drew
To JULIA'S call, and CONSTANCE urged anew
That not to heed her now would be to bind
A load of pain for life upon his mind.
He went with UDOLPH — from his CONSTANCE went —
Stifling, alas ! a dark presentiment
Some ailment lurked, even whilst she smiled, to mock
His fears of harm from yester-morning's shock.
Meanwhile a faithful page he singled out,
To watch at home, and follow straight his route,
If aught of threatened change her health should show
— With UDOLPH then he reached the house of woe.

That winter's eve, how darkly Nature's brow
Scowled on the scenes it lights so lovely now !
The tempest, raging o'er the realms of ice,
Shook fragments from the rifted precipice ;
And whilst their falling echoed to the wind,
The wolf's long howl in dismal discord joined.

While white yon water's foam was raised in clouds
That whirled like spirits wailing in their shrouds :
Without was Nature's elemental din —

And beauty died, and friendship wept, within !

Sweet JULIA, though her fate was finished half,
Still knew him — smiled on him with feeble laugh —
And blessed him, till she drew her latest sigh !

But, lo ! while UDOLPH's bursts of agony,
And age's tremulous wailings, round him rose,
What accents pierced him deeper yet than those !

'T was tidings, by his English messenger,
Of CONSTANCE — brief and terrible they were.

She still was living when the page set out
From home, but whether now was left in doubt.

Poor JULIA ! saw he then thy death's relief —
Stunned into stupor more than wrung with grief ?

It was not strange ; for in the human breast

Two master-passions cannot coëxist,

And that alarm which now usurped his brain

Shut out not only peace, but other pain.

'T was fancying CONSTANCE underneath the shroud

That covered JULIA made him first weep loud,

And tear himself away from them that wept.

Fast hurrying homeward, night nor day he slept,

Till, launched at sea, he dreamt that his soul's saint

Clung to him on a bridge of ice, pale, faint,

O'er cataracts of blood. Awake, he blessed

The shore ; nor hope left utterly his breast,

Till, reaching home, terrific omen ! there

The straw-laid street preluded his despair —

The servant's look — the table that revealed

His letter sent to CONSTANCE last, still sealed,—

Though speech and hearing left him, told too clear
That he had now to suffer — not to fear.
He felt as if he ne'er should cease to feel —
A wretch live-broken on misfortune's wheel :
Her death's cause — he might make his peace with Heaven,
Absolved from guilt, but never self-forgiven.

The ocean has its ebbings — so has grief ;
'T was vent to anguish, if 't was not relief,
To lay his brow even on her death-cold cheek.
Then first he heard her one kind sister speak :
She bade him, in the name of Heaven, forbear
With self-reproach to deepen his despair :

'T was blame,' she said, ' I shudder to relate,
But none of yours, that caused our darling's fate ;
Her mother (must I call her such ?) foresaw,
Should CONSTANCE leave the land, she would withdraw
Our House's charm against the world's neglect —
The only gem that drew it some respect.
Hence, when you went, she came and vainly spoke
To change her purpose — grew incensed, and broke
With execrations from her kneeling child.
Start not ! your angel from her knee rose mild,
Feared that she should not long the scene outlive,
Yet bade even you the unnatural one forgive.
Till then her ailment had been slight, or none ;
But fast she drooped, and fatal pains came on :
Foreseeing their event, she dictated
And signed these words for you.' The letter said —

'THEODRIC, this is destiny above
Our power to baffle ; bear it, then, my love !
Rave not to learn the usage I have borne,
For one true sister left me not forlorn ;

And though you're absent in another land,
Sent from me by my own well-meant command,
Your soul, I know, as firm is knit to mine
As these clasped hands in blessing you now join :
Shape not imagined horrors in my fate —
Even now my sufferings are not very great ;
And when your grief's first transports shall subside,
I call upon your strength of soul and pride
To pay my memory, if 'tis worth the debt,
Love's glorying tribute — not forlorn regret :
I charge my name with power to conjure up
Reflection's balmy, not its bitter cup.
My pardoning angel, at the gates of Heaven,
Shall look not more regard than you have given
To me ; and our life's union has been clad
In smiles of bliss as sweet as life e'er had.
Shall gloom be from such bright remembrance cast ?
Shall bitterness outflow from sweetness past ?
No ! imaged in the sanctuary of your breast,
There let me smile, amidst high thoughts at rest ;
And let contentment on your spirit shine,
As if its peace were still a part of mine :
For, if you war not proudly with your pain,
For you I shall have worse than lived in vain.
But I conjure your manliness to bear
My loss with noble spirit — not despair ;
I ask you by our love to promise this,
And kiss these words, where I have left a kiss —
The latest from my living lips for yours.' —

Words that will solace him while life endures :
For though his spirit from affliction's surge
Could ne'er to life, as life had been, emerge,

Yet still that mind whose harmony elate
Rang sweetness, even beneath the crush of fate,—
That mind in whose regard all things were placed
In views that softened them, or lights that graced,
That soul's example could not but dispense
A portion of its own blessed influence;
Invoking him to peace and that self-sway
Which Fortune cannot give, nor take away:
And though he mourned her long, 'twas with such woe
As if her spirit watched him still below."

TRANSLATIONS.

MARTIAL ELEGY.

FROM THE GREEK OF TYRTÆUS.

How glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand,
In front of battle for their native land !
But, O ! what ills await the wretch that yields,
A recreant outcast from his country's fields !
The mother whom he loves shall quit her home,
An aged father at his side shall roam ;
His little ones shall weeping with him go,
And a young wife participate his woe ;
While, scorned and scowled upon by every face,
They pine for food, and beg from place to place.

Stain of his breed, dishonoring manhood's form,
All ills shall cleave to him :— Affliction's storm
Shall blind him wandering in the vale of years,
Till, lost to all but ignominious fears,
He shall not blush to leave a recreant's name,
And children, like himself, inured to shame.

But we will combat for our fathers' land,
And we will drain the life-blood where we stand,
To save our children :— fight ye side by side,
And serried close, ye men of youthful pride,

Disdaining fear, and deeming light the cost
Of life itself in glorious battle lost.

Leave not our sires to stem the unequal fight,
Whose limbs are nerved no more with buoyant might ;
Nor, lagging backward, let the younger breast
Permit the man of age (a sight unblessed)
To welter in the combat's foremost thrust,
His hoary head dishevelled in the dust,
And venerable bosom bleeding bare.

But youth's fair form, though fallen, is ever fair,
And beautiful in death the boy appears,
The hero boy, that dies in blooming years :
In man's regret he lives, and woman's tears,
More sacred than in life, and lovelier far
For having perished in the front of war.

SONG OF HYBRIAS THE CRETAN.

My wealth's a burly spear and brand,
And a right good shield of hides untanned,
Which on my arm I buckle ;
With these I plough, I reap, I sow,
With these I make the sweet vintage flow,
And all around me truckle.

But your wights that take no pride to wield
A massy spear and well-made shield,
Nor joy to draw the sword :

O, I bring those heartless, hapless drones,
Down in a trice on their marrow-bones,
To call me King and Lord.

FRAGMENT.

FROM THE GREEK OF ALCMAN.

THE mountain summits sleep : glens, cliffs, and caves
Are silent — all the black earth's reptile brood —
The bees — the wild beasts of the mountain wood :
In depths beneath the dark red ocean's waves
Its monsters rest, whilst wrapt in bower and spray
Each bird is hushed that stretched its pinions to the day.

SPECIMENS [OF TRANSLATIONS FROM MEDEA.

Σκαίους δὲ λεγών, κούδιν τι σοφούς
Τους προσθε βροτούς ουκ αν αμαρτοίς.

MEDEA, v. 194, p. 33, Glasg. edit.

TELL me, ye bards, whose skill sublime
First charmed the ear of youthful Time,
With numbers wrapt in heavenly fire,
Who bade delighted Echo swell
The trembling transports of the lyre,
The murmur of the shell —
Why to the burst of Joy alone
Accords sweet Music's soothing tone ?

Why can no bard, with magic strain,
 In slumbers steep the heart of pain ?
 While varied tones obey your sweep,
 The mild, the plaintive, and the deep,
 Bends not despairing Grief to hear
 Your golden lute, with ravished ear ?
 Has all your art no power to bind
 The fiercer pangs that shake the mind,
 And lull the wrath at whose command
 Murder bares her gory hand ?
 When, flushed with joy, the rosy throng
 Weave the light dance, ye swell the song !
 Cease, ye vain warblers ! cease to charm
 The breast with other raptures warm !
 Cease, till your hand with magic strain
 In slumbers steep the heart of pain !

SPEECH OF THE CHORUS,

IN THE SAME TRAGEDY,

TO DISSUADE MEDEA FROM HER PURPOSE OF PUTTING HER CHILDREN TO DEATH, AND
 FLYING FOR PROTECTION TO ATHENS.

O HAGGARD queen ! to Athens dost thou guide
 Thy glowing chariot, steeped in kindred gore ;
 Or seek to hide thy foul infanticide
 Where Peace and Mercy dwell forevermore ?

The land where Truth, pure, precious and sublime,
 Woos the deep silence of sequestered bowers,
 And warriors, matchless since the first of time,
 Rear their bright banners o'er unconquered towers !

Where joyous youth, to Music's mellow strain,
Twines in the dance with nymphs forever fair,
While Spring eternal on the lilled plain
Waves amber radiance through the fields of air!

The tuneful Nine (so sacred legends tell)
First waked their heavenly lyre these scenes among.
Still in your greenwood bowers they love to dwell;
Still in your vales they swell the choral song!

But there the tuneful, chaste, Pierian fair,
The guardian nymphs of green Parnassus, now
Sprung from Harmonia, while her graceful hair
Waved in high auburn o'er her polished brow!

ANTISTROPHE I.

Where silent vales, and glades of green array,
The murmuring wreaths of cool Cephisus lave,
There, as the Muse hath sung, at noon of day,
The Queen of Beauty bowed to taste the wave;

And blessed the stream, and breathed across the land
The soft sweet gale that fans yon summer bowers;
And there the sister Loves, a smiling band,
Crowned with the fragrant wreaths of rosy flowers!

"And go," she cries, "in yonder valleys rove,
With Beauty's torch the solemn scenes illumine.
Wake in each eye the radiant light of Love,
Breathe on each cheek young Passion's tender bloom!"

“Entwine, with myrtle chains, your soft control,
To sway the hearts of Freedom’s darling kind !
With glowing charms enrapture Wisdom’s soul,
And mould to grace ethereal Virtue’s mind.”

STROPHE II.

The land where Heaven’s own hallowed waters play,
Where friendship binds the generous and the good,
Say, shall it hail thee from thy frantic way,
Unholy woman ! with thy hands embrued

In thine own children’s gore ? O, ere they bleed,
Let Nature’s voice thy ruthless heart appal !
Pause at the bold, irrevocable deed —
The mother strikes — the guiltless babes shall fall !

Think what remorse thy maddening thoughts shall sting,
When dying pangs their gentle bosoms tear !
Where shalt thou sink, when lingering echoes ring
The screams of horror in thy tortured ear ?

No, let thy bosom melt to Pity’s cry,—
In dust we kneel — by sacred Heaven implore —
O, stop thy lifted arm, ere yet they die,
Nor dip thy horrid hands in infant gore !

ANTISTROPHE II.

Say, how shalt thou that barbarous soul assume,
Undamped by horror at the daring plan ?
Hast thou a heart to work thy children's doom ?
Or hands to finish what thy wrath began ?

When o'er each babe you look a last adieu,
And gaze on Innocence that smiles asleep,
Shall no fond feeling beat to Nature true,
Charm thee to pensive thought — and bid thee weep ?

When the young suppliants clasp their parent dear,
Heave the deep sob, and pour the artless prayer,
Ay, thou shalt melt ; — and many a heart-shed tear
Gush o'er the hardened features of despair !

Nature shall throb in every tender string,
Thy trembling heart the ruffian's task deny ;
Thy horror-smitten hands afar shall fling
The blade, undrenched in blood's eternal dye.

CHORUS.

Hallowed Earth ! with indignation
Mark, O mark, the murderous deed :
Radiant eye of wide creation,
Watch the accursed infanticide !

Yet, ere Colchia's rugged daughter
Perpetrate the dire design,
And consign to kindred slaughter
Children of thy golden line !

Shall mortal hand, with murder gory,
Cause immortal blood to flow ?
Sun of Heaven ! — arrayed in glory
Rise, forbid, avert the blow !

In the vales of placid gladness
Let no rueful maniac range ;
Chase afar the fiend of Madness,
Wrest the dagger from Revenge !

Say, hast thou, with kind protection,
Reared thy smiling race in vain ;
Fostering Nature's fond affection,
Tender cares, and pleasing pain ?

Hast thou, on the troubled ocean,
Braved the tempest loud and strong,
Where the waves, in wild commotion,
Roar Cyanean rocks among ?

Didst thou roam the paths of danger,
Hymenean joys to prove ?
Spare, O sanguinary stranger,
Pledges of thy sacred love !

Ask not Heaven's commiseration,
After thou hast done the deed ;
Mercy, pardon, expiation,
Perish when thy victims bleed

O'CONNOR'S CHILD ;

OR,

'THE FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING.'

I.

O, ONCE the harp of Innisfail
Was strung full high to notes of gladness ;
But yet it often told a tale
Of more prevailing sadness.
Sad was the note, and wild its fall,
As winds that moan at night forlorn
Along the isles of Fion-Gall,
When, for O'Connor's child to mourn,
The harper told how lone, how far
From any mansion's twinkling star,
From any path of social men,
Or voice, but from the fox's den,
The lady in the desert dwelt ;
And yet no wrongs nor fears she felt ;
Say, why should dwell in place so wild
O'Connor's pale and lovely child ?

II.

Sweet lady ! she no more inspires
Green Erin's hearts with beauty's power.
As, in the palace of her sires,
She bloomed a peerless flower.
Gone from her hand and bosom, gone,
The royal broach, the jewelled ring,

That o'er her dazzling whiteness shone,
Like dews on lilies of the spring.
Yet why, though fallen her brother's kerne
Beneath De Bourgo's battle stern,
While yet in Leinster unexplored,
Her friends survive the English sword;
Why lingers she from Erin's host,
So far on Galway's shipwrecked coast;
Why wanders she a huntress wild —
O' Connor's pale and lovely child ?

III.

And, fixed on empty space, why burn
Her eyes with momentary wildness;
And wherefore do they then return
To more than woman's mildness ?
Dishevelled are her raven locks;
On Connocht Moran's name she calls;
And oft amidst the lonely rocks
She sings sweet madrigals.
Placed 'midst the fox-glove and the moss,
Behold a parted warrior's cross !
That is the spot where, evermore,
The lady, at her shieling door,
Enjoys that, in communion sweet,
The living and the dead can meet,
For, lo ! to love-lorn fantasy,
The hero of her heart is nigh.

IV.

Bright as the bow that spans the storm,
In Erin's yellow vesture clad,

A son of light—a lovely form,
He comes and makes her glad;
Now on the grass-green turf he sits,
His tasselled horn beside him laid;
Now o'er the hills in chase he flits,
The hunter and the deer a shade!
Sweet mourner! these are shadows vain
That cross the twilight of her brain;
Yet she will tell you she is blest,
Of Connocht Moran's tomb possessed,
More richly than in Aghrim's bower,
When bards high praised her beauty's power,
And kneeling pages offered up
The mórat in a golden cup.

V.

“A hero's bride! this desert bower,
It ill befits thy gentle breeding;
And wherefore dost thou love this flower
To call—‘My love lies bleeding’?”—
“This purple flower my tears have nursed;
A hero's blood supplied its bloom;
I love it, for it was the first
That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb.
O, hearken, stranger, to my voice!
This desert mansion is my choice!
And blest, though fatal, be the star
That led me to its wilds afar;
For here these pathless mountains free
Gave shelter to my love and me;
And every rock and every stone
Bore witness that he was my own.

VI.

O'Connor's child, I was the bud
Of Erin's royal tree of glory ;
But woe to them that wrapt in blood
The tissue of my story !
Still as I clasp my burning brain,
A death-scene rushes on my sight ;
It rises o'er and o'er again,
The bloody feud — the fatal night,
When, chafing Connocht Moran's scorn,
They called my hero basely born,
And bade him choose a meaner bride
Than from O'Connor's house of pride.
Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
Was sung in Tara's psaltery ;
Witness their Eath's victorious brand,
And Cathal of the bloody hand ;
Glory (they said) and power and honor
Were in the mansion of O'Connor ;
But he, my loved one, bore in field
A humbler crest, a meaner shield.

VII.

Ah, brothers ! what did it avail,
That fiercely and triumphantly
Ye fought the English of the Pale,
And stemmed De Bourgo's chivalry ?
And what was it to love and me
That barons by your standard rode,
Or beal-fires for your jubilee
Upon a hundred mountains glowed ?

What though the lords of tower and dome
From Shannon to the North-sea foam,—
Thought ye your iron hands of pride
Could break the knot that love had tied?
No; let the eagle change his plume,
The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom;
But ties around this heart were spun,
That could not, would not, be undone!

VIII.

At bleating of the wild watch-fold
Thus sang my love,— ‘O, come with me,
Our bark is on the lake, behold
Our steeds are fastened to the tree.
Come far from Castle-Connor’s clans:—
Come with thy belted forester,
And I, beside the lake of swans,
Shall hunt for thee the fallow-deer;
And build thy hut, and bring thee home
The wild-fowl and the honey-comb;
And berries from the wood provide,
And play my clarshech by thy side.
Then come, my love!’—How could I stay?
Our nimble stag-hounds tracked the way,
And I pursued, by moonless skies,
The light of Connocht Moran’s eyes.

IX.

And fast and far, before the star
Of day-spring, rushed we through the glade,
And saw at dawn the lofty bawn
Of Castle-Connor fade.

Sweet was to us the hermitage
Of this unploughed, untrodden shore ;
Like birds all joyous from the cage,
For man's neglect we loved it more ;
And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
To search the game with hawk and spear ;
While I, his evening food to dress,
Would sing to him in happiness.
But, O, that midnight of despair !
When I was doomed to rend my hair ;
The night, to me, of shrieking sorrow !
The night, to him, that had no morrow !

X.

When all was hushed at eventide,
I heard the baying of their beagle ;
Be hushed ! my Connocht Moran cried,
'T is but the screaming of the eagle.
Alas ! 't was not the eyrie's sound ;
Their bloody bands had tracked us out ;
Up-listening starts our couchant hound,—
And, hark ! again, that nearer shout
Brings faster on the murderers.
Spare — spare him — Brazil — Desmond fierce !
In vain — no voice the adder charms ;
Their weapons crossed my sheltering arms ;
Another's sword has laid him low —
Another's and another's ;
And every hand that dealt the blow —
Ah me ! it was a brother's !
Yes, when his moanings died away,
Their iron hands had dug the clay,

And o'er his burial turf they trod,
And I beheld — O God ! O God ! —
His life-blood oozing from the sod.

XI.

Warm in his death-wounds sepulchred,
Alas ! my warrior's spirit brave
Nor mass nor ulla-lulla heard,
Lamenting, soothe his grave.
Dragged to their hated mansion back,
How long in thralldom's grasp I lay
I know not, for my soul was black,
And knew no change of night or day.
One night of horror round me grew ;
Or if I saw, or felt, or knew,
'T was but when those grim visages,
The angry brothers of my race,
Glared on each eye-ball's aching throb,
And checked my bosom's power to sob,
Or when my heart with pulses drear
Beat like a death-watch to my ear.

XII.

But Heaven, at last, my soul's eclipse
Did with a vision bright inspire ;
I woke, and felt upon my lips
A prophetess's fire.
Thrice in the east a war-drum beat,
I heard the Saxon's trumpet sound,
And ranged, as to the judgment-seat,
My guilty, trembling brothers round.

Clad in the helm and shield they came;
For now De Bourgo's sword and flame
Had ravaged Ulster's boundaries,
And lighted up the midnight skies.
The standard of O'Connor's sway
Was in the turret where I lay;
That standard, with so dire a look,
As ghastly shone the moon and pale,
I gave — that every bosom shook
Beneath its iron mail.

XIII.

And go! (I cried) the combat seek,
Ye hearts that unappalléd bore
The anguish of a sister's shriek —
Go! and return no more!
For sooner guilt the ordeal brand
Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold
The banner with victorious hand,
Beneath a sister's curse unrolled.
O stranger! by my country's loss!
And by my love! and by the cross!
I swear I never could have spoke
The curse that severed nature's yoke,
But that a spirit o'er me stood,
And fired me with the wrathful mood;
And frenzy to my heart was given,
To speak the malison of Heaven.

XIV.

They would have crossed themselves, all mute;
They would have prayed to burst the spell;

But at the stamping of my foot
Each hand down powerless fell !
And go to Athunree ! (I cried)
High lift the banner of your pride !
But know that where its sheet unrolls
The weight of blood is on your souls !
Go where the havoc of your kerne
Shall float as high as mountain fern !
Men shall no more your mansion know :
The nettles on your hearth shall grow !
Dead, as the green oblivious flood
That mantles by your walls, shall be
The glory of O'Connor's blood !
Away ! away to Athunree !
Where, downward when the sun shall fall,
The raven's wing shall be your pall !
And not a vassal shall unlace
The vizor from your dying face !

XV.

A bolt that overhung our dome
Suspended till my curse was given,
Soon as it passed these lips of foam,
Pealed in the blood-red heaven.
Dire was the look that o'er their backs
The angry parting brothers threw :
But now, behold ! like cataracts,
Come down the hills in view
O'Connor's pluméd partisans ;
Thrice ten Kilnagorvian clans
Were marching to their doom .

A sudden storm their plumage tossed,
A flash of lightning o'er them crossed,
And all again was gloom !

XVI.

Stranger ! I fled the home of grief,
At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall ;
I found the helmet of my chief,
His bow still hanging on our wall,
And took it down, and vowed to rove
This desert place a huntress bold ;
Nor would I change my buried love
For any heart of living mould.
No ! for I am a hero's child ;
I'll hunt my quarry in the wild ;
And still my home this mansion make,
Of all unheeded and unheeding,
And cherish, for my warrior's sake,
'The flower of love lies bleeding.' "

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD — LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel ! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array !
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown ;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down !
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?
'Tis thine, O Glenullin ! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning : no rider is there ;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin ! to death and captivity led !
O weep, but thy tears cannot number the dead !
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden ! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer !
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright !

WIZARD.

Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn !
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark-rolling clouds of the north ?
Lo ! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !
Ah ! home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?
'T is the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
O, crested Lochiel ! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn ;
Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely return !
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt ! I have marshalled my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws ;
When her bonnetted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array —

WIZARD.

—— Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight:
Rise, rise, ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors:
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling: O! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots, that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale ——

LOCHIEL.

—— Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.

Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame!

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

A NAVAL ODE.

I.

YE Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

II.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:

Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

III.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

IV.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

I.

OF Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold, determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.—

II.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

III.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleetest rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak!' our captain cried; when each gun

From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom ;—
Then ceased — and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail ;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

V.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave ;
“ Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save :—
So peace instead of death let us bring
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king.”—

VI.

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,

As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

VII.

Now joy, Old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

VIII.

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died ; —
With the gallant good Riou ; *
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

* Captain Riou, justly entitled the gallant and the good by Lord Nelson when he wrote home his despatches.

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave !
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few, shall part where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

GLENARA.

O HEARD ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail ?
'T is the chief of Glenara laments for his dear ;
And her sire, and the people, are called to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud ;
Her kinsmen they followed, but mourned not aloud ;
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around ;
They marched all in silence,— they looked on the ground,

In silence they reached over mountain and moor,
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar.
“ Now here let us place the gray stone of her cairn :
Why speak ye no word ? ”— said Glenara the stern.

“ And tell me, I charge you ! ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows ? ”
So spake the rude chieftain : — no answer is made,
But each mantle, unfolding, a dagger displayed.

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,"
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud:
"And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem:
Glenara, Glenara! now read me my dream!"

O! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclosed, and no lady was seen;
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,—
'T was the youth who had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn:

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief:
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem;
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert revealed where his lady was found;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne—
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill:
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill:
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion.
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate ! said the heart-broken stranger ;
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh !

Erin, my country ! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;
But, alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more !
O cruel fate ! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me ?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me ?
They died to defend me, or live to deplore !

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood ?
Sisters and sire ! did ye weep for its fall ?
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood ?
And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all ?
O, my sad heart ! long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure ?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet, all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw :
Erin ! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing !
Land of my forefathers ! Erin go bragh !

Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean !
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud, with devotion,
Erin mavournin — Erin go bragh ! *

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER. .

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, " Boatman, do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry." —

" Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water ? "

" O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter. —

" And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

" His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover ? " —

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
" I'll go, my chief — I'm ready : —
It is not for your silver bright ;
But for your winsome lady :

* Ireland my darling, Ireland forever.

"And by my word ! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry :
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."—

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.—

"O haste thee, haste !" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather ;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father !" —

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her, —
When, O ! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.—

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.—

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover : —
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover

"Come back ! come back !" he cried, in grief,
"Across this stormy water :
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter ! O my daughter !" —

'T was vain : — the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing : —
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS

SOUL of the Poet ! wheresoe'er,
Reclaimed from earth, thy genius plume
Her wings of immortality :
Suspend thy harp in happier sphere,
And with thine influence illumine
The gladness of our jubilee.

And fly like fiends from secret spell,
Discord and Strife, at BURNS'S name,
Exorcised by his memory ;
For he was chief of bards that swell
The heart with songs of social flame,
And high delicious revelry.

And love's own strain to him was given,
To warble all its ecstasies
With Pythian words unsought, unwilling, —
Love, the surviving gift of Heaven,
The choicest sweet of Paradise,
In life's else bitter cup distilled.

Who that has melted o'er his lay
To Mary's soul, in Heaven above,
But pictured sees, in fancy strong,
The landscape and the livelong day
That smiled upon their mutual love? —
Who that has felt forgets the song?

Nor skilled one flame alone to fan:
His country's high-souled peasantry
What patriot-pride he taught! — how much
To weigh the inborn worth of man!
And rustic life and poverty
Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Him, in his clay-built cot, the Muse
Entranced, and showed him all the forms,
Of fairy-light and wizard gloom
(That only gifted Poet views),
The Genii of the floods and storms,
And martial shades from Glory's tomb.

On Bannock-field what thoughts arouse
The swain whom BURNS'S song inspires!
Beat not his Caledonian veins,
As o'er the heroic turf he ploughs,
With all the spirit of his sires,
And all their scorn of death and chains?

And see the Scottish exile, tanned
By many a far and foreign clime,
Bend o'er his home-born verse, and weep
In memory of his native land,
With love that scorns the lapse of time,
And ties that stretch beyond the deep.

Encamped by Indian rivers wild,
The soldier resting on his arms,
In BURNS's carol sweet recalls
The scenes that blessed him when a child,
And glows and gladdens at the charms
Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls.

O deem not, 'midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the Poet brings :
Let high Philosophy control,
And sages calm, the stream of life,
'T is he refines its fountain-springs,
The nobler passions of the soul.

It is the Muse that consecrates
The native banner of the brave,
Unfurling, at the trumpet's breath,
Rose, thistle, harp ; 't is she elates
To sweep the field or ride the wave,
A sunburst in the storm of death.

And thou, young hero, when thy pall
Is crossed with mournful sword and plume,
When public grief begins to fade,
And only tears of kindred fall,
Who but the bard shall dress thy tomb,
And greet with fame thy gallant shade ?

Such was the soldier — BURNS, forgive
That sorrows of mine own intrude
In strains to thy great memory due.
In verse like thine, O ! could he live,

The friend I mourned — the brave — the good —
Edward that died at Waterloo ! *

Farewell, high chief of Scottish song !
That couldst alternately impart
Wisdom and rapture in thy page,
And brand each vice with satire strong,
Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
Whose truths electrify the sage.

Farewell ! and ne'er may Envy dare
To wring one baleful poison drop
From the crushed laurels of thy bust :
But while the lark sings sweet in air,
Still may the grateful pilgrim stop,
To bless the spot that holds thy dust !

LINES

WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHERE.

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,
I have mused, in a sorrowful mood,
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower
Where the home of my forefathers stood.
All ruined and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree :
And travelled by few is the grass-covered road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode,
To his hills that encircle the sea.

* Major Edward Hodge, of the 7th Hussars, who fell at the head of his squadron in the attack of the Polish Lancers.

Yet, wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-stone aged and green,
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
To mark where a garden, had been.
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
All wild in the silence of nature, it drew,
From each wandering sunbeam, a lonely embrace,
For the night-weed and thorn overshadowed the place
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness ! emblem of all-
That remains in this desolate heart !
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,
But patience shall never depart !
Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,
In the days of delusion by fancy combined
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon my soul, like a dream of the night,
And leave but a desert behind.

Be hushed, my dark spirit ! for wisdom condemns
When the faint and the feeble deplore ;
Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore !
Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of disdain,
May thy front be unaltered, thy courage elate !
Yea ! even the name I have worshipped in vain
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again :
To bear is to conquer our fate.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce — for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track :
'T was Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part,
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn!
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

TO THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art —

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that Optics teach unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang
On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam :
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the prophet's theme !

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshened fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle, cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down !

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam :

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its Immortality !
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time !
I saw the last of human mould
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime !

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man !
Some had expired in fight,— the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands ;
In plague and famine some !
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb !

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm passed by.
Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun !
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'T is Merce bids thee go ; .

For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill ;
And arts that made fire, flood and earth,
The vassals of his will ? —
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim, discrownéd king of day ;
For all those trophied arts,
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again :
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe ;
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire ;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death —
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.

The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost !

This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark ;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark !
No ! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of Victory,
And took the sting from Death !

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste —
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race.
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God !

A DREAM.

WELL may sleep present us fictions
Since our waking moments teem
With such fanciful convictions
As make life itself a dream.—
Half our daylight faith's a fable;
Sleep disports with shadows too,
Seeming in their turn as stable
As the world we wake to view.
Ne'er by day did Reason's mint
Give my thoughts a clearer print
Of assured reality,
Than was left by Fantasy
Stamped and colored on my sprite,
In a dream of yesternight.

In a bark, methought, lone steering,
I was cast on Ocean's strife;
This, 't was whispered in my hearing,
Meant the sea of life.
Sad regrets from past existence
Came, like gales of chilling breath;
Shadowed in the forward distance
Lay the land of Death.
Now seeming more, now less remote,
On that dim-seen shore, methought,
I beheld two hands a space
Slow unshroud a spectre's face;
And my flesh's hair upstood,—
'T was mine own similitude.—

But my soul revived at seeing
Ocean, like an emerald spark,
Kindle, while an air-dropt being
Smiling steered my bark.
Heaven-like — yet he looked as human
As supernal beauty can,
More compassionate than woman,
Lordly more than man.
And as some sweet clarion's breath
Stirs the soldier's scorn of death,
So his accents bade me brook
The spectre's eyes of icy look,
Till it shut them — turned its head,
Like a beaten foe, and fled.

"Types not this," I said, "fair spirit !
That my death-hour is not come ?
Say, what days shall I inherit ? —
Tell my soul their sum."

"No," he said, "yon phantom's aspect
Trust me, would appall thee worse,
Held in clearly-measured prospect : —
Ask not for a turse !
Make not — for I overhear
Thine unspoken thoughts as clear
As thy mortal ear could catch
The close-brought tickings of a watch —
Make not the untold request
That's now revolving in thy breast.

"'T is to live again, remeasuring
Youth's years, like a scene rehearsed,

In thy second life-time treasuring
Knowledge from the first.
Hast thou felt, poor self-deceiver !
Life's career so void of pain,
As to wish its fitful fever
New begun again ?
Could experience, ten times thine,
Pain from Being disentwine —
Threads by Fate together spun ?
Could thy flight Heaven's lightning shun ?
No, nor could thy foresight's glance
'Scape the myriad shafts of Chance.

“ Wouldst thou bear again Love's trouble —
Friendship's death-dissevered ties ;
Toil to grasp or miss the bubble
Of Ambition's prize ?
Say thy life's new-guided action
Flowed from Virtue's fairest springs —
Still would Envy and Detraction
Double not their stings ?
Worth itself is but a charter
To be mankind's distinguished martyr.”
—I caught the moral, and cried, “Hail !
Spirit ! let us onward sail
Envyng, fearing, hating none —
Guardian Spirit, steer me on !”

VALEDICTORY STANZAS TO J. P. KEMBLE, Esq.

COMPOSED FOR A PUBLIC MEETING, HELD JUNE, 1817.

PRIDE of the British stage,
 A long and last adieu !
 Whose image brought the heroic age
 Revived to Fancy's view.
 Like fields refreshed with dewy light
 When the sun smiles his last,
 Thy parting presence makes more bright
 Our memory of the past ;
 And memory conjures feelings up
 That wine or music need not swell,
 As high we lift the festal cup
 To Kemble — fare thee well !

His was the spell o'er hearts
 Which only Acting lends,—
 The youngest of the sister Arts,
 Where all 'heir beauty blends :
 For 't can Poetry express
 Full many a tone of thought sublime,
 And Painting, 'mute and motionless,
 Steals but a glance of time.
 But, by the mighty actor brought,
 Illusion's perfect triumphs come,—
 Verse ceases to be airy thought,
 And Sculpture to be dumb.

Time may again revive,
 But ne'er eclipse the charm,

When Cato spoke in him alive,
Or Hotspur kindled warm.
What soul was not resigned entire
To the deep sorrows of the Moor,—
What English heart was not on fire
With him at Agincourt?
And yet a majesty possessed
His transport's most impetuous tone,
And to each passion of the breast
The Graces gave their zone.

High were the task — too high,
Ye conscious bosoms here!
In words to paint your memory
Of Kemble and of Lear;
But who forgets that white discrownéd head,
Those bursts of Reason's half-extinguished glare —
Those tears upon Cordelia's bosom shed,
In doubt more touching than despair,
If 't was reality he felt?
Had Shakspeare's self amidst you been,
Friends, he had seen you melt,
And triumphed to have seen!

And there was many an hour
Of blended kindred fame,
When Siddons's auxiliar power
And sister magic came.
Together at the Muse's side
The tragic paragons had grown —
They were the children of her pride,
The columns of her throne,

And undivided favor ran
From heart to heart in their applause,
Save for the gallantry of man
In lovelier woman's cause.

Fair as some classic dome,
Robust and richly graced,
Your KEMBLE's spirit was the home
Of genius and of taste;
Taste, like the silent dial's power,
That, when supernal light is given,
Can measure inspiration's hour,
And tell its height in heaven.
At once ennobled and correct,
His mind surveyed the tragic page,
And what the actor could effect
The scholar could presage.

These were his traits of worth :
And must we lose them now ?
And shall the scene no more show forth
His sternly-pleasing brow ?
Alas, the moral brings a tear !—
'Tis all a transient hour below ;
And we that would detain thee here
Ourselves as fleetly go !
Yet shall our latest age
This parting scene review :
Pride of the British stage,
A long and last adieu !

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MOST of the popular histories of England, as well as of the American war, give an authentic account of the desolation of Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, which took place in 1778, by an incursion of the Indians. The scenery and incidents of the following Poem are connected with that event. The testimonies of historians and travellers concur in describing the infant colony as one of the happiest spots of human existence, for the hospitable and innocent manners of the inhabitants, the beauty of the country, and the luxuriant fertility of the soil and climate. In an evil hour, the junction of European with Indian arms converted this terrestrial paradise into a frightful waste. Mr. Isaac Weld informs us that the ruins of many of the villages, perforated with balls, and bearing marks of conflagration, were still preserved by the recent inhabitants, when he travelled through America. in 1796.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

PART I.

I.

ON Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming !
Although the wild-flower on thy ruined wall,
And roofless homes, a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall ;
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
Sweet land ! may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore !

II.

Delightful Wyoming ! beneath thy skies,
The happy shepherd swains had naught to do,
But feed their flocks on green declivities,
Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe,
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew ;
And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.

III.

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
His leave, how might you the flamingo see
Disporting like a meteor on the lakes —
And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree !
And every sound of life was full of glee,
From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men ;
While hearkening, fearing naught their revelry,
The wild deer arched his neck from glades, and then,
Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

IV.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
Heard, but in transatlantic story rung,
For here the exile met from every clime,
And spoke in friendship every distant tongue :
Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung
Were but divided by the running brook ;
And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,
On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning-hook.

V.

Nor far some Andalusian saraband
Would sound to many a native roundelay —
But who is he that yet a dearer land
Remembers, over hills and far away ?
Green Albin ! * what though he no more survey
Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
Thy pellochs † rolling from the mountain bay,

* Scotland.

† The Gaelic appellation for the porpoise.

Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan * roar !

VI.

Alas ! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,
Had forced him from a home he loved so dear !
Yet found he here a home and glad relief,
And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf,
That fired his Highland blood with mickle glee :
And England sent her men, of men the chief,
Who taught those sires of Empire yet to be,
To plant the tree of life,—to plant fair Freedom's tree !

VII.

Here was not mingled in the city's pomp
Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom ;
Judgment awoke not here her dismal tromp,
Nor sealed in blood a fellow-creature's doom,
Nor mourned the captive in a living tomb.
One venerable man, beloved of all,
Sufficed, where innocence was yet in bloom,
To sway the strife, that seldom might befall :
And Albert was their judge, in patriarchal hall.

VIII.

How reverend was the look, serenely aged,
He bore, this gentle Pennsylvanian sire,
Where all but kindly fervors were assuaged,
Undimmed by weakness' shade, or turbid ire !
And though, amidst the calm of thought entire,

* The great whirlpool of the western Hebrides.

Some high and haughty features might betray
A soul impetuous once, 't was earthly fire
That fled composure's intellectual ray,
As *Ætna's* fires grow dim before the rising day.

IX.

I boast no song in magic wonders rife,
But yet, O Nature! is there naught to prize,
Familiar in thy bosom scenes of life?
And dwells in daylight truth's salubrious skies
No form with which the soul may sympathize? —
Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild
The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise,
An inmate in the home of Albert smiled,
Or blessed his noonday walk — she was his only child.

X.

The rose of England bloomed on Gertrude's cheek —
What though these shades had seen her birth, her sire
A Briton's independence taught to seek
Far western worlds; and there his household fire
The light of social love did long inspire,
And many a halcyon day he lived to see
Unbroken but by one misfortune dire,
When fate had reft his mutual heart — but she
Was gone — and Gertrude climbed a widowed father's knee.

XI.

A loved bequest, — and I may half impart —
To them that feel the strong paternal tie,
How like a new existence to his heart
That living flower uprose beneath his eye,
Dear as she was from cherub infancy,

From hours when she would round his garden play,
To time when, as the ripening years went by,
Her lovely mind could culture well repay,
And more engaging grew, from pleasing day to day.

XII.

I may not paint those thousand infant charms
(Unconscious fascination, undesigned!) :
The orison repeated in his arms,
For God to bless her sire and all mankind ;
The book, the bosom on his knee reclined,
Or how sweet fairy-lore he heard her con
(The playmate ere the teacher of her mind) :
All uncompanioned else her heart had gone
Till now, in Gertrude's eyes, their ninth blue summer shone.

XIII.

And summer was the tide, and sweet the hour,
When sire and daughter saw, with fleet descent,
An Indian from his bark approach their bower,
Of buskined limb, and swarthy lineament ;
The red wild feathers on his brow were blent,
And bracelets bound the arm that helped to light
A boy, who seemed, as he beside him went,
Of Christian vesture, and complexion bright,
Let by his dusky guide, like morning brought by night.

XIV.

Yet pensive seemed the boy for one so young —
The dimple from his polished cheek had fled ;
When, leaning on his forest-bow unstrung,
The Oneyda warrior to the planter said,
And laid his hand upon the stripling's head,

"Peace be to thee! my words this belt approve;
The paths of peace my steps have hither led:
This little nursling, take him to thy love,
And shield the bird unfledged, since gone the parent dove.

XV.

Christian! I am the foeman of thy foe;
Our wampum league thy brethren did embrace:
Upon the Michigan, three moons ago,
We launched our pirogues for the bison chase,
And with the Hurons planted for a space,
With true and faithful hands, the olive-stalk;
But snakes are in the bosoms of their race,
And though they held with us a friendly talk,
The hollow peace-tree fell beneath their tomahawk!

XVI.

It was encamping on the lake's far port,
A cry of Areouski * broke our sleep,
Where stormed an ambushed foe thy nation's fort,
And rapid, rapid whoops came o'er the deep;
But long thy country's war-sign on the steep
Appeared through ghastly intervals of light,
And deathfully their thunders seemed to sweep,
Till utter darkness swallowed up the sight,
As if a shower of blood had quenched the fiery fight!

XVII.

It slept — it rose again — on high their tower
Sprung upwards like a torch to light the skies,
Then down again it rained an ember shower,
And louder lamentations heard we rise:

* The Indian God of War.

As when the evil Manitou that dries
The Ohio woods, consumes them in his ire,
In vain the desolated panther flies,
And howls amidst his wilderness of fire :
Alas ! too late, we reached and smote those Hurons dire !

XVIII.

But as the fox beneath the nobler hound,
So died their warriors by our battle-brand ;
And from the tree we, with her child, unbound
A lonely mother of the Christian land :—
Her lord — the captain of the British band —
Amidst the slaughter of his soldiers lay.
Scarce knew the widow our delivering hand ;
Upon her child she sobbed, and swooned away,
Or shrieked unto the God to whom the Christians pray.

XIX.

Our virgins fed her with their kindly bowls
Of fever-balm and sweet sagamité ;
But she was journeying to the land of souls,
And lifted up her dying head to pray
That we should bid an ancient friend convey
Her orphan to his home of England's shore ;
And take, she said, this token far away,
To one that will remember us of yore,
When he beholds the ring that Waldegrave's Julia wore.

XX.

And I, the eagle of my tribe, have rushed
With this lorn dove."— A sage's self-command
Had quelled the tears from Albert's heart that gushed ;
But yet his cheek — his agitated hand —

That showered upon the stranger of the land
No common boon, in grief but ill beguiled
A soul that was not wont to be unmanned ;
“ And stay,” he cried, “ dear pilgrim of the wild,
Preserver of my old, my boon companion’s child !

XXI.

Child of a race whose name my bosom warms,
On earth’s remotest bounds how welcome here !
Whose mother oft, a child, has filled these arms,
Young as thyself, and innocently dear,
Whose grandsire was my early life’s compeer.
Ah, happiest home of England’s happy clime !
How beautiful even now thy scenes appear,
As in the noon and sunshine of my prime !
How gone like yesterday these thrice ten years of time !

XXII.

And Julia ! when thou wert like Gertrude now,
Can I forget thee, favorite child of yore ?
Or thought I, in thy father’s house, when thou
Wert lightest-hearted on his festive floor,
And first of all his hospitable door
To meet and kiss me at my journey’s end ?
But where was I when Waldegrave was no more ?
And thou didst pale thy gentle head extend
In woes, that even the tribe of deserts was thy friend !”

XXIII.

He said — and strained unto his heart the boy ; —
Far differently the mute Oneyda took
His calumet of peace, and cup of joy ;
As monumental bronze unchanged his look ;

A soul that pity touched, but never shook ;
Trained from his tree-rocked cradle to his bier
The fierce extreme of good and ill to brook
Impassive — fearing but the shame of fear —
A stoic of the woods — a man without a tear.

XXIV.

Yet deem not goodness on the savage stock
Of Outalissi's heart disdained to grow ;
As lives the oak unwithered on the rock
By storms above, and barrenness below ;
He scorned his own, who felt another's woe ;
And ere the wolf-skin on his back he flung,
Or laced his moccasins, in act to go,
A song of parting to the boy he sung,
Who slept on Albert's couch, nor heard his friendly tongue.

XXV.

“ Sleep, wearied one ! and in the dreaming land
Shouldst thou to-morrow with thy mother meet,
O ! tell her spirit that the white man's hand
Hath plucked the thorns of sorrow from thy feet ;
While I in lonely wilderness shall greet
Thy little foot-prints — or by traces know
The fountain, where at noon I thought it sweet
To feed thee with the quarry of my bow,
And poured the lotus-horn, or slew the mountain roe.

XXVI.

Adieu ! sweet scion of the rising sun !
But should affliction's storms thy blossom mock,
Then come again, my own adopted one !
And I will graft thee on a noble stock ;

The crocodile, the condor of the rock,
Shall be the pastime of thy sylvan wars;
And I will teach thee in the battle's shock,
To pay with Huron blood thy father's scars,
And gratulate his soul rejoicing in the stars ! ”

XXVII.

So finished he the rhyme (howe'er uncouth)
That true to nature's fervid feelings ran
(And song is but the eloquence of truth) :
Then forth uprose that lone wayfaring man;
But dauntless he, nor chart, nor journey's plan
In woods required, whose trained eye was keen,
As eagle of the wilderness, to scan
His path by mountain, swamp, or deep ravine,
Or ken far friendly huts on good savannas green.

XXVIII.

Old Albert saw him from the valley's side —
His pirogue launched — his pilgrimage begun —
Far, like the red-bird's wing he seemed to glide ;
Then dived, and vanished in the woodlands dun.
Oft, to that spot by tender memory won,
Would Albert climb the promontory's height,
If but a dim sail glimmered in the sun ;
But never more, to bless his longing sight,
Was Outalissi hailed, with bark and plumage bright.

PART II.

I.

A VALLEY from the river shore withdrawn
Was Albert's home, two quiet woods between,
Whose lofty verdure overlooked his lawn;
And waters to their resting-place serene
Came freshening, and reflecting all the scene
(A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves):
So sweet a spot of earth, you might (I ween)
Have guessed some congregation of the elves,
To sport by summer moons, had shaped it for themselves.

II.

Yet wanted not the eye far scope to muse,
Nor vistas opened by the wandering stream;
Both where at evening Alleghany views,
Through ridges burning in her western beam,
Lake after lake interminably gleam:
And past those settlers' haunts the eye might roam
Where earth's unliving silence all would seem;
Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome,
Or buffalo remote lowed far from human home.

III.

But silent not that adverse eastern path,
Which saw Aurora's hills the horizon crown;
There was the river heard, in bed of wrath
(A precipice of foam from mountains brown),
Like tumults heard from some far distant town;

But softening in approach he left his gloom,
And murmured pleasantly, and laid him down
To kiss those easy-curving banks of bloom,
That lent the windward air an exquisite perfume.

IV.

It seemed as if those scenes sweet influence had
On Gertrude's soul, and kindness like their own
Inspired those eyes, affectionate and glad,
That seemed to love whate'er they looked upon;
Whether with Hebe's mirth her features shone,
Or if a shade more pleasing them o'ercast
(As if for heavenly musing meant alone);
Yet so becomingly the expression past,
That each succeeding look was lovelier than the last.

V.

Nor guess I, was that Pennsylvanian home,
With all its picturesque and balmy grace,
And fields that were a luxury to roam,
Lost on the soul that looked from such a face!
Enthusiast of the woods! when years apace
Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,
The sunrise path, at morn, I see thee trace
To hills with high magnolia overgrown,
And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and alone.

VI.

The sunrise drew her thoughts to Europe forth,
That thus apostrophized its viewless scene:
"Land of my father's love, my mother's birth!
The home of kindred I have never seen!
We know not other — oceans are between:

Yet say, far friendly hearts ! from whence we came,
Of us does oft remembrance intervene ?
My mother sure — my sire a thought may claim ; —
But Gertrude is to you an unregarded name.

VII.

And yet, loved England ! when thy name I trace
In many a pilgrim's tale and poet's song,
How can I choose but wish for one embrace
Of them, the dear unknown, to whom belong
My mother's looks, — perhaps her likeness strong ?
O, parent ! with what reverential awe,
From features of thy own related throng,
An image of thy face my soul could draw !
And see thee once again whom I too shortly saw !”

VIII.

Yet deem not Gertrude sighed for foreign joy ;
To soothe a father's couch her only care,
And keep his reverend head from all annoy :
For this, methinks, her homeward steps repair,
Soon as the morning wreath had bound her hair ;
While yet the wild deer trod in spangling dew,
While boatmen carolled to the fresh-blown air,
And woods a horizontal shadow threw,
And early fox appeared in momentary view.

IX.

Apart there was a deep untródden grot,
Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore ;
Tradition had not named its lonely spot ;
But here (methinks) might India's sons explore
Their fathers' dust, or lift, perchance of yore,

Their voice to the great Spirit :— rocks sublime
To human art a sportive semblance bore,
And yellow lichens colored all the clime,
Like moonlight battlements, and towers decayed by time.

X.

But high in amphitheatre above,
Gay-tinted woods their massy foliage threw ;
Breathed but an air of heaven, and all the grove
As if instinct with living spirit grew,
Rolling its verdant gulfs of every hue ;
And now suspended was the pleasing din,
Now from a murmur faint it swelled anew,
Like the first note of organ heard within
Cathedral aisles, ere yet its symphony begin.

XI.

It was in this lone valley she would charm
The lingering noon, where flowers a couch had strewn ;
Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm
On hillock by the pine-tree half o'ergrown :
And aye that volume on her lap is thrown,
Which every heart of human mould endears ;
With Shakspeare's self she speaks and smiles alone,
And no intruding visitation fears,
To shame the unconscious laugh, or stop her sweetest tears.

XII.

And naught within the grove was heard or seen
But stock-doves plaining through its gloom profound,
Or winglet of the fairy humming-bird,
Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round ;
When, lo ! there entered to its inmost ground

A youth, the stranger of a distant land ;
He was, to weet, for eastern mountains bound ;
But late the equator suns his cheek had tanned,
And California's gales his roving bosom fanned.

XIII.

A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,
He led dismounted ; ere his leisure pace,
Amid the brown leaves, could her ear alarm,
Close he had come, and worshipped for a space
Those downcast features : — she her lovely face
Uplift on one, whose lineaments and frame
Wore youth and manhood's intermingled grace :
Iberian seemed his boot — his robe the same,
And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks became.

XIV.

For Albert's home he sought — her finger fair
Has pointed where the father's mansion stood.
Returning from the copse he soon was there ;
And soon has Gertrude hied from dark-green wood ;
Nor joyless, by the converse, understood
Between the man of age and pilgrim young,
That gay congeniality of mood,
And early liking from acquaintance sprung ;
Full fluently conversed their guest in England's tongue.

XV.

And well could he his pilgrimage of taste
Unfold, — and much they loved his fervid strain,
While he each fair variety retraced
Of climes, and manners, o'er the eastern main.
Now happy Switzer's hills, — romantic Spain, —

Gay lilled fields of France,—or, more refined,
The soft Ausonia's monumental reign ;
Nor less each rural image he designed
Than all the city's pomp and home of human kind.

XVI.

Anon some wilder portraiture he draws ;
Of Nature's savage glories he would speak,—
The loneliness of earth that overawes,—
Where, resting by some tomb of old Cacique,
The lama-driver on Peruvia's peak
Nor living voice nor motion marks around ;
But storks that to the boundless forest shriek,
Or wild-cane arch high flung o'er gulf profound,
That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado sound.

XVII.

Pleased with his guest, the good man still would ply
Each earnest question, and his converse court ;
But Gertrude, as she eyed him, knew not why
A strange and troubling wonder stopt her short.
“In England thou hast been,—and, by report,
An orphan's name (quoth Albert) may'st have known.
Sad tale ! — when latest fell our frontier fort —
One innocent — one soldier's child — alone
Was spared, and brought to me, who loved him as my own.

XVIII.

Young Henry Waldegrave ! three delightful years
These very walls his infant sports did see,
But most I loved him when his parting tears
Alternately bedewed my child and me :
His sorest parting, Gertrude, was from thee ;

Nor half its grief his little heart could hold ;
By kindred he was sent for o'er the sea,
They tore him from us when but twelve years old,
And scarcely for his loss have I been yet consoled !”

XIX.

His face the wanderer hid — but could not hide
A tear, a smile, upon his cheek that dwell ;
“ And speak ! mysterious stranger ! (Gertrude cried)
It is ! — it is ! — I knew — I knew him well !
'T is Waldegrave's self, of Waldegrave come to tell !”
A burst of joy the father's lips declare !
But Gertrude, speechless, on his bosom fell ;
At once his open arms embraced the pair,
Was never group more blest in this wide world of care.

XX.

“ And will ye pardon then (replied the youth)
Your Waldegrave's feignéd name, and false attire ?
I durst not in the neighborhood, in truth,
The very fortunes of your house inquire ;
Lest one that knew me might some tidings dire
Impart, and I my weakness all betray,
For had I lost my Gertrude and my sire,
I meant but o'er your tombs to weep a day,
Unknown I meant to weep, unknown to pass away.

XXI.

But here ye live, ye bloom, — in each dear face,
The changing hand of time I may not blame ;
For there, it hath but shed more reverend grace,
And here, of beauty perfected the frame :
And well I know your hearts are still the same —

They could not change — ye look the very way,
As when an orphan first to you I came.
And have ye heard of my poor guide, I pray ?
Nay, wherefore weep ye, friends, on such a joyous day ?”

XXII.

“ And art thou here ? or is it but a dream ?
And wilt thou, Waldegrave, wilt thou leave us more ? ” —
“ No, never ! thou that yet dost lovelier seem
Than aught on earth — than even thyself of yore —
I will not part thee from thy father’s shore ;
But we shall cherish him with mutual arms,
And hand in hand again the path explore
Which every ray of young remembrance warms,
While thou shalt be my own, with all thy truth and
 charms ! ”

XXIII.

At morn, as if beneath a galaxy
Of over-arching groves in blossoms white,
Where all was odorous scent and harmony,
And gladness to the heart, nerve, ear and sight :
There, if, O gentle Love ! I read aright
The utterance that sealed thy sacred bond,
’T was listening to these accents of delight,
She hid upon his breast those eyes, beyond
Expression’s power to paint, all languishingly fond —

XXIV.

“ Flower of my life, so lovely and so lone !
Whom I would rather in this desert meet,
Scorning, and scorned by fortune’s power, than own
Her pomp and splendors lavished at my feet !
Turn not from me thy breath more exquisite

Than odors cast on heaven's own shrine — to please —
Give me thy love, than luxury more sweet,
And more than all the wealth that loads the breeze,
When Coromandel's ships return from Indian seas."

XXV.

Then would that home admit them — happier far
Than grandeur's most magnificent saloon,
While, here and there, a solitary star
Flushed in the darkening firmament of June;
And silence brought the soul-felt hour, full soon,
Ineffable, which I may not portray;
For never did the hymenean moon
A paradise of hearts more sacred sway,
In all that slept beneath her soft voluptuous ray

PART III.

I.

O LOVE! in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art a god indeed divine.
Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine,
The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire!
Roll on, ye days of raptured influence, shine!
Nor, blind with ecstasy's celestial fire,
Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time expire.

II.

Three little moons, how short ! amidst the grove
And pastoral savannas they consume !
While she, beside her buskined youth to rove,
Delights, in fancifully wild costume,
Her lovely brow to shade with Indian plume ;
And forth in hunter-seeming vest they fare ;
But not to chase the deer in forest gloom ;
'T is but the breath of heaven — the blessed air —
And interchange of hearts unknown, unseen to share.

III.

What though the sportive dog oft round them note,
Or fawn, or wild bird bursting on the wing ;
Yet who, in Love's own presence, would devote
To death those gentle throats that wake the spring,
Or writhing from the brook its victim bring ?
No ! — nor let fear one little warbler rouse ;
But, fed by Gertrude's hand, still let them sing,
Acquaintance of her path, amidst the boughs,
That shade even now her love, and witnessed first her vows

IV.

Now labyrinths, which but themselves can pierce,
Methinks, conduct them to some pleasant ground,
Where welcome hills shut out the universe,
And pines their lawny walk encompass round ;
There, if a pause delicious converse found,
'T was but when o'er each heart the idea stole
(Perchance a while in joy's oblivion drowned),
That come what may, while life's glad pulses roll,
Indissolubly thus should soul be knit to soul.

V.

And in the visions of romantic youth,
What years of endless bliss are yet to flow !
But mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth ?
The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below !
And must I change my song ? and must I show,
Sweet Wyoming ! the day when thou wert doomed,
Guiltless, to mourn thy loveliest bowers laid low !
When where of yesterday a garden bloomed,
Death overspread his pall, and blackening ashes gloomed !

VI.

Sad was the year, by proud oppression driven,
When Transatlantic Liberty arose,
Not in the sunshine and the smile of heaven,
But wrapt in whirlwinds, and begirt with woes,
Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes ;
Her birth-star was the light of burning plains ;
Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows
From kindred hearts — the blood of British veins —
And famine tracks her steps, and pestilential pains.

VII.

Yet ere the storm of death had raged remote,
Or siege unseen in heaven reflects its beams,
Who now each dreadful circumstance shall note
That fills pale Gertrude's thoughts, and nightly dreams .
Dismal to her the forge of battle gleams
Portentous light ! and music's voice is dumb ;
Save where the fife its shrill reveillé screams,
Or midnight streets reëcho to the drum,
That speaks of maddening strife, and bloodstained fields
to come.

VIII.

It was in truth a momentary pang ;
Yet how comprising myriad shapes of woe !
First when in Gertrude's ear the summons rang,
A husband to the battle doomed to go !
" Nay, meet not thou (she cried) thy kindred foe !
But peaceful let us seek fair England's strand ! "
" Ah, Gertrude, thy beloved heart, I know,
Would feel like mine the stigmatizing brand !
Could I forsake the cause of Freedom's holy band !

IX.

But shame — but flight — a recreant's name to prove,
To hide in exile ignominious fears ;
Say, even if this I brooked, the public love
Thy father's bosom to his home endears :
And how could I his few remaining years,
My Gertrude, sever from so dear a child ? "
So, day by day, her boding heart he cheers :
At last that heart to hope is half beguiled,
And, pale through tears suppressed, the mournful beauty
smiled.

X.

Night came,—and in their lighted bower, full late,
The joy of converse had endured — when, hark !
Abrupt and loud, a summons shook their gate ;
And, heedless of the dog's obstreperous bark,
A form had rushed amidst them from the dark,
And spread his arms,—and fell upon the floor :
Of aged strength his limbs retained the mark ;
But desolate he looked, and famished poor,
As ever shipwrecked wretch lone left on desert shore.

XI.

Uprisen, each wondering brow is knit and arched:
A spirit from the dead they deem him first:
To speak he tries; but quivering, pale and parched,
From lips, as by some powerless dream accursed,
Emotions unintelligible burst;
And long his filméd eye is red and dim;
At length the pity-proffered cup his thirst
Had half assuaged, and nerved his shuddering limb,
When Albert's hand he grasped; — but Albert knew not
him —

XII.

“And hast thou then forgot” (he cried forlorn,
And eyed the group with half-indignant air),
“O! hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn
When I with thee the cup of peace did share?
Then stately was this head, and dark this hair,
That now is white as Appalachia's snow;
But if the weight of fifteen years' despair,
And age hath bowed me, and the torturing foe,
Bring me my boy — and he will his deliverer know!” —

XIII.

It was not long, with eyes and heart of flame,
Ere Henry to his loved Oneyda flew:
“Bless thee, my guide!” — but backward, as he came,
The chief his old bewildered head withdrew,
And grasped his arm, and looked and looked him through.
’T was strange — nor could the group a smile control —
The long, the doubtful scrutiny to view;
At last delight o’er all his features stole,
“It is — my own,” he cried, and clasped him to his soul.

XIV.

"Yes ! thou recall'st my pride of years, for then
The bowstring of my spirit was not slack,
When, spite of woods, and floods, and ambushed men,
I bore thee like the quiver on my back,
Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack :
Nor foeman then, nor cougar's crouch I feared,
For I was strong as mountain cataract :
And dost thou not remember how we cheered,
Upon the last hill-top, when white men's huts appeared ?

XV.

Then welcome to my death-song, and my death !
Since I have seen thee, and again embraced."
And longer had he spent his toil-worn breath ;
But with affectionate and eager haste
Was every arm outstretched around their guest,
To welcome and to bless his aged head.
Soon was the hospitable banquet placed ;
And Gertrude's lovely hands a balsam shed
On wounds with fevered joy that more profusely bled.

XVI.

"But this is not a time,"—he started up,
And smote his breast with woe-denouncing hand—
"This is no time to fill the joyous cup,
The Mammoth comes,—the foe,—the Monster Brandt,—
With all his howling desolating band ;—
These eyes have seen their blade and burning pine
Awake at once and silence half your land.
Red is the cup they drink ; but not with wine :
Awake, and watch to-night, or see no morning shine !

XVII.

Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
'Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth :
Accursed Brandt ! he left of all my tribe
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth :
No ! not the dog that watched my household hearth
Escaped that night of blood, upon our plains !
All perished ! — I alone am left on earth !
To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No ! — not a kindred drop that runs in human veins !

XVIII.

But go ! — and rouse your warriors, for, if right
These old bewildered eyes could guess, by signs
Of striped and starréd banners, on yon height
Of eastern cedars, o'er the creek of pines,
Some fort embattled by your country shines :
Deep roars the innavigable gulf below
Its squaréd rock, and palisaded lines.
Go ! seek the light its warlike beacons show ;
Whilst I in ambush wait, for vengeance, and the foe ! ”

XIX.

Scarce had he uttered — when Heaven's verge extreme
Reverberates the bomb's descending star, —
And sounds that mingled laugh, and shout, and scream
To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,
Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.
Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assailed ;
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar ;
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed :
And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wailed.

XX.

Then looked they to the hills, where fire o'erhung
The bandit groups, in one Vesuvian glare ;
Or swept, far seen, the tower, whose clock unring
Told legible that midnight of despair.
She faints,— she falters not,— the heroic fair,—
As he the sword and plume in haste arrayed.
One short embrace — he clasped his dearest care —
But hark ! what nearer war-drum shakes the glade ?
Joy, joy ! Columbia's friends are trampling through the shade!

XXI.

Then came of every race the mingled swarm,
Far rung the groves and gleamed the midnight grass,
With flambeau, javelin, and naked arm ;
As warriors wheeled their culverins of brass,
Sprung from the woods, a bold athletic mass,
Whom virtue fires, and liberty combines :
And first the wild Moravian yagers pass,
His pluméd host the dark Iberian joins,—
And Scotia's sword beneath the Highland thistle shines.

XXII.

And in the buskined hunters of the deer,
To Albert's home, with shout and cymbal throng : —
Roused by their warlike pomp, and mirth, and cheer,
Old Outalissi woke his battle-song,
And, beating with his war-club cadence strong,
Tells how his deep-stung indignation smarts,
Of them that wrapt his house in flames, ere long,
To whet a dagger on their stony hearts,
And smile avenged ere yet his eagle spirit parts.—

XXIII.

Calm, opposite the Christian father rose,
Pale on his venerable brow its rays
Of martyr light the conflagration throws ;
One hand upon his lovely child he lays,
And one the uncovered crowd to silence sways ;
While, though the battle flash is faster driven,—
Unawed, with eye unstartled by the blaze,
He for his bleeding country prays to Heaven,—
Prays that the men of blood themselves may be forgiven.

XXIV.

Short time is now for gratulating speech :
And yet, beloved Gertrude, ere began
Thy country's flight, yon distant towers to reach,
Looked not on thee the rudest partisan
With brow relaxed to love ? And murmurs ran,
As round and round their willing ranks they drew,
From beauty's sight to shield the hostile van.
Grateful, on them a placid look she threw,
Nor wept, but as she bade her mother's grave adieu !

XXV.

Past was the flight, and welcome seemed the tower,
That like a giant standard-bearer frowned
Defiance on the roving Indian power,
Beneath, each bold and promontory mound
With embrasure embossed, and armor crowned,
And arrowy frieze, and wedgéd ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green ;
Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant scene.

XXVI.

A scene of death ! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow ;
And for the business of destruction done,
Its requiem the war-horn seemed to blow :
There, sad spectatress of her country's woe !
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasped her hands of snow
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Enclosed, that felt her heart, and hushed its wild alarm !

XXVII.

But short that contemplation — sad and short
The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu !
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew,
Ah who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near ? — yet there, with lust of murderous deeds,
Gleamed like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambushed foeman's eye — his volley speeds,
And Albert — Albert falls ! the dear old father bleeds !

XXVIII.

And tranced in giddy horror Gertrude swooned ;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrowed from her father's wound,
These drops ? — O, God ! the life-blood is her own !
And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown —
“ Weep not, O Love ! ” — she cries, “ to see me bleed —
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
Heaven's peace commiserate ; for scarce I heed
These wounds ; — yet thee to leave is death, is death indeed !

XXIX.

Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat — O! think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
O! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs — when I am laid in dust!

XXX.

Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
Of peace, imagining her lot was cast
In heaven; for ours was not like earthly love.
And must this parting be our very last?
No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.—

XXXI.

Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,—
And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,
If I had lived to smile but on the birth
Of one dear pledge; — but shall there then be none,
In future times — no gentle little one,
To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me?
Yet seems it, even while life's last pulses run,
A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!"

XXXII.

Hushed were his Gertrude's lips ! but still their bland
And beautiful expression seemed to melt
With love that could not die ! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah, heart ! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
Mute, gazing, agonizing, as he knelt,—
Of them that stood encircling his despair,
He heard some friendly words ; — but knew not what they
were.

XXXIII.

For now, to mourn their judge and child, arrives
A faithful band. With solemn rites between
'T was sung, how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their deaths had not divided been.
Touched by the music, and the melting scene,
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd : —
Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
To veil their eyes, as passed each much-loved shroud —
While woman's softer soul in woe dissolved aloud.

XXXIV.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell, o'er the grave of worth and truth ;
Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid
His face on earth ; — him watched, in gloomy ruth,
His woodland guide ; but words had none to soothe
The grief that knew not consolation's name :
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
He watched, beneath its folds, each burst that came
Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame !

XXXV.

"And I could weep;"—the Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun :
"But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son,
Or bow this head in woe !
For by my wrongs, and by my wrath !
To-morrow Areouski's breath
(That fires yon heaven with storms of death)
Shall light us to the foe :
And we shall share, my Christian boy !
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy !

XXXVI.

But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep :—
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,
To see thee, on the battle's eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most :
She was the rainbow to thy sight !
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight !

XXXVII.

To-morrow let us do or die !
But when the bolt of death is hurled,
Ah ! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world ?
Seek we thy once-loved home ?

The hand is gone that cropt its flowers :
Unheard their clock repeats its hours !
Cold is the hearth within their bowers !
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes, and its empty tread,
Would sound like voices from the dead !

XXXVIII.

Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaffed,
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft ?
Ah ! there, in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp,—for there
The silence dwells of my despair !

XXXIX.

But hark, the trump ! — to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears ;
Even from the land of shadows now.
My father's awful ghost appears,
Amidst the clouds that round us roll ;
He bids my soul for battle thirst —
He bids me dry the last — the first —
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul ;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief ! ”

LINES.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF LONDON,
WHEN MET TO COMMEMORATE THE 21ST OF MARCH,
THE DAY OF VICTORY IN EGYPT.

PLEDGE to the much-loved land that gave us birth !
Invincible romantic Scotia's shore !
Pledge to the memory of her parted worth !
And first, amidst the brave, remember Moore !

And be it deemed not wrong that name to give,
In festive hours, which prompts the patriot's sigh !
Who would not envy such as Moore to live ?
And died he not as heroes wish to die ?

Yes, though too soon attaining glory's goal,
To us his bright career too short was given ;
Yet in a mighty cause his phoenix soul
Rose on the flames of victory to Heaven !

How oft (if beats in subjugated Spain
One patriot heart) in secret shall it mourn
For him !— How oft on far Corunna's plain
Shall British exiles weep upon his urn !

Peace to the mighty dead !— our bosom thanks
In sprightlier strains the living may inspire !
Joy to the chiefs that lead old Scotia's ranks,
Of Roman garb and more than Roman fire !

Triumphant be the thistle still unfurled,
Dear symbol wild ! on Freedom's hills it grows,
Where Fingal stemmed the tyrants of the world,
And Roman eagles found unconquered foes.

Joy to the band * this day on Egypt's coast,
 Whose valor tamed proud France's tricolor,
 And wrenched the banner from her bravest host,
 Baptized Invincible in Austria's gore !

Joy for the day on red Vimeira's strand,
 When, bayonet to bayonet opposed,
 First of Britannia's host her Highland band
 Gave but the death-shot once, and foremost closed !

Is there a son of generous England here
 Or fervid Erin ?— he with us shall join,
 To pray that in eternal union dear
 The rose, the shamrock, and the thistle twine !

Types of a race who shall the invader scorn,
 As rocks resist the billows round their shore ;
 Types of a race who shall to time unborn
 Their country leave unconquered as of yore !

 STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SPANISH PATRIOTS LATEST KILLED IN RESIST-
 ING THE REGENCY AND THE DUKE OF ANGOULÊME.

BRAVE men who at the Trocadero fell —
 Beside your cannons conquered not, though slain,
 There is a victory in dying well
 For Freedom,— and ye have not died in vain ;
 For, come what may, there shall be hearts in Spain

* The 42d Regiment.

To honor, ay, embrace your martyred lot,
Cursing the Bigot's and the Bourbon's chain,
And looking on your graves, though trophied not,
As holier hallowed ground than priests could make the spot

What though your cause be baffled — freemen cast
In dungeons — dragged to death, or forced to flee !
Hope is not withered in affliction's blast —
The patriot's blood 's the seed of Freedom's tree ;
And short your orgies of revenge shall be,
Cowled demons of the Inquisitorial cell !
Earth shudders at your victory,— for ye
Are worse than common fiends from Heaven that fell,
The baser, ranker sprung, *Autochthones* of Hell !

Go to your bloody rites again — bring back
The hall of horrors and the assessor's pen,
Recording answers shrieked upon the rack ;
Smile o'er the gaspings of spine-broken men ; —
Preach, perpetrate damnation in your den ; —
Then let your altars, ye blasphemers ! peal
With thanks to Heaven, that let you loose again,
To practise deeds with torturing fire and steel
No eye may search — no tongue may challenge or reveal !

Yet laugh not in your carnival of crime
Too proudly, ye oppressors ! — Spain was free,
Her soil has felt the foot-prints, and her clime
Been winnowed by the wings of Liberty ;
And these even parting scatter as they flee
Thoughts — influences, to live in hearts unborn,
Opinions that shall wrench the prison-key

From Persecution — show, her mask off-torn,
And tramp her bloated head beneath the foot of Scorn.

Glory to them that die in this great cause !
Kings, Bigots, can inflict no brand of shame,
Or shape of death, to shroud them from applause : —
No ! — manglers of the martyr's earthly frame !
Your hangmen fingers cannot touch his fame !
Still in your prostrate land there shall be some
Proud hearts, the shrines of Freedom's vestal flame.
Long trains of ill may pass unheeded, dumb,
But vengeance is behind, and justice is to come.

SONG OF THE GREEKS.

AGAIN to the battle, Achaians !
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance !
Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree —
It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free :
For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale, dying crescent is daunted,
And we march that the foot-prints of Mahomet's slaves
May be washed out in blood from our forefathers' graves
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah ! what though no succor advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
Are stretched in our aid — be the combat our own !
And we 'll perish or conquer more proudly alone !

For we've sworn by our country's assaulters,
By the virgins they've dragged from our altars,
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
That, living, we shall be victorious,
Or that, dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not;
The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not!
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide — waves engulf — fire consume us
But they shall not to slavery doom us:
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves;
But we've smote them already with fire on the waves,
And new triumphs on land are before us,
To the charge! — Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day shall ye blush for its story,
Or brighten your lives with its glory.
Our women, O, say, shall they shriek in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest with wreaths in their hair?
Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be that would slacken
Till we've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth
Being sprung from and named for the godlike of earth
Strike home, and the world shall revere us
As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion
Her inlands, her isles of the ocean;
Fanes rebuilt and fair towns shall with jubilee ring,
And the Nine shall new-hallow their Helicon's spring: •

Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
That were cold and extinguished in sadness;
Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white-waving
arms,
Singing joy to the brave that delivered their charms,
When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
Shall have purpled the beaks of our ravens.

ODE TO WINTER.

WHEN first the fiery-mantled sun
His heavenly race began to run,
Round the earth and ocean blue
His children four the Seasons flew.
First, in green apparel dancing,
The young Spring smiled with angel grace,
Rosy Summer, next advancing,
Rushed into her sire's embrace: —
Her bright-haired sire, who bade her keep
Forever nearest to his smiles,
On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,
On India's citron-covered isles:
More remote and buxom-brown,
The Queen of vintage bowed before his throne;
A rich pomegranate gemmed her crown,
A ripe sheaf bound her zone.
But howling Winter fled afar,
To hills that prop the polar star,
And loves on deer-borne car to ride
With barren Darkness by his side,

Round the shore where loud Lofoden
Whirls to death the roaring whale,
Round the hall where Runic Odin
Howls his war-song to the gale ;
Save when adown the ravaged globe
He travels on his native storm,
Deflowering Nature's grassy robe,
And trampling on her faded form : —
Till light's returning lord assume
The shaft that drives him to his polar field,
Of power to pierce his raven plume
And crystal-covered shield.
O, sire of storms ! whose savage ear
The Lapland drum delights to hear,
When Frenzy with her blood-shot eye
Implores thy dreadful deity,
Archangel ! power of desolation !
Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
Spells to touch thy stony heart ?
Then, sullen Winter, hear my prayer,
And gently rule the ruined year ;
Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare,
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear ; —
To shuddering Want's unmantled bed
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lead,
And gently on the orphan head
Of innocence descend. —
But chiefly spare, O king of clouds !
The sailor on his airy shrouds ;
When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,
And spectres walk along the deep.

Milder yet thy snowy breezes
 Pour on yonder tented shores,
 Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,
 Or the dark-brown Danube roars.
 O, winds of Winter! list ye there
 To many a deep and dying groan;
 Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,
 At shrieks and thunders louder than your own.
 Alas! even your unhallowed breath
 May spare the victim fallen low;
 But man will ask no truce to death,—
 No bounds to human woe.

LINES.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARTLEY AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE, ON THE FIRST
 OPENING OF THE HOUSE AFTER THE DEATH OF THE
 PRINCESS CHARLOTTE, 1817.

BRITONS! although our task is but to show
 The scenes and passions of fictitious woe,
 Think not we come this night without a part
 In that deep sorrow of the public heart,
 Which like a shade hath darkened every place,
 And moistened with a tear the manliest face!
 The bell is scarcely hushed in Windsor's piles,
 That tolled a requiem from the solemn aisles,
 For her, the royal flower, low laid in dust,
 That was your fairest hope, your fondest trust.
 Unconscious of the doom, we dreamt, alas!
 That even these walls, ere many months should pass,
 Which but return sad accents for her now,
 Perhaps had witnessed her benignant brow,

Cheered by the voice you would have raised on high,
In bursts of British love and loyalty.
But, Britain ! now thy chief, thy people mourn,
And Claremont's home of love is left forlorn : —
There, where the happiest of the happy dwelt,
The 'scutcheon glooms, and royalty hath felt
A wound that every bosom feels its own,—
The blessing of a father's heart o'erthrown —
The most beloved and most devoted bride
Torn from an agonizéd husband's side,
Who " long as Memory holds her seat " shall view
That speechless, more than spoken last adieu,
When the fixed eye long looked connubial faith,
And beamed affection in the trance of death.
Sad was the pomp that yesternight beheld,
As with the mourner's heart the anthem swelled ;
While torch succeeding torch illumed each high
And bannered arch of England's chivalry.
The rich plumed canopy, the gorgeous pall,
The sacred march, and sable-vested wall,—
These were not rites of inexpressive show,
But hallowed as the types of real woe !
Daughter of England ! for a nation's sighs,
A nation's heart went with thine obsequies ! —
And oft shall time revert a look of grief
On thine existence, beautiful and brief.
Fair spirit ! send thy blessing from above
On realms where thou art canonized by love !
Give to a father's, husband's bleeding mind,
The peace that angels lend to human kind ;
To us who in thy loved remembrance feel
A sorrowing, but a soul-ennobling zeal —

A loyalty that touches all the best
And loftiest principles of England's breast !
Still may thy name speak concord from the tomb —
Still in the Muse's breath thy memory bloom !
They shall describe thy life — thy form portray ;
But all the love that mourns thee swept away,
'T is not in language or expressive arts
To paint — ye feel it, Britons, in your hearts !

LINES ON THE GRAVE OF A SUICIDE.

By strangers left upon a lonely shore,
Unknown, unhonored, was the friendless dead ;
For child to weep, or widow to deplore,
There never came to his unburied head : —
All from his dreary habitation fled.
Nor will the lanterned fishermen at eve
Launch on that water by the witches' tower,
Where hellebore and hemlock seem to weave
Round its dark vaults a melancholy bower
For spirits of the dead at night's enchanted hour.

They dread to meet thee, poor unfortunate !
Whose crime it was, on Life's unfinished road,
To feel the step-dame buffetings of fate,
And render back thy being's heavy load.
Ah ! once, perhaps, the social passions glowed
In thy devoted bosom — and the hand
That smote its kindred heart, might yet be prone
To deeds of mercy. Who may understand
Thy many woes, poor suicide unknown ? —
He who thy being gave shall judge of thee alone.

REULLURA.*

STAR of the morn and eve,
 Reullura shone like thee,
 And well for her might Aodh grieve,
 The dark-attired Culdee.
 Peace to their shades ! the pure Culdees
 Were Albyn's earliest priests of God,
 Ere yet an island of her seas
 By foot of Saxon monk was trod,
 Long ere her churchmen by bigotry
 Were barred from wedlock's holy tie.
 'T was then that Aodh, famed afar,
 In Iona preached the word with power,
 And Reullura, beauty's star,
 Was the partner of his bower.

But, Aodh, the roof lies low,
 And the thistle-down waves bleaching,
 And the bat flits to and fro
 Where the Gaël once heard thy preaching ;
 And fallen is each columned aisle
 Where the chiefs and the people knelt.
 'T was near that temple's goodly pile
 That honored of men they dwelt.
 For Aodh was wise in the sacred law,
 And bright Reullura's eyes oft saw
 The veil of fate uplifted.
 Alas ! with what visions of awe
 Her soul in that hour was gifted —

* Reullura, in Gaëlic, signifies "beautiful star."

When pale in the temple and faint,
With Aodh she stood alone
By the statue of an aged Saint !
Fair sculptured was the stone,
It bore a crucifix ;
Fame said it once had graced
A Christian temple, which the Picts
In the Britons' land laid waste :
The Pictish men, by St. Columb taught,
Had hither the holy relic brought.
Reullura eyed the statue's face,
And cried, " It is, he shall come,
Even he, in this very place,
To avenge my martyrdom.

For, woe to the Gaël people !
Ulvagre is on the main,
And Iona shall look from tower and steeple
On the coming ships of the Dane ;
And, dames and daughters, shall all your locks
With the spoiler's grasp entwine ?
No ! some shall have shelter in caves and rocks,
And the deep sea shall be mine.
Baffled by me shall the Dane return,
And here shall his torch in the temple burn,
Until that holy man shall plough
The waves from Innisfail.
His sail is on the deep e'en now,
And swells to the southern gale."

" Ah ! know'st thou not, my bride,"
The holy Aodh said,

"That the Saint whose form we stand beside
Has for ages slept with the dead?"—

"He liveth, he liveth," she said again,

"For the span of his life tenfold extends
Beyond the wonted years of men.

He sits by the graves of well-loved friends
That died ere thy grandsire's grandsire's birth;
The oak is decayed with age on earth,
Whose acorn-seed had been planted by him;

And his parents remember the day of dread
When the sun on the cross looked dim,

And the graves gave up their dead.
Yet preaching from clime to clime,

He hath roamed the earth for ages,
And hither he shall come in time

When the wrath of the heathen rages,
In time a remnant from the sword—

Ah! but a remnant to deliver;
Yet, blest be the name of the Lord!

His martyrs shall go into bliss forever.
Lochlin,* appalled, shall put up her steel,
And thou shalt embark on the bounding keel;
Safe shalt thou pass through her hundred ships,

With the Saint and a remnant of the Gaël,
And the Lord will instruct thy lips
To preach in Innisfail."†

The sun, now about to set,
Was burning o'er Tíree,
And no gathering cry rose yet
O'er the isles of Albyn's sea,

* Denmark.

† Ireland.

Whilst Reullura saw far rowers dip
Their oars beneath the sun,
And the Phantom of many a Danish ship,
Where ship there yet was none.
And the shield of alarm was dumb,
Nor did their warning till midnight come, '
When watch-fires burst from across the main,
From Rona, and Uist, and Skye,
To tell that the ships of the Dane
And the red-haired slayers were nigh.

Our islemen arose from slumbers,
And buckled on their arms ;
But few, alas ! were their numbers
To Lochlin's mailéd swarms.
And the blade of the bloody Norse
Has filled the shores of the Gaël
With many a floating corse,
And with many a woman's wail.
They have lighted the islands with ruin's torch,
And the holy men of Iona's church
In the temple of God lay slain ;
All but Aodh, the last Culdee,
But bound with many an iron chain,
Bound in that church was he.
And where is Aodh's bride ?
Rocks of the ocean flood !
Plunged she not from your heights in pride,
And mocked the men of blood ?
Then Ulvfagre and his bands
In the temple lighted their banquet up,
And the print of their blood-red hands
Was left on the altar cup.

'T was then that the Norseman to Aodh said,
"Tell where thy church's treasure's laid,
Or I'll hew thee limb from limb."

As he spoke the bell struck three,
And every torch grew dim
That lighted their revelry.

But the torches again burnt bright,
And brighter than before,
When an aged man of majestic height
Entered the temple door.

Hushed was the revellers' sound,
They were struck as mute as the dead,
And their hearts were appalled by the very sound
Of his footsteps' measured tread.

Nor word was spoken by one beholder,
Whilst he flung his white robe back o'er his shoulder,
And stretching his arms — as eath
Unriveted Aodh's bands,
As if the gyves had been a wreath
Of willows in his hands.

All saw the stranger's similitude
To the ancient statue's form;
The Saint before his own image stood,
And grasped Ulvfagre's arm.
Then up rose the Danes at last to deliver
Their chief, and shouting with one accord,
Then drew the shaft from its rattling quiver,
They lifted the spear and sword,
And levelled their spears in rows.
But down went axes and spears and bows

When the Saint with his crosier signed,
The archer's hand on the string was stopt,
And down, like reeds laid flat by the wind,
Their lifted weapons dropt.

The Saint then gave a signal mute,
And though Ulvfagre willed it not,
He came and stood at the statue's foot,
Spell-riveted to the spot,
Till hands invisible shook the wall,
And the tottering image was dashed
Down from its lofty pedestal.

On Ulvfagre's helm it crashed —
Helmet, and skull, and flesh, and brain,
It crushed as millstones crush the grain.
Then spoke the Saint, whilst all and each
Of the Heathen trembled round,
And the pauses amidst his speech
Were as awful as the sound :

“ Go back, ye wolves ! to your dens ” (he cried),
“ And tell the nations abroad,
How the fiercest of your herd has died
That slaughtered the flock of God.
Gather him bone by bone,
And take with you o'er the flood
The fragments of that avenging stone
That drank his heathen blood.
These are the spoils from Iona's sack,
The only spoils ye shall carry back ;
For the hand that uplifteth spear or sword
Shall be withered by palsy's shock,
And I come in the name of the Lord
To deliver a remnant of his flock.”

A remnant was called together,
A doleful remnant of the Gaël,
And the Saint in the ship that had brought him hither
Took the mourners to Innisfail.
Unscathed they left Iona's strand,
When the opal morn first flushed the sky,
For the Norse dropt spear, and bow, and brand,
And looked on them silently ;
Safe from their hiding-places came
Orphans and mothers, child and dame :
But, alas ! when the search for Reullura spread,
No answering voice was given,
For the sea had gone o'er her lovely head,
And her spirit was in Heaven.

THE TURKISH LADY.

'T WAS the hour when rites unholy
Called each Paynim voice to prayer,
And the star that faded slowly
Left to dews the freshened air.

Day her sultry fires had wasted,
Calm and sweet the moonlight rose ;
Even a captive spirit tasted
Half oblivion of his woes.

Then 't was from an Emir's palace
Came an Eastern lady bright :
She, in spite of tyrants jealous,
Saw and loved an English knight

"Tell me, captive, why in anguish
Foes have dragged thee here to dwell,
Where poor Christians as they languish
Hear no sound of Sabbath bell?"—

"'T was on Transylvania's Bannat,
When the Crescent shone afar,
Like a pale disastrous planet,
O'er the purple tide of war—

In that day of desolation,
Lady, I was captive made;
Bleeding for my Christian nation
By the walls of high Belgrade."

"Captive! could the brightest jewel
From my turban set thee free?"

"Lady, no!—the gift were cruel,
Ransomed, yet if reft of thee.

Say, fair princess! would it grieve thee
Christian climes should we behold?"—

"Nay, bold knight! I would not leave thee
Were thy ransom paid in gold!"

Now in Heaven's blue expansion
Rose the midnight star to view,
When to quit her father's mansion
Thrice she wept, and bade adieu!

"Fly we, then, while none discover!
Tyrant barks, in vain ye ride!"—
Soon at Rhodes the British lover
Clasped his blooming Eastern bride.

THE BRAVE ROLAND.

THE brave Roland ! — the brave Roland !
False tidings reached the Rhenish strand
 That he had fallen in fight ;
And thy faithful bosom swooned with pain,
O loveliest maid of Allémayne !
 For the loss of thine own true knight

But why so rash has she ta'en the veil
In yon Nonnenwerder's cloisters pale ?
 For her vow had scarce been sworn,
And the fatal mantle o'er her flung,
When the Drachenfels to a trumpet rung —
 'T was her own dear warrior's horn !

Woe ! woe ! each heart shall bleed — shall break !
She would have hung upon his neck,
 Had he come but yester-even !
And he had clasped those peerless charms,
That shall never, never fill his arms,
 Or meet him but in heaven.

Yet Roland the brave — Roland the true —
He could not bid that spot adieu ;
 It was dear still midst his woes ;
For he loved to breathe the neighboring air,
And to think she blessed him in her prayer,
 When the Hallelujah rose.

There 's yet one window of that pile,
Which he built above the Nun's green isle ;
 Thence sad and oft looked he

(When the chant and organ sounded slow)
On the mansion of his love below,
For herself he might not see.

She died ! — he sought the battle-plain ;
Her image filled his dying brain,
When he fell and wished to fall :
And her name was in his latest sigh,
When Roland, the flower of chivalry,
Expired at Roncevall.

THE SPECTRE BOAT.

A BALLAD.

LIGHT rued false Ferdinand to leave a lovely maid forlorn,
Who broke her heart and died to hide her blushing cheek
from scorn.

One night he dreamt he wooed her in their wonted bower of
love,

Where the flowers sprang thick around them, and the birds
sang sweet above.

But the scene was swiftly changed into a church-yard's
dismal view,

And her lips grew black beneath his kiss, from love's
delicious hue.

What more he dreamt, he told to none ; but shuddering,
pale and dumb,

Looked out upon the waves, like one that knew his hour
was come.

'T was now the dead watch of the night—the helm was
lashed a-lee,

And the ship rode where Mount Ætna lights the deep
Levantine sea ;

When beneath its glare a boat came, rowed by a woman in
her shroud,

Who, with eyes that made our blood run cold, stood up and
spoke aloud : —

“ Come, Traitor, down, for whom my ghost still wanders
unforgiven !

Come down, false Ferdinand, for whom I broke my peace
with heaven ! ”

It was vain to hold the victim, for he plunged to meet her
call,

Like the bird that shrieks and flutters in the gazing
serpent's thrall.

You may guess the boldest mariner shrunk daunted from the
sight,

For the Spectre and her winding-sheet shone blue with
hideous light ;

Like a fiery wheel the boat spun with the waving of her
hand,

And round they went, and down they went, as the cock
crew from the land.

THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

If any white-winged Power above
My joys and griefs survey,
The day when thou wert born, my love —
He surely blessed that day.

I laughed (till taught by thee) when told
Of Beauty's magic powers,
That ripened life's dull ore to gold,
And changed its weeds to flowers.

My mind had lovely shapes portrayed;
But thought I earth had one
Could make even Fancy's visions fade
Like stars before the sun?

I gazed, and felt upon my lips
The unfinished accents hang:
One moment's bliss, one burning kiss,
To rapture changed each pang.

And though as swift as lightning's flash
Those transcéd moments flew,
Not all the waves of time shall wash
Their memory from my view.

But duly shall my raptured song,
And gladly shall my eyes,
Still bless this day's return, as long
As thou shalt see it rise.

SONG.

O, how hard it is to find
 The one just suited to our mind !
 And if that one should be
 False, unkind, or found too late,
 What can we do but sigh at fate,
 And sing "Woe's me — Woe's me" ?

Love's a boundless burning waste,
 Where Bliss's stream we seldom taste,
 And still more seldom flee
 Suspense's thorns, Suspicion's stings ;
 Yet somehow Love a something brings
 That's sweet — even when we sigh "Woe's me !"

ADELGITHA.

THE ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded,
 And sad pale ADELGITHA came,
 When forth a valiant champion bounded,
 And slew the slanderer of her fame.

She wept, delivered from her danger ;
 But when he knelt to claim her glove —
 "Seek not," she cried, "O ! gallant stranger,
 For hapless ADELGITHA's love.

For he is in a foreign far land
 Whose arms should now have set me free ;
 And I must wear the willow garland
 For him that's dead, or false to me."

“Nay ! say not that his faith is tainted !” —
 He raised his visor.— At the sight
 She fell into his arms and fainted ;
 It was indeed her own true knight !

LINES

ON RECEIVING A SEAL WITH THE CAMPBELL CREST, FROM K. M—,
 BEFORE HER MARRIAGE.

THIS wax returns not back more fair
 The impression of the gift you send,
 Than stamped upon my thoughts I bear
 The image of your worth, my friend !—

We are not friends of yesterday ;—
 But poets' fancies are a little
 Disposed to heat and cool (they say),—
 By turns impressible and brittle.

Well ! should its frailty e'er condemn
 My heart to prize or please you less,
 Your type is still the sealing gem,
 And *mine* the waxen brittleness.

What transcripts of my weal and woe
 This little signet yet may lock,—
 What utterances to friend or foe,
 In reason's calm or passion's shock !

What scenes of life's yet curtained stage
 May own its confidential die,
 Whose stamp awaits the unwritten page,
 And feelings of futurity !—

Yet wheresoe'er my pen I lift
To date the epistolary sheet,
The blest occasion of the gift
Shall make its recollection sweet ;

Sent when the star that rules your fates
Hath reached its influence most benign —
When every heart congratulates,
And none more cordially than mine.

So speed my song — marked with the crest
That erst the adventurous Norman wore,
Who won the Lady of the West,
The daughter of Macaillan Mor.

Crest of my sires ! whose blood it sealed
With glory in the strife of swords,
Ne'er may the scroll that bears it yield
Degenerate thoughts or faithless words !

Yet little might I prize the stone,
If it but typed the feudal tree
From whence, a scattered leaf, I'm blown
In Fortune's mutability.

No ! — but it tells me of a heart
Allied by friendship's living tie ;
A prize beyond the herald's art —
• Our soul-sprung consanguinity !

KATHERINE ! to many an hour of mine
Light wings and sunshine you have lent ;
And so adieu, and still be thine
The all-in-all of life — Content !

GILDEROY.

THE last, the fatal hour is come,
That bears my love from me :
I hear the dead note of the drum,
I mark the gallows' tree !
The bell has tolled ; it shakes my heart ;
The trumpet speaks thy name ;
And must my Gilderoy depart
To bear a death of shame ?
No bosom trembles for thy doom ;
No mourner wipes a tear ;
The gallows' foot is all thy tomb,
The sledge is all thy bier.
O, Gilderoy ! bethought we then
So soon, so sad to part,
When first in Roslin's lovely glen
You triumphed o'er my heart ?
Your locks they glittered to the sheen,
Your hunter garb was trim ;
And graceful was the ribbon green
That bound your manly limb !
Ah ! little thought I to deplore
Those limbs in fetters bound ;
Or hear, upon the scaffold floor,
The midnight hammer sound.
Ye cruel, cruel, that combined
The guiltless to pursue ;
My Gilderoy was ever kind,
He could not injure you !

A long adieu ! but where shall fly
 Thy widow all forlorn,
 When every mean and cruel eye
 Regards my woe with scorn ?

Yes ! they will mock thy widow's tears,
 And hate thine orphan boy ;
 Alas ! his infant beauty wears
 The form of Gilderoy.

Then will I seek the dreary mound
 That wraps thy mouldering clay,
 And weep and linger on the ground,
 And sigh my heart away.

STANZAS

ON THE THREATENED INVASION, 1803.

OUR bosoms we'll bare for the glorious strife,
 And our oath is recorded on high,
 To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,
 Or crushed in its ruins to die !
 Then rise, fellow-freemen, and stretch the right hand,
 And swear to prevail in your dear native land !

'T is the home we hold sacred is laid to our trust —
 God bless the green Isle of the brave !
 Should a conqueror tread on our forefathers' dust,
 It would rouse the old dead from their grave !
 Then rise, fellow-freemen, and stretch the right hand
 And swear to prevail in your dear native land !

In a Briton's sweet home shall a spoiler abide,
Profaning its loves and its charms?
Shall a Frenchman insult the loved fair at our side?
To arms! O, my Country, to arms!
Then rise, fellow-freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

Shall a tyrant enslave us, my countrymen! — No!
His head to the sword shall be given —
A death-bed repentance be taught the proud foe,
And his blood be an offering to Heaven!
Then rise, fellow-freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

THE RITTER BANN.

THE Ritter Bann from Hungary
Came back, renowned in arms,
But scorning jousts of chivalry,
And love and ladies' charms.

While other knights held revels, he
Was rapt in thoughts of gloom,
And in Vienna's hostelrie
Slow paced his lonely room.

There entered one whose face he knew,—
Whose voice, he was aware,
He oft at mass had listened to
In the holy house of prayer.

'T was the Abbot of St. James's monks,
A fresh and fair old man :
His reverend air arrested even
The gloomy Ritter Bann.

But seeing with him an ancient dame
Come clad in Scotch attire,
The Ritter's color went and came,
And loud he spoke in ire :

" Ha ! nurse of her that was my bane,
Name not her name to me ;
I wish it blotted from my brain :
Art poor ? — take alms, and flee."

" Sir Knight," the abbot interposed,
" This case your ear demands ;"
And the crone cried, with a cross enclosed
In both her trembling hands,

" Remember, each his sentence waits ;
And he that shall rebut
Sweet Mercy's suit, on him the gates
Of Mercy shall be shut.

You wedded, undispensed by Church,
Your cousin Jane in Spring ; —
In Autumn, when you went to search
For churchman's pardoning,

Her house denounced your marriage-band,
Betrothed her to De Grey,
And the ring you put upon her hand
Was wrenched by force away.

Then wept your Jane upon my neck,
Crying, 'Help me, nurse, to flee
To my Howel Bann's Glamorgan hills ;'
But word arrivéd—ah me !—

You were not there ; and 't was their threat,
By foul means or by fair,
To-morrow morning was to set
The seal on her despair.

I had a son, a sea-boy, in
A ship at Hartland Bay ;
By his aid from her cruel kin
I bore my bird away.

To Scotland from the Devon's
Green myrtle shores we fled ;
And the Hand that sent the ravens
To Elijah gave us bread.

She wrote you by my son, but he
From England sent us word
You had gone into some far countrie,
In grief and gloom, he heard.

For they that wronged you, to elude
Your wrath, defamed my child ;
And you—ay, blush, Sir, as you should—
Believed, and were beguiled.

To die but at your feet, she vowed
To roam the world ; and we
Would both have sped and begged our bread,
But so it might not be.

For when the snow-storm beat our roof,
She bore a boy, Sir Bann,
Who grew as fair your likeness' proof
As child e'er grew like man.

'T was smiling on that babe one morn
While heath bloomed on the moor,
Her beauty struck young Lord Kinghorn
As he hunted past our door.

She shunned him, but he raved of Jane,
And roused his mother's pride :
Who came to us in high disdain,—
'And where 's the face,' she cried,

'Has witched my boy to wish for one
So wretched for his wife?—
Dost love thy husband? Know, my son
Has sworn to seek his life.'

Her anger sore dismayed us,
For our mite was wearing scant,
And, unless that dame would aid us,
There was none to aid our want.

Só I told her, weeping bitterly,
What all our woes had been ;
And, though she was a stern ladie,
The tears stood in her een.

And she housed us both, when, cheerfully,
My child to her had sworn,
That even if made a widow, she
Would never wed Kinghorn."——

Here paused the nurse, and then began
The abbot, standing by : —
“ Three months ago a wounded man
To our abbey came to die.

He heard me long, with ghastly eyes
And hand obdurate clenched,
Spoke of the worm that never dies,
And the fire that is not quenched.

At last, by what this scroll attests,
He left atonement brief,
For years of anguish to the breasts
His guilt had wrung with grief.

‘ There lived,’ he said, ‘ a fair young dame
Beneath my mother’s roof;
I loved her, but against my flame
Her purity was proof.

I feigned repentance, friendship pure;
That mood she did not check,
But let her husband’s miniature
Be copied from her neck,

As means to search him ; my deceit
Took care to him was borne
Naught but his picture’s counterfeit,
And Jane’s reported scorn.

The treachery took : she waited wild ;
My slave came back and lied
Whate’er I wished ; she clasped her child
And swooned, and all but died.

I felt her tears for years and years
Quench not my flame, but stir;
The very hate I bore her mate
Increased my love for her.

Fame told us of his glory, while
Joy flushed the face of Jane;
And, while she blessed his name, her smile
Struck fire into my brain.

No fears could damp; I reached the camp,
Sought out its champion;
And if my broad-sword failed at last,
'T was long and well laid on.

This wound's my meed, my name's Kinghorn,
My foe's the Ritter Bann.'——
The wafer to his lips was borne,
And we shrived the dying man.

He died not till you went to fight
The Turks, at Warradein;
But I see my tale has changed you pale."——
The abbot went for wine;

And brought a little page who poured
It out, and knelt and smiled; —
The stunned knight saw himself restored
To childhood in his child;

And stooped and caught him to his breast,
Laughed loud and wept anon,
And, with a shower of kisses, pressed
The darling little one.

“ And where went Jane ? ” — “ To a nunnery, Sir,—
Look not again so pale,—
Kinghorn’s old dame grew harsh to her.” —
“ And has she ta’en the veil ? ”

“ Sit down, Sir,” said the priest, “ I bar
Rash words.” — They sat all three,
And the boy played with the knight’s broad star,
As he kept him on his knee.

“ Think, ere you ask her dwelling-place,”
The abbot further said ;
“ Time draws a veil o’er beauty’s face
More deep than cloister’s shade.

Grief may have made her what you can
Scarce love perhaps for life.” —
“ Hush, abbot,” cried the Ritter Bann,
“ Or tell me where ’s my wife.”

The priest undid two doors that hid
The inn’s adjacent room,
And there a lovely woman stood,
Tears bathed her beauty’s bloom.

One moment may with bliss repay
Unnumbered hours of pain ;
Such was the throb and mutual sob
Of the knight embracing Jane.

SONG.

"MEN OF ENGLAND."

MEN of England ! who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their blood '
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on field and flood : —

By the foes you 've fought uncounted,
By the glorious deeds ye 've done,
Trophies captured — breaches mounted,
Navies conquered — kingdoms won.

Yet, remember, England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the freedom of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,
Where no public virtues bloom ?
What avail, in lands of slavery,
Trophied temples, arch, and tomb ?

Pageants ! — Let the world revere us
For our people's rights and laws,
And the breasts of civic heroes
Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
Sidney's matchless shade is yours, —
Martyrs in heroic story,
Worth a hundred Agincourts !

We're the sons of sires that baffled
Crowned and mitred tyranny ; —
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birthrights — so will we !

SONG.

DRINK ye to her that each loves best,
And if you nurse a flame
That's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name.

Enough, while memory tranced and glad
Paints silently the fair,
That each should dream of joys he's had,
Or yet may hope to share.

Yet far, far hence be jest or boast
From hallowed thoughts so dear ;
But drink to her that each loves most,
As she would love to hear.

THE HARPER.

ON the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I ;
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
She said (while the sorrow was big at her heart),
O ! remember your Sheelah when far, far away :
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.

Poor dog ! he was faithful and kind, to be sure,
And he constantly loved me, although I was poor ;
When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray,
And he licked me for kindness — my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remembered his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face ;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
And I played a sad lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind ?
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful, and kind ?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

ALONE to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube

Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er : —

“ O whither ! ” she cried, “ hast thou wandered, my lover.

Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore ?

What voice did I hear ? 't was my Henry that sighed !”
All mournful she hastened, nor wandered she far,
When bleeding, and low, on the heath she descried,
By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar !

From his bosom that heaved, the last torrent was streaming,
And pale was his visage, deep marked with a scar !
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war !

How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight !
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war !
“Hast thou come, my foud Love, this last sorrowful night,
To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar ?”

“Thou shalt live,” she replied, “Heaven's mercy relieving
Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn !” —
“Ah no ! the last pang of my bosom is heaving !
No light of the morn shall to Henry return !

Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true !
Ye babes of my love, that await me afar !” —
His faltering tongue scarce could murmur adieu,
When he sunk in her arms — the poor wounded Hussar !

LOVE AND MADNESS.

AN ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN 1795.

HARK ! from the battlements of yonder tower*
The solemn bell has tolled the midnight hour !
Roused from drear visions of distempered sleep,
Poor B——k wakes — in solitude to weep !

“ Cease, Memory, cease (the friendless mourner cried)
To probe the bosom too severely tried !
O ! ever cease, my pensive thoughts, to stray
Through the bright fields of Fortune’s better day,
When youthful HOPE, the music of the mind,
Tuned all its charms, and E——n was kind !

Yet, can I cease, while glows this trembling frame,
In sighs to speak thy melancholy name ?
I hear thy spirit wail in every storm !
In midnight shades I view thy passing form !
Pale as in that sad hour when doomed to feel,
Deep in thy perjured heart, the bloody steel !

Demons of Vengeance ! ye at whose command
I grasped the sword with more than woman’s hand
Say ye, did Pity’s trembling voice control,
Or horror damp the purpose of my soul ?
No ! my wild heart sat smiling o’er the plan,
Till Hate fulfilled what baffled Love began !

* Warwick Castle.

Yes ; let the clay-cold breast that never knew
One tender pang to generous Nature true,
Half-mingling pity with the gall of scorn,
Condemn this heart, that bled in love forlorn !

And ye, proud fair, whose soul no gladness warms,
Save rapture's homage to your conscious charms !
Delighted idols of a gaudy train,
Ill can your blunter feelings guess the pain,
When the fond faithful heart, inspired to prove
Friendship refined, the calm delight of Love,
Feels all its tender strings with anguish torn,
And bleeds at perjured Pride's inhuman scorn.

Say, then, did pitying Heaven condemn the deed,
When Vengeance bade thee, faithless lover, bleed ?
Long had I watched thy dark foreboding brow,
What time thy bosom scorned its dearest vow !
Sad, though I wept the friend, the lover changed,
Still thy cold look was scornful and estranged,
Till from thy pity, love, and shelter thrown,
I wandered hopeless, friendless, and alone !

O ! righteous Heaven ! 't was then my tortured soul
First gave to wrath unlimited control !
Adieu the silent look ! the streaming eye !
The murmured plaint ! the deep heart-heaving sigh !
Long-slumbering Vengeance wakes to bitter deeds ;
He shrieks, he falls, the perjured lover bleeds !
Now the last laugh of agony is o'er,
And pale in blood he sleeps, to wake no more !

'T is done ! the flame of hate no longer burns :
Nature relents, but, ah ! too late returns !
Why does my soul this gush of fondness feel ?
Trembling and faint, I drop the guilty steel !
Cold on my heart the hand of terror lies,
And shades of horror close my languid eyes !

O ! 't was a deed of Murder's deepest grain !
Could B——k's soul so true to wrath remain ?
A friend long true, a once fond lover fell ! —
Where Love was fostered could not Pity dwell ?

Unhappy youth ! while yon pale crescent glows
To watch on silent Nature's deep repose,
Thy sleepless spirit, breathing from the tomb,
Foretells my fate, and summons me to come !
Once more I see thy sheeted spectre stand,
Roll the dim eye, and wave the paly hand !

Soon may this fluttering spark of vital flame
Forsake its languid melancholy frame !
Soon may these eyes their trembling lustre close,
Welcome the dreamless night of long repose !
Soon may this woe-worn spirit seek the bourn
Where, lulled to slumber, Grief forgets to mourn ! ”

HALLOWED GROUND.

WHAT'S hallowed ground ? Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by Superstition's rod
To bow the knee ?

That's hallowed ground — where, mourned and missed,
The lips repose our love has kissed : —
But where's their memory's mansion ? Is't
Yon church-yard's bowers ?
No ! in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound :
The spot where love's first links were wound,
That ne'er are riven,
Is hallowed down to earth's profound,
And up to Heaven !

For time makes all but true love old ;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould ;
And will not cool,
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool .

What hallows ground where heroes sleep ?
'T is not the sculptured piles you heap !

In dews that heavens far distant weep
 Their turf may bloom ;
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
 Their coral tomb :

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind —
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
 Lifts thine on high ? —
To live in hearts we leave behind,
 Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right ?
He's dead alone that lacks her light !
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
 The sword he draws : —
What can alone ennoble fight ?
 A noble cause !

Give that ! and welcome War to brace
Her drums ! and rend Heaven's reeking space !
The colors planted face to face,
 The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
 Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven ! but Heaven rebukes my zeal.
The cause of Truth and human weal,
 O God above !
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
 To Peace and Love.

Peace, Love ! the cherubim, that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine,
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
Where they are not —
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
And pompous rites in domes august ?
See mouldering stones and metal's rust
Belie the vaunt,
That men can bless one pile of dust
With chime or chant.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man !
Thy temples — creeds themselves grow wan !
But there's a dome of nobler span,
A temple given
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban —
Its space is Heaven !

Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,
Where, trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
And God himself to man revealing,
The harmonious spheres
Make music, though unheard their pealing
By mortal ears.

Fair stars ! are not your beings pure ?
Can sin, can death, your world obscure ?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your
Aspect above ?
Ye must be Heavens that make us sure
Of heavenly love !

And in your harmony sublime
 I read the doom of distant time ;
 That man's regenerate soul from crime
 Shall yet be drawn,
 And reason on his mortal clime
 Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground ? 'T is what gives birth
 To sacred thoughts in souls of worth ! —
 Peace ! Independence ! Truth ! go forth
 Earth's compass round ;
 And your high priesthood shall make earth
 All hallowed ground.

SONG.

WITHDRAW not yet those lips and fingers,
 Whose touch to mine is rapture's spell ;
 Life's joy for us a moment lingers,
 And death seems in the word — Farewell.
 The hour that bids us part and go,
 It sounds not yet,— O ! no, no, no !

Time, whilst I gaze upon thy sweetness,
 Flies like a courser nigh the goal ;
 To-morrow where shall be his fleetness,
 When thou art parted from my soul ?
 Our hearts shall beat, our tears shall flow,
 But not together — no, no, no !

CAROLINE.

PART I.

I'LL bid the hyacinth to blow,
I'll teach my grotto green to be;
And sing my true love, all below
The holly bower and myrtle tree.

There all his wild-wood sweets to bring,
The sweet south wind shall wander by,
And with the music of his wing
Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clustering bower,
Thou spirit of a milder clime,
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower,
Of mountain heath, and moory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,
Sweet comrade of the rosy day,
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum, -
Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has played,
Whatever isles of ocean fanned,
Come to my blossom-woven shade,
Thou wandering wind of fairy-land.

For sure from some enchanted isle,
Where Heaven and Love their sabbath hold,
Where pure and happy spirits smile,
Of beauty's fairest, brightest mould:

From some green Eden of the deep,
Where Pleasure's sigh alone is heaved,
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
Endeared, undoubting, undeceived :

From some sweet paradise afar,
Thy music wanders, distant, lost—
Where Nature lights her leading star,
And love is never, never crossed.

O gentle gale of Eden bowers,
If back thy rosy feet should roam,
To revel with the cloudless Hours
In Nature's more propitious home,

Name to thy loved Elysian groves,
That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
A fairer form than cherub loves,
And let the name be CAROLINE.

CAROLINE.

PART II.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

GEM of the crimson-colored Even,
Companion of retiring day,
Why at the closing gates of Heaven,
Beloved star, dost thou delay ?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns,
When soft the tear of twilight flows ;
So due thy plighted love returns,
To chambers brighter than the rose :

To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love,
So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
Sure some enamored orb above
Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing, blushing hour,
When all unheavenly passions fly,
Chased by the soul-subduing power
Of Love's delicious witchery.

O ! sacred to the fall of day,
Queen of propitious stars, appear,
And early rise, and long delay,
When Caroline herself is here !

Shine on her chosen green resort,
Whose trees the sunward summit crown,
And wanton flowers, that well may court
An angel's feet to tread them down.

Shine on her sweetly-scented road,
Thou star of evening's purple dome,
That lead'st the nightingale abroad,
And guid'st the pilgrim to his home.

Shine where my charmer's sweeter breath
Embalms the soft exhaling dew,
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath
To kiss the cheek of rosy hue.

Where, winnowed by the gentle air,
Her silken tresses darkly flow,
And fall upon her brow so fair,
Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline,
In converse sweet, to wander far,
O bring with thee my Caroline,
And thou shalt be my Ruling Star!

THE BEECH-TREE'S PETITION.

O LEAVE this barren spot to me !
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !
Though bush or floweret never grow
My dark unwarmed shade below ;
Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue !
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn ;
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
The ambrosial amber of the hive ;
Yet leave this barren spot to me :
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green ;
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour ;
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made ;
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carved many a long-forgotten name.
O ! by the sighs of gentle sound,
First breathed upon this sacred ground ;

By all that Love has whispered here,
Or beauty heard with ravished ear ;
As Love's own altar honor me :
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !

FIELD-FLOWERS.

YE field-flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 't is true,
Yet, wildings of Nature, I dote upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,
And of birchen glades breathing their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note
Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June :
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now what affections the violet awakes !
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes.
Can the wild water-lily restore !

What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks,
In the vetches that tangled their shore !

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
Had scathed my existence's bloom ;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age.
And I wish you to grow on my tomb

SONG.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

STAR that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary laborer free !
If any star shed peace, 't is thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odors rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
And songs when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirred
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse ;

Their remembrancer in Heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.

, STANZAS TO PAINTING.

O THOU by whose expressive art
Her perfect image Nature sees
In union with the Graces start,
And sweetér by reflection please !

In whose creative hand the hues
Fresh from yon orient rainbow shine ;
I bless thee, Promethéan muse !
And call thee brightest of the Nine !

Possessing more than vocal power,
Persuasive more than poet's tongue ;
Whose lineage, in a raptured hour,
From Love, the Sire of Nature, sprung ;

Does Hope her high possession meet ?
Is joy triumphant, sorrow flown ?
Sweet is the trance, the tremor sweet,
When all we love is all our own.

But, O ! thou pulse of pleasure dear,
Slow throbbing, cold, I feel thee part ;
Long absence plants a pang severe,
Or death inflicts a keener dart.

Then for a beam of joy to light
In memory's sad and wakeful eye!
Or banished from the noon of night
Her dreams of deeper agony.

Shall Song its witching cadence roll?
Yea, even the tenderest air repeat,
That breathed when soul was knit to soul,
And heart to heart responsive beat?

What visions rise, to charm, to melt!
The lost, the loved, the dead are near!
O, hush that strain too deeply felt!
And cease that solace too severe!

But thou, serenely silent Art!
By heaven and love wast taught to lend
A milder solace to the heart,
The sacred image of a friend.

All is not lost! if, yet possessest,
To me that sweet memorial shine:—
If close and closer to my breast
I hold that idol all divine.

Or, gazing through luxurious tears,
Melt o'er the loved departed form,
Till death's cold bosom half appears
With life, and speech, and spirit warm.

She looks! she lives! this tranced hour,
Her bright eye seems a purer gem
Than sparkles on the throne of power.
Or glory's wealthy diadem.

Yes, Genius, yes ! thy mimic aid
A treasure to my soul has given,
Where beauty's canonizéd shade
Smiles in the sainted hues of heaven.

No spectre forms of pleasure fled
Thy softening, sweetening tints restore ;
For thou canst give us back the dead,
E'en in the loveliest looks they wore.

Then blest be Nature's guardian Muse,
Whose hand her perished grace redeems !
Whose tablet of a thousand hues
The mirror of creation seems.

From love began thy high descent ;
And lovers, charmed by gifts of thine,
Shall bless thee mutely eloquent ;
And call thee brightest of the Nine !

THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE.

NEVER wedding, ever wooing,
Still a love-lorn heart pursuing,
Read you not the wrong you're doing
In my cheek's pale hue ?
All my life with sorrow strewing,
Wed, or cease to woo.

Rivals banished, bosoms plighted,
Still our days are disunited ;

Now the lamp of hope is lighted,
Now half-quenched appears,
Damped, and wavering, and benighted,
'Midst my sighs and tears.

Charms you call your dearest blessing,
Lips that thrill at your caressing,
Eyes a mutual soul confessing,
Soon you'll make them grow
Dim, and worthless your possessing,
Not with age, but woe!

ABSENCE.

'T is not the loss of love's assurance,
It is not doubting what thou art,
But 't is the too, too long endurance
Of absence, that afflicts my heart.

The fondest thoughts two hearts can cherish,
When each is lonely doomed to weep,
Are fruits on desert isles that perish,
Or riches buried in the deep.

What though, untouched by jealous madness,
Our bosom's peace may fall to wreck!
The undoubting heart, that breaks with sadness,
Is but more slowly doomed to break.

Absence! is not the soul torn by it
From more than light, or life, or breath?
'T is Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet,
The pain without the peace of death!

LINES

INSCRIBED ON THE MONUMENT LATELY FINISHED BY MR. CHANTREY,

Which has been erected by the Widow of Admiral Sir G. Campbell, K.C.B., to the memory of her Husband.

To him, whose loyal, brave, and gentle heart,
Fulfilled the hero's and the patriot's part,—
Whose charity, like that which Paul enjoined,
Was warm, beneficent, and unconfined,—
This stone is reared : to public duty true,
The seaman's friend, the father of his crew —
Mild in reproof, sagacious in command,
He spread fraternal zeal throughout his band,
And led each arm to act, each heart to feel,
What British valor owes to Britain's weal.
These were his public virtues : — but to trace
His private life's fair purity and grace,
To paint the traits that drew affection strong
From friends, an ample and an ardent throng,
And, more, to speak his memory's grateful claim,
On her who mourns him most, and bears his name —
O'ercomes the trembling hand of widowed grief,
O'ercomes the heart, unconscious of relief,
Save in religion's high and holy trust,
Whilst placing their memorial o'er his dust.

STANZAS

ON THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO.

HEARTS of oak, that have bravely delivered the brave,
And uplifted old Greece from the brink of the grave,
'T was the helpless to help, and the hopeless to save,
That your thunderbolts swept o'er the brine :
And, as long as yon sun shall look down on the wave,
The light of your glory shall shine.

For the guerdon ye sought with your bloodshed and toil,
Was it slaves, or dominion, or rapine, or spoil ?
No! your lofty emprise was to fetter and foil
The uprooter of Greece's domain !
When he tore the last remnant of food from her soil,
Till her famished sank pale as the slain !

Yet, Navarin's heroes ! does Christendom breed
The base hearts that will question the fame of your deed ?
Are they men ? — let ineffable scorn be their meed,
And oblivion shadow their graves ! —
Are they women ? — to Turkish serails let them speed,
And be mothers of Mussulman slaves.

Abettors of massacre ! dare ye deplore
That the death-shriek is silenced on Hellas's shore ?
That the mother aghast sees her offspring no more
By the hand of Infanticide grasped !
And that stretched on yon billows distained by their gore
Missolonghi's assassins have gasped ?

Prouder scene never hallowed war's pomp to the mind,
Than when Christendom's pennons wooed social the wind,

And the flower of her brave for the combat combined,
 Their watch-word, humanity's vow :
 Not a sea-boy that fought in that cause, but mankind
 Owes a garland to honor his brow !

Nor grudge, by our side, that to conquer or fall
 Came the hardy rude Russ, and the high-mettled Gaul :
 For, whose was the genius, that planned at its call,
 Where the whirlwind of battle should roll ?
 All were brave ! but the star of success over all
 Was the light of our Codrington's soul.

That star of thy day-spring, regenerate Greek !
 Dimmed the Saracen's moon, and struck pallid his cheek :
 In its fast-flushing morning thy Muses shall speak
 When their lore and their lutes they reclaim :
 And the first of their songs from Parnassus's peak
 Shall be "*Glory to Codrington's name !*"

 LINES

ON REVISITING A SCOTTISH RIVER.

AND call they this Improvement ? — to have changed,
 My native Clyde, thy once romantic shore,
 Where Nature's face is banished and estranged,
 And heaven reflected in thy wave no more ;
 Whose banks, that sweetened May-day's breath before,
 Lie sere and leafless now in summer's beam,
 With sooty exhalations covered o'er ;
 And for the daisied green-sward, down thy stream
 Unsightly brick lanes smoke, and clanking engines gleam.

Speak not to me of swarms the scene sustains ;
One heart free tasting Nature's breath and bloom
Is worth a thousand slaves to Mammon's gains.
But whither goes that wealth, and gladdening whom ?
See, left but life enough and breathing-room
The hunger and the hope of life to feel,
Yon pale Mechanic bending o'er his loom,
And Childhood's self, as at Ixion's wheel,
From morn till midnight tasked to earn its little meal.

Is this Improvement ? — where the human breed
Degenerate as they swarm and overflow,
Till Toil grows cheaper than the trodden weed,
And man competes with man, like foe with foe,
Till Death, that thins them, scarce seems public woe ?
Improvement ! — smiles it in the poor man's eyes,
Or blooms it on the cheek of Labor ? — No —
To gorge a few with Trade's precarious prize,
We banish rural life, and breathe unwholesome skies.

Nor call that evil slight ; God has not given
This passion to the heart of man in vain,
For Earth's green face, the untainted air of Heaven,
And all the bliss of Nature's rustic reign.
For, not alone our frame imbibes a stain
From fetid skies ; the spirit's healthy pride
Fades in their gloom. — And therefore I complain,
That thou no more through pastoral scenes shouldst glide,
My Wallace's own stream, and once romantic Clyde !

THE "NAME UNKNOWN;"

IN IMITATION OF KLOPSTOCK.

PROPHETIC pencil ! wilt thou trace
A faithful image of the face,
Or wilt thou write the "Name Unknown,"
Ordained to bless my charmed soul,
And all my future fate control,
Unrivalled and alone ?

Delicious Idol of my thought !
Though sylph or spirit hath not taught
My boding heart thy precious name ;
Yet musing on my distant fate,
To charms unseen I consecrate
A visionary flame.

Thy rosy blush, thy meaning eye,
Thy virgin voice of melody,
Are ever present to my heart ;
Thy murmured vows shall yet be mine,
My thrilling hand shall meet with thine,
And never, never part !

Then fly, my days, on rapid wing,
Till Love the viewless treasure bring,
While I, like conscious Athens, own
A power in mystic silence sealed,
A guardian angel unrevealed,
And bless the "Name Unknown !"

FAREWELL TO LOVE.

I HAD a heart that doted once in passion's boundless pain,
And though the tyrant I abjured, I could not break his
chain;

But now that Fancy's fire is quenched, and ne'er can burn
anew,

I've bid to Love, for all my life, adieu ! adieu ! adieu !

I've known, if ever mortal knew, the spells of Beauty's
thrall,

And if my song has told them not, my soul has felt them
all ;

But Passion robs my peace no more, and Beauty's witching
sway

Is now to me a star that's fallen — a dream that's passed
away.

Hail ! welcome tide of life, when no tumultuous billows
roll,

How wondrous to myself appears this halcyon calm of
soul !

The wearied bird blown o'er the deep would sooner quit its
shore,

Than I would cross the gulf again that time has brought
me o'er.

Why say they Angels feel the flame ? — O, spirits of the
skies !

Can love like ours, that dotes on dust, in heavenly bosoms
rise ? —

Ah no ! the hearts that best have felt its power the best
can tell,
That peace on earth itself begins, when Love has bid
farewell.

LINES

ON THE CAMP HILL, NEAR HASTINGS.

IN the deep blue of eve,
Ere the twinkling of stars had begun,
Or the lark took his leave
Of the skies and the sweet setting sun,

I climbed to yon heights,
Where the Norman encamped him of old,
With his bowmen and knights,
And his banner all burnished with gold.

At the Conqueror's side
There his minstrelsy sat harp in hand,
In pavilion wide ;
And they chanted the deeds of Roland.

Still the ramparted ground
With a vision my fancy inspires,
And I hear the trump sound,
As it marshalled our Chivalry's sires.

On each turf of that mead
Stood the captors of England's domains,
That ennobled her breed
And high-mettled the blood of her veins.

Over hauberk and helm
As the sun's setting splendor was thrown,
Thence they looked o'er a realm —
And to-morrow beheld it their own.

LINES ON POLAND.

AND have I lived to see thee sword in hand
Uprise again, immortal Polish Land! —
Whose flag brings more than chivalry to mind,
And leaves the tri-color in shade behind;
A theme for uninspired lips too strong;
That swells my heart beyond the power of song: —
Majestic men, whose deeds have dazzled faith,
Ah! yet your fate's suspense arrests my breath:
Whilst envying bosoms, bared to shot and steel,
I feel the more that fruitlessly I feel.

Poles! with what indignation I endure
The half-pitying, servile mouths that call you poor!
Poor! is it England mocks you with her grief,
Who hates, but dares not chide, the *Imperial Thief*?
France with her soul beneath a Bourbon's thrall,
And Germany that has no soul at all, —
States, quailing at the giant overgrown,
Whom dauntless Poland grapples with alone!
No, ye are rich in fame e'en whilst ye bleed:
We cannot aid you — *we* are poor indeed!
In Fate's defiance — in the world's great eye.
Poland has won her immortality;

The Butcher, should he reach her bosom now,
Could not tear Glory's garland from her brow;
Wreathed, filleted, the victim falls renowned,
And all her ashes will be holy ground!

But turn, my soul, from presages so dark:
Great Poland's spirit is a deathless spark
That's fanned by Heaven to mock the Tyrant's rage:
She, like the eagle, will renew her age,
And fresh historic plumes of Fame put on,—
Another Athens after Marathon,—
Where eloquence shall fulmine, arts refine,
Bright as her arms that now in battle shine.
Come—should the heavenly shock my life destroy,
And shut its flood-gates with excess of joy;
Come but the day when Poland's fight is won—
And on my grave-stone shine the morrow's sun—
The day that sees Warsaw's cathedral glow
With endless ensigns ravished from the foe,—
Her women lifting their fair hands with thanks,
Her pious warriors kneeling in their ranks,
The 'scutcheon'd walls of high heraldic boast,
The odorous altars' elevated host,
The organ sounding through the aisles' long glooms,
The mighty dead seen sculptured o'er their tombs
(John, Europe's savior—Poniatowski's fair
Resemblance—Kosciusko's shall be there);
The tapered pomp—the hallelujah's swell,
Shall o'er the soul's devotion cast a spell,
Till visions cross the rapt enthusiast's glance,
And all the scene becomes a waking trance.
Should Fate put far—far off that glorious scene,
And gulfs of havoc interpose between,

Imagine not, ye men of every clime,
Who act, or by your sufferance share, the crime —
Your brother Abel's blood shall vainly plead
Against the "*deep damnation*" of the deed.
Germans, ye view its horror and disgrace
With cold phosphoric eyes and phlegm of face.
Is Allemagne profound in science, lore,
And minstrel art? — her shame is but the more
To doze and dream by governments oppressed.
The spirit of a book-worm in each breast.
Well can ye mouth fair Freedom's classic line,
And talk of Constitutions o'er your wine:
But all your vows to break the tyrant's yoke
Expire in Bacchanalian song and smoke:
Heavens! can no ray of foresight pierce the leads
And mystic metaphysics of your heads,
To show the self-same grave Oppression delves
For Poland's rights is yawning for yourselves?
See, whilst the Pole, the vanguard aid of France,
Has vaulted on his barb, and couched the lance,
France turns from her abandoned friends afresh,
And soothes the Bear that prowls for patriot flesh;
Buys, ignominious purchase! short repose,
With dying curses and the groans of those
That served, and loved, and put in her their trust.
Frenchmen! the dead accuse you from the dust —
Brows laurelled — bosoms marked with many a scar
For France — that wore her Legion's noblest star,
Cast dumb reproaches from the field of Death
On Gallic honor: and this broken faith
Has robbed you more of Fame — the life of life —
Than twenty battles lost in glorious strife!

And what of England — is she steeped so low
In poverty, crest-fallen, and palsied so,
That we must sit much wroth, but timorous more,
With Murder knocking at our neighbor's door? —
Not Murder masked and cloaked, with hidden knife,
Whose owner owes the gallows life for life;
But *Public Murder*! — that with pomp and gaud,
And royal scorn of Justice, walks abroad
To wring more tears and blood than e'er were wrung
By all the culprits Justice ever hung!
We read the diademed Assassin's yaunt,
And wince, and wish we had not hearts to pant
With useless indignation — sigh and frown,
But have not hearts to throw the gauntlet down.
If but a doubt hung o'er the grounds of fray,
Or trivial rapine stopped the world's highway;
Were this some common strife of states embroiled; —
Britannia on the spoiler and the spoiled
Might calmly look, and, asking time to breathe,
Still honorably wear her olive wreath.
But this is Darkness combating with Light;
Earth's adverse Principles for empire fight:
Oppression, that has belted half the globe,
Far as his knout could reach or dagger probe,
Holds reeking o'er our brother-freemen slain
That dagger — shakes it at us in disdain;
Talks big to Freedom's states of Poland's thrall,
And, trampling one, contemns them one and all.

My country! colors not thy once proud brow
At this affront? — Hast thou not fleets enow

With Glory's streamer, lofty as the lark,
 Gay fluttering o'er each thunder-bearing bark,
 To warm the insulter's seas with barbarous blood,
 And interdict his flag from Ocean's flood ?
 Even now far off the sea-cliff, where I sing,
 I see, my Country, and my Patriot King !
 Your ensign glad the deep. Becalmed and slow
 A war-ship rides ; while Heaven's prismatic bow,
 Uprisen behind her on the horizon's base,
 Shines flushing through the tackle, shrouds and stays,
 And wraps her giant form in one majestic blaze.
 My soul accepts the omen ; Fancy's eye
 Has sometimes a veracious augury :
 The Rainbow types Heaven's promise to my sight ;
 The Ship, Britannia's interposing Might !
 But if there should be none to aid you, Poles,
 Ye'll but to prouder pitch wind up your souls,
 Above example, pity, praise or blame,
 To sow and reap a boundless field of Fame.
 Ask aid no more from Nations that forget
 Your championship — old Europe's mighty debt.
 Though Poland, Lazarus-like, has burst the gloom,
 She rises not a beggar from the tomb :
 In Fortune's frown, on Danger's giddiest brink,
 Despair and Poland's name must never link.
 All ills have bounds — plague, whirlwind, fire, and flood :
 Even power can spill but bounded sums of blood.
 States caring not what Freedom's price may be,
 May late or soon, but must at last, be free ;
 For body-killing tyrants cannot kill
 The public soul — the hereditary will,

That downward, as from sire to son it goes,
 By shifting bosoms more intensely glows :
 Its heir-loom is the heart, and slaughtered men
 Fight fiercer in their orphans o'er again.
 Poland recasts — though rich in heroes old —
 Her men in more and more heroic mould :
 Her eagle-ensign best among mankind
 Becomes, and types her eagle-strength of mind :
 Her praise upon my faltering lips expires ;
 Resume it, younger bards, and nobler lyres !

A THOUGHT SUGGESTED BY THE NEW YEAR

THE more we live, more brief appear
 Our life's succeeding stages :
 A day to childhood seems a year,
 And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
 Ere passion yet disorders,
 Steals, lingering like a river smooth
 Along its grassy borders.

But, as the care-worn cheek grows wan,
 And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
 Ye stars, that measure life to man,
 Why seem your courses quicker ?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
 And life itself is vapid,
 Why, as we reach the Falls of death
 Feel we its tide more rapid ?

It may be strange — yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding ;
When one by one our friends have gone,
And left our bosoms bleeding ?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness ;
And those of Youth, a *seeming length*,
Proportioned to their sweetness.

SONG.

How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at Love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there 's no untying !

Yet, remember, 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but Love has ruing ;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries ;
Longest stays when sorest chidden ;
Laughs and flies, when pressed and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odor to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind Love to last forever !

Love's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel;
Love's wing moults when caged and captured,
Only free, he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ringdove's neck from changing?
No! nor fettered Love from dying
In the knot there's no untying.

MARGARET AND DORA.

MARGARET'S beauteous — Grecian arts
Ne'er drew form completer,
Yet why, in my heart of hearts,
Hold I Dora's sweeter?

Dora's eyes of heavenly blue
Pass all painting's reach,
Ringdoves' notes are discord to
The music of her speech.

Artists! Margaret's smile receive,
And on canvas show it;
But for perfect worship leave
Dora to her poet.

THE POWER OF RUSSIA.

So all this gallant blood has gushed in vain !
And Poland, by the Northern Condor's beak
And talons torn, lies prostrated again.
O British patriots, that were wont to speak
Once loudly on this theme, now hushed or meek !
O heartless men of Europe — Goth and Gaul,
Cold, adder-deaf to Poland's dying shriek ; —
That saw the world's last land of heroes fall —
The brand of burning shame is on you all — all — all !

But this is not the drama's closing act !
Its tragic curtain must uprise anew.
Nations, mute accessories to the fact !
That Upas tree of power, whose fostering dew
Was Polish blood, has yet to cast o'er you
The lengthening shadow of its head elate —
A deadly shadow, darkening Nature's hue.
To all that's hallowed, righteous, pure and great,
Woe ! woe ! when they are reached by Russia's withering
hate.

Russia, that on his throne of adamant,
Consults what nation's breast shall next be gored :
He on Polonia's Golgotha will plant
His standard fresh ; and, horde succeeding horde,
On patriot tomb-stones he will whet the sword,
For more stupendous slaughters of the free.
Then Europe's realms, when their best blood is poured,
Shall miss thee, Poland ! as they bend the knee,
All — all in grief, but none in glory, likening thee.

Why smote ye not the Giant whilst he reeled ?
O fair occasion, gone forever by !
To have locked his lances in their northern field,
Innocuous as the phantom chivalry
That flames and hurtles from yon boreal sky !
Now wave thy pennon, Russia, o'er the land
Once Poland ; build thy bristling castles high ;
Dig dungeons deep ; for Poland's wrested brand
Is now a weapon new to widen thy command —

An awful width ! Norwegian woods shall build
His fleets ; the Swede his vassal, and the Dane ;
The glebe of fifty kingdoms shall be tilled
To feed his dazzling, desolating train,
Camped sumless, 'twixt the Black and Baltic main :
Brute hosts, I own ; but Sparta could not write,
And Rome, half-barbarous, bound Achaia's chain :
So Russia's spirit, 'midst Slavonic night,
Burns with a fire more dread than all your polished light.

But Russia's limbs (so blinded statesmen speak)
Are crude, and too colossal to cohere.
O, lamentable weakness ! reckoning weak
The stripling Titan, strengthening year by year.
What implement lacks he for war's career,
That grows on earth, or in its floods and mines
(Eighth sharer of the inhabitable sphere),
Whom Persia bows to, China ill confines,
And India's homage waits, when Albion's star declines !

But time will teach the Russ even conquering War
Has handmaid arts : ay, ay, the Russ will woo

All sciences that speed Bellona's car,
All murder's tactic arts, and win them too;
But never holier Muses shall imbue
His breast, that's made of nature's basest clay:
The sabre, knout, and dungeon's vapor blue.
His laws and ethics; far from him away
Are all the lovely Nine, that breathe but Freedom's day.

Say, even his serfs, half-humanized, should learn
Their human rights,— will Mars put out his flame
In Russian bosoms? no, he'll bid them burn
A thousand years for naught but martial fame,
Like Romans:— yet forgive me, Roman name!
Rome could impart what Russia never can;
Proud civic rights to salve submission's shame.
Our strife is coming; but in freedom's van
The Polish eagle's fall is big with fate to man.

Proud bird of old! Mohammed's moon recoiled
Before thy swoop: had we been timely bold,
That swoop, still free, had stunned the Russ, and foiled
Earth's new oppressors, as it foiled her old.
Now thy majestic eyes are shut and cold:
And colder still Polonia's children find
The sympathetic hands, that we outhold.
But, Poles, when we are gone, the world will mind,
Ye bore the brunt of fate, and bled for human kind.

So hallowedly have ye fulfilled your part,
My pride repudiates even the sigh that blends
With Poland's name— name written on my heart.
My heroes, my grief-consecrated friends!

Your sorrow, in nobility, transcends
Your conqueror's joy: his cheek may blush; but shame
Can tinge not yours; though exile's tear descends;
Nor would ye change your conscience, cause and name,
For his, with all his wealth, and all his felon fame.

Thee, Niemciewitz, whose song of stirring power
The Czar forbids to sound in Polish lands;
Thee, Czartoryski, in thy banished bower,
The patricide, who in thy palace stands,
May envy: proudly may Polonia's bands
Throw down their swords at Europe's feet in scorn,
Saying — "Russia from the metal of these brands
Shall forge the fetters of your sons unborn;
Our setting star is your misfortunes' rising morn!"

LINES

ON LEAVING A SCENE IN BAVARIA.

ADIEU the woods and waters' side,
Imperial Danube's rich domain!
Adieu the grotto, wild and wide,
The rocks abrupt, and grassy plain!
For pallid autumn once again
Hath swelled each torrent of the hill;
Her clouds collect, her shadows sail,
And watery winds that sweep the vale
Grow loud and louder still.

But not the storm, dethroning fast
Yon monarch oak of massy pile;

Nor river roaring to the blast
 Around its dark and desert isle;
 Ner church-bell tolling to beguile
The cloud-born thunder passing by,
 Can sound in discord to my soul:
 Roll on, ye mighty waters, roll!
And rage, thou darkened sky!

Thy blossoms now no longer bright;
 Thy withered woods no longer green;
Yet, Eldurn shore, with dark delight
 I visit thy unlovely scene!
 For many a sunset hour serene
My steps have trod thy mellow dew;
 When his green light the glow-worm gave,
 When Cynthia from the distant wave
Her twilight anchor drew,

And ploughed, as with a swelling sail,
 The billowy clouds and starry sea;
Then while thy hermit nightingale
 Sang on his fragrant apple-tree,—
 Romantic, solitary, free,
The visitant of Eldurn's shore,
 On such a moonlight mountain strayed,
 As echoed to the music made
By Druid harps of yore.

Around thy savage hills of oak,
 Around thy waters bright and blue,
No hunter's horn the silence broke,
 No dying shriek thine echo knew;
 But safe, sweet Eldurn woods, to you

The wounded wild deer ever ran,
Whose myrtle bound their grassy cave,
Whose very rocks a shelter gave
From blood-pursuing man.

O heart effusions, that arose
From nightly wanderings cherished here;
To him who flies from many woes,
Even homeless deserts can be dear!
The last and solitary cheer
Of those that own no earthly home,
Say — is it not, ye banished race,
In such a loved and lonely place
Companionless to roam?

Yes! I have loved thy wild abode,
Unknown, unploughed, untrodden shore;
Where scarce the woodman finds a road,
And scarce the fisher plies an oar;
For man's neglect I love thee more;
That art nor avarice intrude
To tame thy torrent's thunder-shock,
Or prune thy vintage of the rock
Magnificently rude.

Unheeded spreads thy blossomed bud
Its milky bosom to the bee;
Unheeded falls along the flood
Thy desolate and aged tree.
Forsaken scene, how like to thee
The fate of unbefriended Worth!
Like thine her fruit dishonored falls;
Like thee in solitude she calls
A thousand treasures forth.

O ! silent spirit of the place,
If, lingering with the ruined year,
Thy hoary form and awful face
I yet might watch and worship here !
Thy storm were music to mine ear,
Thy wildest walk a shelter given
Sublimar thoughts on earth to find,
And share, with no unhallowed mind,
The majesty of heaven.

What though the bosom friends of Fate,—
Prosperity's unweaned brood,—
Thy consolations cannot rate,
O self-dependent solitude !
Yet with a spirit unsubdued,
Though darkened by the clouds of Care,
To worship thy congenial gloom,
A pilgrim to the Prophet's tomb
The Friendless shall repair.

On him the world hath never smiled,
Or looked but with accusing eye ; —
All-silent goddess of the wild,
To thee that misanthrope shall fly !
I hear his deep soliloquy,
I mark his proud but ravaged form,
As stern he wraps his mantle round,
And bids, on winter's bleakest ground,
Defiance to the storm.

Peace to his banished heart, at last,
In thy dominions shall descend,
And, strong as beechwood in the blast,

His spirit shall refuse to bend ;
Enduring life without a friend,
The world and falsehood left behind,
Thy votary shall bear elate
(Triumphant o'er opposing Fate)
His dark inspired mind.

But dost thou, Folly, mock the Muse
A wanderer's mountain walk to sing,
Who shuns a warring world, nor woos
The vulture cover of its wing ?
Then fly, thou cowering, shivering thing,
Back to the fostering world beguiled,
To waste in self-consuming strife
The loveless brotherhood of life,
Reviling and reviled !

Away, thou lover of the race
That hither chased yon weeping deer !
If Nature's all-majestic face
More pitiless than man's appear ;
Or if the wild winds seem more drear
Than man's cold charities below,
Behold around his peopled plains,
Where'er the social savage reigns,
Exuberance of woe !

His art and honors wouldst thou seek
Embossed on grandeur's giant walls ?
Or hear his moral thunders speak
Where senates light their airy halls,
Where man his brother man enthalls ;

Or sends his whirlwind warrant forth
To rouse the slumbering fiends of war,
To dye the blood-warm waves afar,
And desolate the earth?

From clime to clime pursue the scene,
And mark in all thy spacious way,
Where'er the tyrant man has been,
There Peace, the cherub, cannot stay;
In wilds and woodlands far away
She builds her solitary bower,
Where only anchorites have trod,
Or friendless men, to worship God,
Have wandered for an hour.

- In such a far forsaken vale,—
And such, sweet Eldurn vale, is thine,—
Afflicted nature shall inhale
Heaven-borrowed thoughts and joys divine;
No longer wish, no more repine
For man's neglect or woman's scorn;—
Then wed thee to an exile's lot,
For if the world hath loved thee not,
Its absence may be borne.

THE DEATH-BOAT OF HELIGOLAND.

CAN restlessness reach the cold sepulchred head?—
Ay, the quick have their sleep-walkers, so have the dead.
There are brains, though they moulder, that dream in the
tomb,
And that maddening forehear the last trumpet of doom,

Till their corpses start sheeted to revel on earth,
Making horror more deep by the semblance of mirth :
By the glare of new-lighted volcanoes they dance,
Or at mid-sea appal the chilled mariner's glance.
Such, I wot, was the band of cadaverous smile
Seen ploughing the night-surge of Heligo's isle.

The foam of the Baltic had sparkled like fire,
And the red moon looked down with an aspect of ire ;
But her beams on a sudden grew sick-like and gray,
And the mews that had slept clanged and shrieked far
away—

And the buoys and the beacons extinguished their light,
As the boat of the stony-eyed dead came in sight,
High bounding from billow to billow ; each form
Had its shroud like a plaid flying loose to the storm ;
With an oar in each pulseless and icy-cold hand,
Fast they ploughed by the lee-shore of Heligoland,
Such breakers as boat of the living ne'er crossed ;
Now surf-sunk for minutes again they uptossed ;
And with livid lips shouted reply o'er the flood
To the challenging watchman that curdled his blood —
“ We are dead — we are bound from our graves in the west,
First to Hecla, and then to ——— ” Unmeet was the rest
For man's ear. The old abbey-bell thundered its clang,
And their eyes gleamed with phosphorus light as it rang :
Ere they vanished, they stopped, and gazed silently grim,
Till the eye could define them, garb, feature and limb.

Now, who were those roamers ? of gallows or wheel
Bore they marks, or the mangling anatomist's steel ?

No, by magistrates' chains 'mid their grave-clothes you saw
 They were felons too proud to have perished by law :
 But a ribbon that hung where a rope should have been —
 'T was the badge of their faction, its hue was not green —
 Showed them men who had trampled and tortured and
 driven

To rebellion the fairest isle breathed on by Heaven, —
 Men whose heirs would yet finish the tyrannous task,
 If the Truth and the Time had not dragged off their mask.
 They parted — but not till the sight might discern
 A scutcheon distinct at their pinnacle's stern,
 Where letters emblazoned in blood-colored flame
 Named their faction — I blot not my page with its name.

SONG.

WHEN LOVE came first to earth, the SPRING
 Spread rose-beds to receive him,
 And back he vowed his flight he 'd wing
 To Heaven, if she should leave him.

But SPRING, departing, saw his faith
 Pledged to the next new comer —
 He revelled in the warmer breath
 And richer bowers of SUMMER.

Then sportive AUTUMN claimed by rights
 An Archer for her lover,
 And even in WINTER'S dark cold nights
 A charm he could discover.

Her routs and balls, and fireside joy,
For this time were his reasons —
In short, Young LOVE's a gallant boy,
That likes all times and seasons.

SONG.

EARL MARCH looked on his dying child,
And, smit with grief to view her,
The youth, he cried, whom I exiled,
Shall be restored to woo her.

She 's at the window many an hour
His coming to discover :
And *he* looked up to Ellen's bower,
And *she* looked on her lover —

But, ah ! so pale, he knew her not,
Though her smile on him was dwelling.
And am I then forgot — forgot ? —
It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,
Her cheek is cold as ashes ;
Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
To lift their silken lashes.

SONG.

WHEN NAPOLEON was flying
From the field of Waterloo,
A British soldier dying
To his brother bade adieu !

“ And take,” he said, “ this token
To the maid that owns my faith.
With the words that I have spoken
In affection’s latest breath.”

Sore mourned the brother’s heart,
When the youth beside him fell :
But the trumpet warned to part,
And they took a sad farewell,

There was many a friend, to lose him,
For that gallant soldier sighed ;
But the maiden of his bosom
Wept when all their tears were dried.

LINES TO JULIA M——.

SENT WITH A COPY OF THE AUTHOR’S POEMS.

SINCE there is magic in your look,
And in your voice a witching charm,
As all our hearts consenting tell,
Enchantress, smile upon my book,
And guard its lays from hate and harm
By beauty’s most resistless spell.

The sunny dew-drop of thy praise,
Young day-star of the rising time,
Shall with its odoriferous morn
Refresh my sere and withered bays.
Smile, and I will believe my rhyme
Shall please the beautiful unborn.

Go forth, my pictured thoughts, and rise
In traits and tints of sweeter tone,
When Julia's glance is o'er ye flung ;
Glow, gladden, linger in her eyes,
And catch a magic not your own,
Read by the music of her tongue.

DRINKING-SONG OF MUNICH.

SWEET Iser ! were thy sunny realm
And flowery gardens mine,
Thy waters I would shade with elm
To prop the tender vine ;
My golden flagons I would fill
With rosy draughts from every hill ;
And under every myrtle bowér
My gay companions should prolong
The laugh, the revel, and the song,
To many an idle hour.

Like rivers crimsoned with the beam
Of yonder planet bright,
Our balmy cups should ever stream
Profusion of delight ;

No care should touch the mellow heart,
 And sad or sober none depart ;
 For wine can triumph over woe,
 And Love and Bacchus, brother powers,
 Could build in Iser's sunny bowers
 A paradise below.

LINES.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF EMIGRANTS FOR NEW SOUTH WALES

ON England's shore I saw a pensive band,
 With sails unfurled for earth's remotest strand,
 Like children parting from a mother, shed
 Tears for the home that could not yield them bread ;
 Grief marked each face receding from the view.
 'T was grief to nature honorably true.
 And long, poor wanderers o'er the ecliptic deep,
 The song that names but home shall make you weep :
 Oft shall ye fold your flocks by stars above
 In that far world, and miss the stars ye love ;
 Oft when its tuneless birds scream round forlorn,
 Regret the lark that gladdens England's morn,
 And, giving England's names to distant scenes,
 Lament that earth's extension intervenes.

But cloud not yet too long, industrious train,
 Your solid good with sorrow nursed in vain :
 For has the heart no interest yet as bland
 As that which binds us to our native land ?
 The deep-drawn wish, when children crown our hearth,
 To hear the cherub-chorus of their mirth.

Undamped by dread that want may e'er unhouse,
Or servile misery knit those smiling brows :
The pride to rear an independent shed,
And give the lips we love unborrowed bread ;
To see a world, from shadowy forests won,
In youthful beauty wedded to the sun ;
To skirt our home with harvests widely sown,
And call the blooming landscape all our own,
Our children's heritage, in prospect long.
These are the hopes, high-minded hopes and strong,
That beckon England's wanderers o'er the brine,
To realms where foreign constellations shine ;
Where streams from undiscovered fountains roll,
And winds shall fan them from the Antarctic pole.
And what though doomed to shores so far apart
From England's home, that even the homesick heart
Quails, thinking, ere that gulf can be recrossed,
How large a space of fleeting life is lost :
Yet there, by time, their bosoms shall be changed,
And strangers once shall cease to sigh estranged,
But jocund in the year's long sunshine roam,
That yields their sickle twice its harvest-home.

There, marking o'er his farm's expanding ring
New fleeces whiten and new fruits upspring,
The gray-haired swain, his grandchild sporting round
Shall walk at eve his little empire's bound,
Emblazed with ruby vintage, ripening corn,
And verdant rampart of acacian thorn,
While, mingling with the scent his pipe exhales,
The orange grove's and fig-tree's breath prevails ;
Survey with pride beyond a monarch's spoil,
His honest arm's own subjugated soil.

And, summing all the blessings God has given,
Put up his patriarchal prayer to Heaven,
That, when his bones shall here repose in peace,
The scions of his love may still increase,
And o'er a land where life has ample room
In health and plenty innocently bloom.

Delightful land, in wildness even benign,
The glorious past is ours, the future thine !
As in a cradled Hercules, we trace
The lines of empire in thine infant face.
What nations in thy wide horizon's span
Shall teem on tracts untrodden yet by man !
What spacious cities with their spires shall gleam,
Where now the panther laps a lonely stream,
And all but brute or reptile life is dumb !
Land of the free ! thy kingdom is to come,
Of states, with laws from Gothic bondage burst,
And creeds by chartered priesthoods unaccurst :
Of navies, hoisting their emblazoned flags,
Where shipless seas now wash unbeaconed crags ;
Of hosts reviewed in dazzling files and squares,
Their pennoned trumpets breathing native airs,—
For minstrels thou shalt have of native fire,
And maids to sing the songs themselves inspire :—
Our very speech, methinks, in after-time,
Shall catch the Ionian blandness of thy clime ;
And, whilst the light and luxury of thy skies
Give brighter smiles to beauteous woman's eyes,
The Arts, whose soul is love, shall all spontaneous rise.

Untracked in deserts lies the marble mine,
Undug the ore that 'midst thy roofs shall shine ;

Unborn the hands — but born they are to be —
Fair Australasia, that shall give to thee
Proud temple-domes, with galleries winding high,
So vast in space, so just in symmetry,
They widen to the contemplating eye,
With colonnaded aisles in long array,
And windows that enrich the flood of day
O'er tessellated pavements, pictures fair,
And nichéd statues breathing golden air.
Nor there, whilst all that's seen bids Fancy swell,
Shall Music's voice refuse to seal the spell;
But choral hymns shall wake enchantment round,
And organs yield their tempests of sweet sound.

Meanwhile, ere Arts triumphant reach their goal,
How blest the years of pastoral life shall roll!
Even should some wayward hour the settler's mind
Brood sad on scenes forever left behind,
Yet not a pang that England's name imparts
Shall touch a fibre of his children's hearts;
Bound to that native land by nature's bond,
Full little shall their wishes rove beyond
Its mountains blue, and melon-skirted streams,
Since childhood loved and dreamt of in their dreams.
How many a name, to us uncouthly wild,
Shall thrill that region's patriotic child,
And bring as sweet thoughts o'er his bosom's chords
As aught that's named in song to us affords!
Dear shall that river's margin be to him,
Where sportive first he bathed his boyish limb,
Or petted birds, still brighter than their bowers,
Or twined his tame young kangaroo with flowers.

But more magnetic yet to memory
Shall be the sacred spot, still blooming nigh,
The bower of love, where first his bosom burned,
And smiling passion saw its smile returned.

Go forth and prosper, then, emprising band:
May He, who in the hollow of his hand
The ocean holds, and rules the whirlwind's sweep,
Assuage its wrath, and guide you on the deep!

LINES

ON REVISITING CATHCART.

O! SCENES of my childhood, and dear to my heart,
Ye green-waving woods on the margin of Cart,
How blest in the morning of life I have strayed,
By the stream of the vale and the grass-covered glade!

Then, then every rapture was young and sincere,
Ere the sunshine of bliss was bedimmed by a tear,
And a sweeter delight every scene seemed to lend,
That the mansion of peace was the home of a FRIEND.

Now the scenes of my childhood, and dear to my heart,
All pensive I visit, and sigh to depart;
Their flowers seem to languish, their beauty to cease,
For a *stranger* inhabits the mansion of peace.

But hushed be the sigh that untimely complains,
While Friendship and all its enchantment remains,
While it blooms like the flower of a winterless clime
Untainted by chance, unabated by time.

THE CHERUBS.

SUGGESTED BY AN APOLOGUE IN THE WORKS OF FRANKLIN.

Two spirits reached this world of ours :
The lightning's locomotive powers
Were slow to their agility :
In broad day-light they moved incog.,
Enjoying, without mist or fog,
Entire invisibility.

The one, a simple cherub lad,
Much interest in our planet had,
Its face was so romantic ;
He could n't persuade himself that man
Was such as heavenly rumors ran,
A being base and frantic.

The elder spirit, wise and cool,
Brought down the youth as to a school ;
But strictly on condition,
Whatever they should see or hear,
With mortals not to interfere ;
'T was not in their commission.

They reached a sovereign city proud,
Whose emperor prayed to God aloud,
With all his people kneeling,
And priests performed religious rites :
"Come," said the younger of the sprites,
"This shows a pious feeling."

YOUNG SPIRIT.

"Ar' n't these a decent godly race?"

OLD SPIRIT.

"The dirtiest thieves on Nature's face."

YOUNG SPIRIT.

"But hark, what cheers they're giving
Their emperor! — And is he a thief?"

OLD SPIRIT.

"Ay, and a cut-throat too; — in brief,
THE GREATEST SCOUNDREL LIVING."

YOUNG SPIRIT.

"But say, what were they praying for,
This people and their emperor?"

OLD SPIRIT.

"Why, but for God's assistance
To help their army, late sent out
And what that army is about
You'll see at no great distance."

On wings outspeeding mail or post,
Our sprites o'ertook the Imperial host,
In massacres it wallowed:
A noble nation met its hordes,
But broken fell their cause and swords,
Unfortunate, though hallowed.

They saw a late bombarded town,
Its streets still warm with blood ran down;
Still smoked each burning rafter;
And hideously, 'midst rape and sack,
The murderer's laughter answered back
His prey's convulsive laughter.

They saw the captive eye the dead,
With envy of his gory bed,—
Death's quick reward of bravery :
They heard the clank of chains, and then
Saw thirty thousand bleeding men
Dragged manacled to slavery.

"Fie ! fie !" the younger heavenly spark
Exclaimed :—" we must have missed our mark,
And entered hell's own portals :
Earth can't be stained with crimes so black ;
Nay, sure, we 've got among a pack
Of fiends, and not of mortals ? "

"No," said the elder ; "no such thing :
Fiends are not fools enough to wring
The necks of one another : —
They know their interests too well :
Men fight ; but every devil in hell
Lives friendly with his brother.

And I could point you out some fellows,
On this ill-fated planet Tellus,
In royal power that revel ;
Who, at the opening of the book
Of judgment, may have cause to look
With envy at the devil."

Name but the devil, and he 'll appear.
Old Satan in a trice was near,
With smutty face and figure :
But spotless spirits of the skies,
Unseen to e'en his saucer eyes,
Could watch the fiendish nigger.

"Halloo!" he cried, "I smell a trick :
A mortal supersedes Old Nick,
The scourge of earth appointed :
He robs me of my trade, outrants
The blasphemy of hell, and vaunts
Himself the Lord's anointed !

Folks make a fuss about my mischief,
D——d fools ! they tamely suffer this chief
To play his pranks unbounded."
The cherubs flew ; but saw, from high,
At human inhumanity
The devil himself astounded.

SENEX'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS YOUTHFUL IDOL.

PLATONIC friendship at your years,
Says Conscience, should content ye :
Nay, name not fondness to her ears,
The darling's scarcely twenty.

Yes, and she'll loathe me unforgiven,
To dote thus out of season ;
But beauty is a beam from heaven,
That dazzles blind our reason.

I'll challenge Plato from the skies,
Yes, from his spheres harmonic,
To look in M—y C——'s eyes,
And try to be Platonic.

TO SIR FRANCIS BURDETT,

ON HIS SPEECH DELIVERED IN PARLIAMENT, AUGUST 7, 1832, RESPECTING
THE FOREIGN POLICY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BURDETT, enjoy thy justly foremost fame,
Through good and ill report — through calm and storm —
For forty years the pilot of reform !
But that which shall afresh entwine thy name
With patriot laurels never to be sere,
Is that thou hast come nobly forth to chide
Our slumbering statesmen for their lack of pride —
Their flattery of Oppressors, and their fear —
When Britain's lifted finger, and her frown,
Might call the nations up, and cast their tyrants down !

Invoke the scorn — alas ! too few inherit
The scorn for despots cherished by our sires,
That baffled Europe's persecuting fires,
And sheltered helpless states ! — Recall that spirit,
And conjure back Old England's haughty mind —
Convert the men who waver now, and pause
Between their love of self and humankind ;
And move, Amphion-like, those hearts of stone —
The hearts that have been deaf to Poland's dying groan !

Tell them we hold the Rights of Man too dear,
To bless ourselves with lonely freedom blest ;
But could we hope, with sole and selfish breast,
To breathe untroubled Freedom's atmosphere ? —
Suppose we wished it ? England could not stand
A lone oasis in the desert ground
Of Europe's slavery ; from the waste around,
Oppression's fiery blast and whirling sand

Would reach and scathe us? No; it may not be:
 Britannia and the world conjointly must be free!

Burdett, demand why Britons send abroad
 Soft greetings to the infanticidal Czar,
 The Bear on Poland's babes that wages war.
 Once, we are told, a mother's shriek o'erawed
 A lion, and he dropped her lifted child;
 But Nicholas, whom neither God nor law,
 Nor Poland's shrieking mothers, overawe,
 Outholds to us his friendship's gory clutch: [touch!
 Shrink, Britain,—shrink, my king and country, from the

He prays to Heaven for England's king, he says —
 And dares he to the God of mercy kneel,
 Besmeared with massacres from head to heel?
 No; Moloch is his god — to him he prays;
 And if his weird-like prayers had power to bring
 An influence, their power would be to curse.
 His hate is baleful, but his love is worse —
 A serpent's slaver deadlier than its sting!
 O! feeble statesmen — ignominious times,
 That lick the tyrant's feet, and smile upon his crimes!

ODE TO THE GERMANS.

THE spirit of Britannia
 Invokes across the main
 Her sister Allemannia
 To burst the tyrant's chain:
 By our kindred blood, she cries,
 Rise, Allemannians, rise,

And hallowed thrice the band
Of our kindred hearts shall be,
When your land shall be the land
Of the free — of the free !

With Freedom's lion-banner
Britannia rules the waves ;
Whilst your BROAD STONE OF HONOR
Is still the camp of slaves.
For shame, for glory's sake,
Wake, Allemannians, wake,
And thy tyrants now, that whelm
Half the world shall quail and flee,
When your realm shall be the realm
Of the free — of the free !

MARS owes to you his thunder
That shakes the battle field,
Yet to break your bonds asunder
No martial bolt has pealed.
Shall the laurelled land of art
Wear shackles on her heart ?
No ! the clock ye framed to tell,
By its sound, the march of time ;
Let it clang Oppression's knell
O'er your clime — o'er your clime !

The press's magic letters,
That blessing ye brought forth, —
Behold ! it lies in fetters
On the soil that gave it birth :
But the trumpet must be heard,
And the charger must be spurred ;

For your father Armin's Sprite
Calls down from heaven, that ye
Shall gird you for the fight,
And be free! — and be free!

LINES

ON A PICTURE OF A GIRL IN THE ATTITUDE OF PRAYER.

[By the artist Gruse, in the possession of Lady Stepney.]

WAS man e'er doomed that beauty made
By mimic heart should haunt him;
Like Orpheus, I adore a shade,
And dote upon a phantom.

Thou maid that in my inmost thought
Art fancifully sainted,
Why liv'st thou not — why art thou naught
But canvas sweetly painted?

Whose looks seem lifted to the skies,
Too pure for love of mortals —
As if they drew angelic eyes
To greet thee at heaven's portals.

Yet loveliness has here no grace,
Abstracted or ideal —
Art ne'er but from a living face
Drew looks so seeming real.

What wert thou, maid? — thy life — thy name
Oblivion hides in mystery;
Though from thy face my heart could frame
A long romantic history.

Transported to thy time I seem,
Though dust thy coffin covers—
And hear the songs in fancy's dream,
Of thy devoted lovers.

How witching must have been thy breath —
How sweet the living charmer—
Whose every semblance after death
Can make the heart grow warmer !

Adieu, the charms that vainly move
My soul in their possession—
That prompt my lips to speak of love,
Yet rob them of expression.

Yet thee, dear picture, to have praised
Was but a poet's duty ;
And shame to him that ever gazed
Impassive on thy beauty !

LINES

ON THE VIEW FROM ST. LEONARD'S.

HAIL to thy face and odors, glorious Sea !
'T were thanklessness in me to bless thee not,
Great beauteous Being ! in whose breath and smile
My heart beats calmer, and my very mind
Inhales salubrious thoughts. How welcomer
Thy murmurs than the murmurs of the world !
Though like the world thou fluctuatest, thy din
To me is peace, thy restlessness repose.

Even gladly I exchange yon spring-green lanes,
 With all the darling field-flowers in their prime,
 And gardens haunted by the nightingale's
 Long trills and gushing ecstasies of song,
 For these wild headlands, and the sea-mew's clang.

With thee beneath my windows, pleasant Sea,
 I long not to o'erlook earth's fairest glades
 And green savannas. — Earth has not a plain
 So boundless or so beautiful as thine;
 The eagle's vision cannot take it in:
 The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space,
 Sinks half-way o'er it like a wearied bird.
 It is the mirror of the stars, where all
 Their hosts within the concave firmament,
 Gay marching to the music of the spheres,
 Can see themselves at once.

Nor on the stage
 Of rural landscape are there lights and shades
 Of more harmonious dance and play than thine.
 How vividly this moment brightens forth,
 Between gray parallel and leaden breadths,
 A belt of hues that stripes thee many a league,
 Flushed like the rainbow, or the ringdove's neck,
 And giving to the glancing sea-bird's wing
 The semblance of a meteor.

Mighty Sea!
 Chameleon-like thou changest, but there's love
 In all thy change, and constant sympathy
 With yonder Sky — thy Mistress; from her brow
 Thou tak'st thy moods and wear'st her colors on
 Thy faithful bosom; morning's milky white,

Noon's sapphire, or the saffron glow of eve;
And all thy balmier hours, fair Element,
Have such divine complexion — crisped smiles,
Luxuriant heavings, and sweet whisperings,
That little is the wonder Love's own Queen
From thee of old was fabled to have sprung —
Creation's common ! which no human power
Can parcel or enclose ; the lordliest floods
And cataracts that the tiny hands of man
Can tame, conduct or bound, are drops of dew
To thee that could'st subdue the Earth itself,
And brook'st commandment from the heavens alone
For marshalling thy waves —

Yet, potent Sea !

How placidly thy moist lips speak even now
Along yon sparkling shingles ! Who can be
So fanciless as to feel no gratitude
That power and grandeur can be so serene,
Soothing the home-bound navy's peaceful way,
And rocking even the fisher's little bark
As gently as a mother rocks her child ? —

The inhabitants of other worlds behold
Our orb more lucid for thy spacious share
On earth's rotundity ; and is he not
A blind worm in the dust, great Deep, the man
Who sees not or who seeing has no joy
In thy magnificence ? What though thou art
Unconscious and material, — thou canst reach
The inmost immaterial mind's recess,
And with thy tints and motion stir its chords
To music, like the light on Memnon's lyre !

The Spirit of the Universe in thee
Is visible; thou hast in thee the life —
The eternal, graceful, and majestic life
Of nature, and the natural human heart
Is therefore bound to thee with holy love.
Earth has her gorgeous towns; the earth-circling sea
Has spires and mansions more amusive still —
Men's volant homes that measure liquid space
On wheel or wing. The chariot of the land
With pained and panting steeds and clouds of dust
Has no sight-gladdening motion like these fair
Careerers with the foam beneath their bows,
Whose streaming ensigns charm the waves by day,
Whose carols and whose watch-bells cheer the night
Moored as they cast the shadows of their masts
In long array, or hither flit and yond
Mysteriously with slow and crossing lights,
Like spirits on the darkness of the deep.

There is a magnet-like attraction in
These waters to the imaginative power
That links the viewless with the visible,
And pictures things unseen. To realms beyond
Yon highway of the world my fancy flies,
When by her tall and triple mast we know
Some noble voyager that has to woo
The trade-winds and to stem the ecliptic surge.
The coral groves — the shores of conch and pearl,
Where she will cast her anchor and reflect
Her cabin-window lights on warmer waves,
And under planets brighter than our own:
The nights of palmy isles, that she will see

Lit boundless by the fire-fly — all the smells
Of tropic fruits that will regale her — all
The pomp of nature, and the inspiriting
Varieties of life she has to greet,
Come swarming o'er the meditative mind.

True to the dream of Fancy, Ocean has
His darker tints ; but where's the element
That checkers not its usefulness to man
With casual terror ? Scathes not earth sometimes
Her children with Tartarean fires, or shakes
Their shrieking cities, and, with one last clang
Of bells for their own ruin, strews them flat
As riddled ashes — silent as the grave ?
Walks not Contagion on the Air itself ?
I should old Ocean's Saturnalian days,
And roaring nights of revelry and sport,
With wreck and human woe, be loth to sing ;
For they are few, and all their ills weigh light
Against his sacred usefulness, that bids
Our pensile globe revolve in purer air.
Here Morn and Eve with blushing thanks receive
Their freshening dews, gay fluttering breezes cool
Their wings to fan the brow of fevered climes,
And here the Spring dips down her emerald urn
For showers to glad the earth.

Old Ocean was
Infinity of ages ere we breathed
Existence — and he will be beautiful
When all the living world that sees him now
Shall roll unconscious dust around the sun.
Quelling from age to age the vital throb

In human hearts, Death shall not subjugate
The pulse that swells in *his* stupendous breast,
Or interdict his minstrelsy to sound
In thundering concert with the quiring winds;
But long as Man to parent Nature owns
Instinctive homage, and in times beyond
The power of thought to reach, bard after bard
Shall sing thy glory, BEATIFIC SEA !

THE DEAD EAGLE.

WRITTEN AT ORAN.

FALLEN as he is, this king of birds still seems
Like royalty in ruins. Though his eyes
Are shut that look undazzled on the sun,
He was the sultan of the sky, and earth
Paid tribute to his eyry. It was perched
Higher than human conqueror ever built
His bannered fort. Where Atlas' top looks o'er
Sahara's desert to the equator's line :
From thence the wingéd despot marked his prey,
Above the encampments of the Bedouins, ere
Their watch-fires were extinct, or camels knelt
To take their loads, or horsemen scoured the plain,—
And there he dried his feathers in the dawn,
Whilst yet the unwakened world was dark below.

There 's such a charm in natural strength and power,
That human fancy has forever paid
Poetic homage to the bird of Jove.
Hence, 'neath his image, Rome arrayed her turms

And cohorts for the conquest of the world.
And figuring his flight, the mind is filled
With thoughts that mock the pride of wingless man.
True the carred aeronaut can mount as high ;
But what 's the triumph of his volant art ?
A rash intrusion on the realms of air.
His helmless vehicle, a silken toy,
A bubble bursting in the thunder-cloud ;
His course has no volition, and he drifts
The passive plaything of the winds. Not such
Was this proud bird : he clove the adverse storm,
And cuffed it with his wings. He stopped his flight
As easily as the Arab reins his steed,
And stood at pleasure 'neath Heaven's zenith, like
A lamp suspended from its azure dome,
Whilst underneath him the world's mountains lay
Like mole-hills, and her streams like lucid threads.
Then downward, faster than a falling star,
He neared the earth, until his shape distinct
Was blackly shadowed on the sunny ground ;
And deeper terror hushed the wilderness,
To hear his nearer whoop. Then, up again
He soared and wheeled. There was an air of scorn
In all his movements, whether he threw round
His crested head to look behind him ; or
Lay vertical and sportively displayed
The inside whiteness of his wing declined,
In gyres and undulations full of grace,
An object beautifying Heaven itself.

He — reckless who was victor, and above
The hearing of their guns — saw fleets engaged

In flaming combat. It was naught to him
What carnage, Moor or Christian, strewed their decks.
But if his intellect had matched his wings,
Methinks he would have scorned man's vaunted power
To plough the deep; his pinions bore him down
To Algiers the warlike, or the coral groves,
That blush beneath the green of Bona's waves;
And traversed in an hour a wider space
Than yonder gallant ship, with all her sails
 wooing the winds, can cross from morn till eve.
His bright eyes were his compass, earth his chart,
His talons anchored on the stormiest cliff,
And on the very light-house rock he perched,
When winds churned white the waves.

The earthquake's self

Disturbed not him that memorable day,
When, o'er yon table-land, where Spain had built
Cathedrals, cannoned forts, and palaces,
A palsy-stroke of Nature shook Oran,
Turning her city to a sepulchre,
And strewing into rubbish all her homes;
Amidst whose traceable foundations now,
Of streets and squares, the hyena hides himself.
That hour beheld him fly as careless o'er
The stifled shrieks of thousands buried quick,
As lately when he pounced the speckled snake,
Coiled in yon mallows and wide nettle fields
That mantle o'er the dead old Spanish town.

Strange is the imagination's dread delight
In objects linked with danger, death, and pain!
Fresh from the luxuries of polished life,

The echo of these wilds enchanted me ;
And my heart beat with joy when first I heard
A lion's roar come down the Lybian wind,
Across yon long, wide, lonely inland lake,
Where boat ne'er sails from homeless shore to shore.
And yet Numidia's landscape has its spots
Of pastoral pleasantness — though far between,
The village planted near the Maraboot's
Round roof has aye its feathery palm-trees
Paired, for in solitude they bear no fruits.
Here nature's hues all harmonize — fields white
With alabaster, or blue with bugloss — banks
Of glossy fennel, blent with tulips wild,
And sun-flowers, like a garment pranked with gold ;
Acres and miles of opal asphodel,
Where sports and couches the black-eyed gazelle.
Here, too, the air 's harmonious — deep-toned doves
Coo to the fife-like carol of the lark ;
And when they cease, the holy nightingale
Winds up his long, long shakes of ecstasy,
With notes that seem but the protracted sounds
Of glassy runnels bubbling over rocks.

SONG.

To Love in my heart, I exclaimed, t' other morning,
Thou hast dwelt here too long, little lodger, take warning ;
Thou shalt tempt me no more from my life's sober duty,
To go gadding, bewitched by the young eyes of beauty.
For weary 's the wooing, ah, weary !
When an old man will have a young dearie.

The god left my heart, at its surly reflections,
 But came back on pretext of some sweet recollections,
 And he made me forget what I ought to remember,
 That the rose-bud of June cannot bloom in November.

Ah! Tom, 't is all o'er with thy gay days —
 Write psalms, and not songs, for the ladies.

But time 's been so far from my wisdom enriching,
 That the longer I live, beauty seems more bewitching;
 And the only new lore my experience traces,
 Is to find fresh enchantment in magical faces.

How weary is wisdom, how weary!
 When one sits by a smiling young dearie!

And should she be wroth that my homage pursues her,
 I will turn and retort on my lovely accuser;
 Who's to blame, that my heart by your image is haunted?—
 It is you, the enchantress — not I, the enchanted.

Would you have me behave more discreetly,
 Beauty, look not so killingly sweetly.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF LA PEROUSE'S VOYAGES.

LOVED Voyager! his pages had a zest
 More sweet than fiction to my wondering breast,
 When, rapt in fancy, many a boyish day
 I tracked his wanderings o'er the watery way,
 Roamed round the Aleutian isles in waking dreams,
 Or plucked the *fleur-de-lys* by Jesso's streams —

Or gladly leaped on that far Tartar strand,
Where Europe's anchor ne'er had bit the sand,
Where scarce a roving wild tribe crossed the plain,
Or human voice broke nature's silent reign;
But vast and grassy deserts feed the bear,
And sweeping deer-herds dread no hunter's snare.
Such young delight his real records brought,
His truth so touched romantic springs of thought,
That all my after-life — his fate and fame
Entwined romance with La Perouse's name. —
Fair were his ships, expert his gallant crews,
And glorious was the emprise of La Perouse, —
Humanely glorious! Men will weep for him,
When many a guilty martial fame is dim:
He ploughed the deep to bind no captive's chain —
Pursued no rapine — strewed no wreck with slain;
And, save that in the deep themselves lie low,
His heroes plucked no wreath from human woe.
'T was his the earth's remotest bound to scan,
Conciliating with gifts barbaric man —
Enrich the world's contemporaneous mind,
And amplify the picture of mankind.
Far on the vast Pacific — 'midst those isles,
O'er which the earliest morn of Asia smiles,
He sounded and gave charts to many a shore
And gulf of Ocean new to nautic lore;
Yet he, that led Discovery o'er the wave,
Still fills himself an undiscovered grave.
He came not back, — Conjecture's cheek grew pale,
Year after year — in no propitious gale,
His lilied banner held its homeward way,
And Science saddened at her martyr's stay.

An age elapsed — no wreck told where or when
The chief went down with all his gallant men,
Or whether by the storm and wild sea flood
He perished, or by wilder men of blood —
The shuddering Fancy only guessed his doom,
And Doubt to Sorrow gave but deeper gloom.
An age elapsed — when men were dead or gray,
Whose hearts had mourned him in their youthful day;
Fame traced on Mannicolo's shore at last,
The boiling surge had mounted o'er his mast.
The islemen told of some surviving men,
But Christian eyes beheld them ne'er again.
Sad bourn of all his toils — with all his band —
To sleep, wrecked, shroudless, on a savage strand!
Yet what is all that fires a hero's scorn
Of death? — the hope to live in hearts unborn:
Life to the brave is not its fleeting breath,
But worth — foretasting fame, that follows death.
That worth had La Perouse — that meed he won;
He sleeps — his life's long stormy watch is done.
In the great deep, whose boundaries and space
He measured, Fate ordained his resting-place;
But bade his fame, like the Ocean rolling o'er
His relics — visit every earthly shore.
Fair Science on that Ocean's azure robe
Still writes his name in picturing the globe,
And paints — (what fairer wreath could glory twine?)
His watery course — a world-encircling line.

THE PILGRIM OF GLENCOE.

I received the substance of the tradition on which this poem is founded, in the first instance, from a friend in London, who wrote to Matthew N. Macdonald, Esq., of Edinburgh. He had the kindness to send me a circumstantial account of the tradition; and that gentleman's knowledge of the Highlands, as well as his particular acquaintance with the district of Glencoe, leave me no doubt of the incident having really happened. I have not departed from the main facts of the tradition as reported to me by Mr. Macdonald; only I have endeavored to color the personages of the story, and to make them as distinctive as possible.

THE sunset sheds a horizontal smile
O'er Highland frith and Hebridean isle,
While, gay with gambols of its finny shoals,
The glancing wave rejoices as it rolls
With streamered busses, that distinctly shine
All downward, pictured in the glassy brine;
Whose crews, with faces brightening in the sun,
Keep measure with their oars, and all in one
Strike up the old Gaelic song. — Sweep, rowers, sweep!
The fisher's glorious spoils are in the deep.

Day sinks — but twilight owes the traveller soon,
To reach his bourn, a round unclouded moon,
Bespeaking long undarkened hours of time;
False hope — the Scots are steadfast — not their clime.
A war-worn soldier from the western land
Seeks Cona's vale by Ballihoula's strand;
The vale, by eagle-haunted cliffs o'erhung,
Where Fingal fought and Ossian's harp was strung —
Our veteran's forehead, bronzed on sultry plains,
Had stood the brunt of thirty fought campaigns;
He well could vouch the sad romance of wars,
And count the dates of battles by his scars;

For he had served where o'er and o'er again
Britannia's oriflamme had lit the plain
Of glory — and victorious stamped her name
On Oudenarde's and Blenheim's fields of fame.
Nine times in battle-field his blood had streamed,
Yet vivid still his veteran blue eye gleamed;
Full well he bore his knapsack unoppressed,
And marched with soldier-like erected crest:
Nor sign of even loquacious age he wore,
Save when he told his life's adventures o'er;
Some tired of these; for terms to him were dear
Too tactical by far for vulgar ear;
As when he talked of rampart and ravine,
And trenches fenced with gabion and fascine —
But when his theme possessed him all and whole,
He scorned proud puzzling words, and warmed the soul;
Hushed groups hung on his lips with fond surprise,
That sketched old scenes — like pictures to their eyes: —
The wide war-plain, with banners glowing bright,
And bayonets to the furthest stretch of sight;
The pause, more dreadful than the peal to come
From volleys blazing at the beat of drum —
Till all the field of thundering lines became
Two level and confronted sheets of flame.
Then to the charge, when Marlbro's hot pursuit
Trode France's gilded lilies underfoot;
He came and kindled — and with martial lung
Would chant the very march their trumpets sung. —

The old soldier hoped, ere evening's light should fail,
To reach a home, south-east of Cona's vale;

But looking at Bennevis, capped with snow,
He saw its mists come curling down below,
And spread white darkness o'er the sunset glow; —
Fast rolling like tempestuous Ocean's spray,
Or clouds from troops in battle's fiery day —
So dense, his quarry 'scaped the falcon's sight,
The owl alone exulted, hating light.

Benighted thus our pilgrim groped his ground,
Half 'twixt the river's and the cataract's sound.
At last a sheep-dog's bark informed his ear
Some human habitation might be near;
Anon sheep-bleatings rose from rock to rock, —
'T was Luath hounding to their fold the flock.
Ere long the cock's obstreperous clarion rang,
And next, a maid's sweet voice, that spinning sang:
At last amidst the green-sward (gladsome sight!)
A cottage stood, with straw-roof golden bright.

He knocked, was welcomed in; none asked his name,
Nor whither he was bound nor whence he came;
But he was beckoned to the stranger's seat,
Right side the chimney fire of blazing peat.
Blest Hospitality makes not her home
In walléd parks and castellated dome;
She flies the city's needy, greedy crowd,
And shuns still more the mansions of the proud; —
The balm of savage or of simple life,
A wild-flower cut by culture's polished knife!

The house, no common sordid shieling cot,
Spoke inmates of a comfortable lot.
The Jacobite white rose festooned their door;
The windows sashed and glazed, the oaken floor,

The chimney graced with antlers of the deer,
The rafters hung with meat for winter cheer,
And all the mansion, indicated plain
Its master a superior shepherd swain.

Their supper came — the table soon was spread
With eggs and milk and cheese and barley bread.
The family were three — a father hoar,
Whose age you'd guess at seventy years or more,
His son looked fifty — cheerful like her lord
His comely wife presided at the board ;
All three had that peculiar courteous grace
Which marks the meanest of the Highland race ;
Warm hearts that burn alike in weal and woe,
As if the north-wind fanned their bosoms' glow !
But wide unlike their souls : old Norman's eye
Was proudly savage even in courtesy.
His sinewy shoulders — each, though aged and lean,
Broad as the curled Herculean head between, —
His scornful lip, his eyes of yellow fire,
And nostrils that dilated quick with ire,
With ever downward-slanting shaggy brows,
Marked the old lion you would dread to rouse.

Norman, in truth, had led his earlier life
In raids of red revenge and feudal strife ;
Religious duty in revenge he saw,
Proud Honor's right and Nature's honest law ;
First in the charge and foremost in pursuit,
Long-breathed, deep-chested, and in speed of foot
A match for stags — still fleeter when the prey
Was man, in persecution's evil day ;

Cheered to that chase by brutal bold Dundee,
No Highland hound had lapped more blood than he.
Oft had he changed the covenanters' breath
From howls of psalmody to howls of death;
And though long bound to peace, it irked him still
His dirk had ne'er one hated foe to kill.

Yet Norman had fierce virtues, that would mock
Cold-blooded Tories of the modern stock
Who starve the breadless poor with fraud and cant;—
He slew and saved them from the pangs of want.
Nor was his solitary lawless charm
Mere dauntlessness of soul and strength of arm;
He had his moods of kindness now and then,
And feasted even well-mannered lowland men
Who blew not up his Jacobitish flame,
Nor prefaced with "pretender" Charles's name.
Fierce, but by sense and kindness not unwon,
He loved, respected even, his wiser son;
And brooked from him expostulations sage,
When all advisers else were spurned with rage.

Far happier times had moulded Ronald's mind,
By nature too of more sagacious kind.
His breadth of brow, and Roman shape of chin,
Squared well with the firm man that reigned within.
Contemning strife as childishness, he stood
With neighbors on kind terms of neighborhood,
And whilst his father's anger naught availed,
His rational remonstrance never failed.
Full skilfully he managed farm and fold,
Wrote, ciphered, profitably bought and sold;

And, blessed with pastoral leisure, deeply took
Delight to be informed, by speech or book,
Of that wide world beyond his mountain home,
Where oft his curious fancy loved to roam.
Oft, while his faithful dog ran round his flock,
He read long hours when summer warmed the rock :
Guests who could tell him aught were welcomed warm,
Even pedlers' news had to his mind a charm ;
That like an intellectual magnet-stone
Drew truth from judgments simpler than his own.

His soul's proud instinct sought not to enjoy
Romantic fictions, like a minstrel boy ;
Truth, standing on her solid square, from youth
He worshipped — stern, uncompromising truth.
His goddess kindlier smiled on him, to find
A votary of her light in land so blind ;
She bade majestic History unroll
Broad views of public welfare to his soul,
Until he looked on clannish feuds and foes
With scorn, as on the wars of kites and crows ;
Whilst doubts assailed him o'er and o'er again,
If men were made for kings or kings for men.
At last, to Norman's horror and dismay,
He flat denied the Stuarts' right to sway.
No blow-pipe ever whitened furnace fire,
Quick as these words lit up his father's ire ;
Who envied even old Abraham for his faith,
Ordained to put his only son to death.
He started up — in such a mood of soul
The white bear bites his showman's stirring pole ;

He danced too, and brought out, with snarl and howl,
 "O Dia! Dia!" and, "Dioul! Dioul!" *
 But sense foils fury — as the blowing whale
 Spouts, bleeds, and dyes the waves without avail —
 Wears out the cable's length that makes him fast,
 But, worn himself, comes up harpooned at last —
 E'en so, devoid of sense, succumbs at length
 Mere strength of zeal to intellectual strength.
 His son's close logic so perplexed his pate,
 The old hero rather shunned than sought debate;
 Exhausting his vocabulary's store
 Of oaths and nick-names, he could say no more,
 But tapped his mull,† rolled mutely in his chair,
 Or only whistled Killiecrankie's air.

Witch-legends Ronald scorned — ghost, kelpie, wraith,
 And all the trumpery of vulgar faith;
 Grave matrons even were shocked to hear him slight
 Authenticated facts of second-sight —
 Yet never flinched his mockery to confound
 The brutal superstition reigning round.
 Reserved himself, still Ronald loved to scan
 Men's natures — and he liked the old hearty man;
 So did the partner of his heart and life —
Who pleased her Ronald, ne'er displeased his wife.
 His sense, 't is true, compared with Norman's son,
 Was commonplace — his tales too long outspun:
 Yet Allan Campbell's sympathizing mind
 Had held large intercourse with humankind;

* God and the devil — a favorite ejaculation of Highland saints.

† Snuff-horn.

Seen much, and gayly, graphically drew
The men of every country, clime, and hue ;
Nor ever stooped, though soldier-like his strain,
To ribaldry of mirth or oath profane.
All went harmonious till the guest began
To talk about his kindred, chief and clan,
And, with his own biography engrossed,
Marked not the changed demeanor of each host ;
Nor how old choleric Norman's cheek became
Flushed at the Campbell and Breadalbane name.
Assigning, heedless of impending harm,
Their steadfast silence to his story's charm,
He touched a subject perilous to touch —
Saying, "'Midst this well-known vale I wondered much
To lose my way. In boyhood, long ago,
I roamed, and loved each pathway of Glencoe ;
Trapped leverets, plucked wild berries on its braes,
And fished along its banks long summer days.
But times grew stormy — bitter feuds arose,
Our clan was merciless to prostrate foes.
I never palliated my chieftain's blame,
But mourned the sin, and reddened for the shame
Of that foul morn (Heaven blot it from the year !)
Whose shapes and shrieks still haunt my dreaming ear.
What could I do ? — a serf — Glenlyon's page,
A soldier sworn at nineteen years of age ;
To have breathed one grieved remonstrance to our chief,
The pit or gallows* would have cured my grief.
Forced, passive as the musket in my hand,
I marched — when, feigning royalty's command,

* To hang their vassals, or starve them to death in a dungeon, was a privilege of the Highland chiefs who had hereditary jurisdictions.

Against the clan Macdonald, Stair's lord
Sent forth exterminating fire and sword;
And troops at midnight through the vale defiled,
Enjoined to slaughter woman, man, and child.
My clansmen many a year had cause to dread
The curse that day entailed upon their head;
Glenlyon's self confessed the avenging spell —
I saw it light on him.

It so befell : —

A soldier from our ranks to death was brought,
By sentence deemed too dreadful for his fault;
All was prepared — the coffin and the cart
• Stood near twelve muskets, levelled at his heart.
The chief, whose breast for ruth had still some room,
Obtained reprieve a day before his doom; —
But of the awarded boon surmised no breath.
The sufferer knelt, blindfolded, waiting death, —
And met it. Though Glenlyon had desired
The musketeers to watch before they fired;
If from his pocket they should see he drew
A handkerchief — their volley should ensue;
But if he held a paper in its place,
It should be hailed the sign of pardoning grace : —
He, in a fatal moment's absent fit,
Drew forth the handkerchief, and not the writ;
Wept o'er the corpse and wrung his hands in woe,
Crying, 'Here 's thy curse again — Glencoe ! Glencoe !'
Though thus his guest spoke feelings just and clear,
The cabin's patriarch lent impatient ear;
Wroth that, beneath his roof, a living man
Should boast the swine-blood of the Campbell clan;

He hastened to the door — called out his son
To follow; walked a space, and thus begun: —
“ You have not, Ronald, at this day to learn
The oath I took beside my father's cairn,
When you were but a babe a twelvemonth born;
Sworn on my dirk — by all that's sacred, sworn
To be revenged for blood that cries to Heaven —
Blood unforgivable, and unforgiven:
But never power, *since then*, have I possessed
To plant my dagger in a Campbell's breast.
Now, here's a self-accusing partisan,
Steeped in the slaughter of Macdonald's clan;
I scorn his civil speech and sweet-lipped show
Of pity — he is still our house's foe:
I'll perjure not myself — but sacrifice
The caitiff ere to-morrow's sun arise.
Stand! hear me — you're my son, the deed is just;
And if I say it must be done — it must;
A debt of honor which my clansmen crave,
Their very dead demand it from the grave.”
Conjuring then their ghosts, he humbly prayed
Their patience till the blood-debt should be paid.
But Ronald stopped him. — “ Sir, Sir, do not dim
Your honor by a moment's angry whim;
Your soul's too just and generous, were you cool,
To act at once the assassin and the fool.
Bring me the men on whom revenge is due,
And I will dirk them willingly as you!
But all the real authors of that black
Old deed are gone — you cannot bring them back.
And this poor guest, 't is palpable to judge,
In all his life ne'er bore our clan a grudge;

Dragged when a boy against his will to share
That massacre, he loathed the foul affair.
Think, if your hardened heart be conscience-proof,
To stab a stranger underneath your roof!
One who has broken bread within your gate —
Reflect — before reflection comes too late,—
Such ugly consequences there may be
As judge and jury, rope and gallows-tree.
The days of dirking snugly are gone by,—
Where could you hide the body privily,
When search is made for 't?"

" Plunge it in yon flood,
That Campbells crimsoned with our kindred blood."

" Ay! but the corpse may float — "

" Pshaw! dead men tell
No tales — nor will it float if leaded well.
I am determined!" — What could Ronald do?
No house within ear-reach of his halloo,
Though that would but have published household shame,
He temporized with wrath he could not tame,
And said, " Come in, till night put off the deed,
And ask a few more questions ere he bleed."
They entered; Norman with portentous air
Strode to a nook behind the stranger's chair,
And, speaking naught, sat grimly in the shade,
With dagger in his clutch beneath his plaid.
His son's own plaid, should Norman pounce his prey,
Was coiled thick round his arm, to turn away
Or blunt the dirk. He purposed leaving free
The door, and giving Allan time to flee,
Whilst he should wrestle with (no safe emprise)
His father's maniac strength and giant size.

Meanwhile he could nowise communicate
The impending peril to his anxious mate ;
But she, convinced no trifling matter now
Disturbed the wonted calm of Ronald's brow,
Divined too well the cause of gloom that lowered,
And sat with speechless terror overpowered.
Her face was pale, so lately blithe and bland,
The stocking knitting-wire shook in her hand.
But Ronald and the guest resumed their thread
Of converse, still its theme that day of dread.
" Much," said the veteran, " much as I bemoan
That deed, when half a hundred years have flown,
Still on one circumstance I can reflect
That mitigates the dreadful retrospect.
A mother with her child before us flew,
I had the hideous mandate to pursue ;
But swift of foot, outspeeding bloodier men,
I chased, o'ertook her in the winding glen,
And showed her, palpitating, where to save
Herself and infant in a secret cave ;
Nor left them till I saw that they could mock
Pursuit and search within that sheltering rock."
" Heavens !" Ronald cried, in accents gladly wild,
" That woman was my mother — I the child !
Of you unknown by name she late and air*
Spoke, wept, and ever blessed you in her prayer,
Even to her death ; describing you withal
A well-looking florid youth, blue-eyed and tall."
They rose, exchanged embrace : the old lion then
Upstartd, metamorphosed, from his den ;

* Scotch for late and early.

Saying, "Come and make thy home with us for life,
Heaven-sent preserver of my child and wife !
I fear thou'rt poor,—that Hanoverian thing
Rewards his soldiers ill."—"God save the king !"
With hand upon his heart, old Allan said,
"I wear his uniform, I eat his bread,
And whilst I've tooth to bite a cartridge, all
For him and Britain's fame I'll stand or fall."
"Bravo !" cried Ronald. "I commend your zeal,"
Quoth Norman, "and I see your heart is leal ;
But I have prayed my soul may never thrive
If thou shouldst leave this house of ours alive.
Nor shalt thou ; in this home protract thy breath
Of easy life, nor leave it till thy death."

The following morn arose serene as glaß,
And red Bennevis shone like molten brass ;
While sunrise opened flowers with gentle force,
The guest and Ronald walked in long discourse.
"Words fail me," Allan said, "to thank aright
Your father's kindness shown me yesternight ;
Yet scarce I'd wish my latest days to spend
A fireside fixture with the dearest friend :
Besides, I've but a fortnight's furlough now,
To reach Macallin More,* beyond Lochawe.
I'd fain memorialize the powers that be,
To deign remembrance of my wounds and me ;
My life-long service never bore the brand
Of sentence — lash — disgrace or reprimand.
And so I've written, though in meagre style,
A long petition to his Grace Argyle ;

* The Duke of Argyle.

I mean, on reaching Innerara's shore,
To leave it safe within his castle door."
"Nay," Ronald said, "the letter that you bear,
Intrust it to no lying varlet's care;
But say a soldier of King George demands
Access, to leave it in the Duke's own hands.
But show me, first, the epistle to your chief;
'Tis naught, unless succinctly clear and brief;
Great men have no great patience when they read,
And long petitions spoil the cause they plead."

That day saw Ronald from the field full soon
Return; and when they all had dined at noon,
He conned the old man's memorial — lopped its length,
And gave it stylē, simplicity, and strength;
'T was finished in an hour — and in the next
Transcribed by Allan in perspicuous text.
At evening, he and Ronald shared once more
A long and pleasant walk by Cona's shore.
"I'd press you," quoth his host — ("I need not say
How warmly) evermore with us to stay;
But Charles intends, 't is said, in these same parts
To try the fealty of our Highland hearts.
'T is my belief, that he and all his line
Have — saving to be hanged — no right divine;
From whose mad enterprise can only flow
To thousands slaughter, and to myriads woe.
Yet have they stirred my father's spirit sore,
He flints his pistols — whets his old claymore —
And longs as ardently to join the fray
As boy to dance who hears the bagpipe play.

Though calm one day, the next, disdaining rule,
He'd gore your red coat like an angry bull:
I told him, and he owned it might be so,
Your tempers never could in concert flow.
But 'Mark,' he added, 'Ronald! from our door
Let not this guest depart forlorn and poor;
Let not your souls the niggardness evince
Of lowland pedler, or of German prince;
He gave you life — then feed him as you 'd feed
Your very father were he cast in need.'
He gave — you 'll find it by your bed to-night —
A leathern purse of crowns, all sterling bright:
You see I do you kindness not by stealth.
My wife — no advocate of squandering wealth —
Vows that it would be parricide, or worse,
Should we neglect you — here's a silken purse,
Some golden pieces through the network shine,
'Tis proffered to you from her heart and mine.
But come! no foolish delicacy, no!
We own, but cannot cancel what we owe —
This sum shall duly reach you once a year."
Poor Allan's furrowed face and flowing tear
Confessed sensations which he could not speak.
Old Norman bade him farewell kindly meek.

At morn, the smiling dame rejoiced to pack
With viands full the old soldier's haversack.
He feared not hungry grass* with such a load,
And Ronald saw him miles upon his road.

* When the hospitable Highlanders load a parting guest with provisions, they tell him he will need them, as he has to go over a great deal of *hungry grass*.

A march of three days brought him to Lochfyne.
Argyle, struck with his manly look benign,
And feeling interest in the veteran's lot,
Created him a sergeant on the spot —
An invalid, to serve not — but with pay
(A mighty sum to him), twelve-pence a day.
“ But have you heard not,” said Macallin More,
“ Charles Stuart's landed on Eriska's shore,
And Jacobites are arming ? ” — “ What ! indeed !
Arrived ! then I'm no more an invalid ;
My new-got halbert I must straight employ
In battle.” — “ As you please, old gallant boy :
Your gray hairs well might plead excuse, 't is true,
But now 's the time we want such men as you.”
In brief, at Innerara Allan staid,
And joined the banners of Argyle's brigade.

Meanwhile, the old choleric shepherd of Glencoe
Spurned all advice, and girt himself to go.
What was 't to him that foes would poind their fold,
Their lease, their very beds beneath them sold !
And firmly to his text he would have kept,
Though Ronald argued and his daughter wept.
But 'midst the impotence of tears and prayer,
Chance snatched them from proscription and despair.
Old Norman's blood was headward wont to mount
Too rapid from his heart's impetuous fount ;
And one day, whilst the German rats he cursed,
An artery in his wise sensorium burst.
The lancet saved him ; but how changed, alas !
From him who fought at Killiecrankie's pass !

Tame as a spaniel, timid as a child,
He muttered incoherent words and smiled ;
He wept at kindness, rolled a vacant eye,
And laughed full often when he meant to cry.
Poor man ! whilst in this lamentable state,
Came Allan back one morning to his gate,
Hale and unburdened by the woes of eild,
And fresh with credit from Culloden's field.
'T was feared at first the sight of him might touch
The old Macdonald's morbid mind too much ;
But no ! though Norman knew him, and disclosed
Even rallying memory, he was still composed ;
Asked all particulars of the fatal fight,
And only heaved a sigh for Charles's flight :
Then said, with but one moment's pride of air,
It might not have been so had I been there !
Few days elapsed till he reposed beneath
His gray cairn, on the wild and lonely heath ;
Son, friends and kindred, of his dust took leave,
And Allan, with the crape bound round his sleeve.

Old Allan now hung up his sergeant's sword,
And sat, a guest for life, at Ronald's board.
He waked no longer at the barrack's drum,
Yet still you 'd see, when peep of day was come,
The erect tall red-coat, walking pastures round,
Or delving with his spade the garden ground.
Of cheerful temper, habits strict and sage,
He reached, enjoyed, a patriarchal age —
Loved to the last by the Macdonalds. Near
Their house his stone was placed with many a tear ;
And Ronald's self, in stoic virtue brave,
Scorned not to weep at Allan Campbell's grave.

NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR.*

I LOVE contemplating, apart
From all his homicidal glory,
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's story !

'T was when his banners at Boulogne
Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him — I know not how —
Unprisoned on the shore to roam ;
And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half-way over ;
With envy *they* could reach the white,
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning — dreaming — doting,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating ;

* This anecdote has been published in several public journals, both French and British. My belief in its authenticity was confirmed by an Englishman, long resident at Boulogne, lately telling me that he remembered the circumstance to have been generally talked of in the place.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The live-long day laborious; lurking
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working.

Heaven help us! 't was a thing beyond
Description wretched; such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt-sea field,
It would have made the boldest shudder;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,
No sail — no rudder.

From neighboring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows;
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows —

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering:
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger;
And, in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger:—

“Rash man, that would'st yon Channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned
Thy heart with some sweet British lass
Must be impassioned.”

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad;
"But — absent long from one another —
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt," Napoleon said,
"Ye 've both my favor fairly won;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And, with a flag of truce, commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
To find a dinner, plain and hearty;
But *never* changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparté.

BENLOMOND.

HADST thou a genius on thy peak,
What tales, white-headed Ben,
Couldst thou of ancient ages speak,
That mock the historian's pen!

Thy long duration makes our lives
Seem but so many hours;
And likens to the bees' frail hives
Our most stupendous towers.

Temples and towers thou 'st seen begun.
 New creeds, new conquerors' sway;
 And, like their shadows in the sun,
 Hast seen them swept away.

Thy steadfast summit, heaven-allied
 (Unlike life's little span),
 Looks down, a Mentor, on the pride
 Of perishable man.

THE CHILD AND HIND.

I wish I had preserved a copy of the Wiesbaden newspaper in which this anecdote of the "Child and Hind" is recorded; but I have unfortunately lost it. The story, however, is a matter of fact; it took place in 1838; every circumstance mentioned in the following ballad literally happened. I was in Wiesbaden eight months ago, and was shown the very tree under which the boy was found sleeping with a bunch of flowers in his little hand. A similar occurrence is told by tradition, of Queen Genevova's child being preserved by being suckled by a female deer, when that princess — an early Christian, and now a Saint in the Romish calendar — was chased to the desert by her heathen enemies. The spot assigned to the traditionary event is not a hundred miles from Wiesbaden, where a chapel still stands to her memory.

I could not ascertain whether the Hind that watched my hero "Wilhelm" suckled him or not; but it was generally believed that she had no milk to give him, and that the boy must have been for two days and a half entirely without food, unless it might be grass or leaves. If this was the case, the circumstance of the Wiesbaden deer watching the child was a still more wonderful token of instinctive fondness than that of the deer in the Genevova tradition, who was naturally anxious to be relieved of her milk.

COME, maids and matrons, to caress
 Wiesbaden's gentle hind;
 And, smiling, deck its glossy neck
 With forest flowers entwined.

Your forest flowers are fair to show,
 And landscapes to enjoy;
 But fairer is your friendly doe
 That watched the sleeping boy.

'T was after church — on Ascension day —
When organs ceased to sound,
Wiesbaden's people crowded gay
The deer-park's pleasant ground.

There, where Elysian meadows smile,
And noble trees upshoot,
The wild thyme and the camomile
Smell sweetly at their root;

The aspen quivers nervously,
The oak stands stilly bold —
And climbing bindweed hangs on high
His bells of beaten gold.

Nor stops the eye till mountains shine
That bound a spacious view,
Beyond the lordly, lovely Rhine,
In visionary blue.

There, monuments of ages dark
Awaken thoughts sublime;
Till, swifter than the steaming bark,
We mount the stream of time.

The ivy there old castles shades
That speak traditions high
Of minstrels — tournaments — crusades,
And mail-clad chivalry.

Here came a twelve years' married pair —
And with them wandered free
Seven sons and daughters, blooming fair,
A gladsome sight to see.

Their Wilhelm, little innocent,
The youngest of the seven,
Was beautiful as painters paint
The cherubim of Heaven.

By turns, he gave his hand, so dear,
To parent, sister, brother;
And each, that he was safe and near,
Confided in the other.

But Wilhelm loved the field-flowers bright,
With love beyond all measure;
And culled them with as keen delight
As misers gather treasure.

Unnoticed, he contrived to glide
Adown a greenwood alley,
By lilies lured, that grew beside
A streamlet in the valley;

And there, where under beech and birch
The rivulet meandered,
He strayed, till neither shout nor search
Could track where he had wandered.

Still louder, with increasing dread,
They called his darling name;
But 't was like speaking to the dead —
An echo only came.

Hours passed till evening's beetle roams,
And blackbird's songs begin;
Then all went back to happy homes.
Save Wilhelm's kith and kin.

The night came on — all others slept
Their cares away till morn;
But, sleepless, all night watched and wept
That family forlorn.

Betimes the town-crier had been sent
With loud bell up and down;
And told the afflicting accident
Throughout Wiesbaden's town:

The father, too, ere morning smiled,
Had all his wealth uncoffered;
And to the wight would bring his child
A thousand crowns had offered.

Dear friends, who would have blushed to take
That guerdon from his hand,
Soon joined in groups — for pity's sake,
The child-exploring band.

The news reached Nassau's Duke: ere earth
Was gladdened by the lark,
He sent a hundred soldiers forth
To ransack all his park.

Their side-arms glittered through the wood,
With bugle-horns to sound;
Would that on errand half so good
The soldier oft were found!

But though they roused up beast and bird
From many a nest and den,
No signal of success was heard
From all the hundred men.

A second morning's light expands,
Unfound the infant fair ;
And Wilhelm's household wring their hands,
Abandoned to despair.

But, haply, a poor artisan
Searched ceaselessly, till he
Found safe asleep the little one,
Beneath a beechen tree.

His hand still grasped a bunch of flowers ;
And (true, though wondrous) near,
To sentry his reposing hours,
There stood a female deer —

Who dipped her horns at all that passed *
The spot where Wilhelm lay ;
Till force was had to hold her fast,
And bear the boy away.

Hail, sacred love of childhood — hail !
How sweet it is to trace
Thine instinct in Creation's scale,
Even 'neath the human race !

To this poor wanderer of the wild
Speech, reason, were unknown —
And yet she watched a sleeping child
As if it were her own ;

And thou, Wiesbaden's artisan,
Restorer of the boy,

*The female deer has no such antlers as the male, and sometimes no horns at all; but I have observed many with short ones suckling their fawns.

Was ever welcomed mortal man
With such a burst of joy ?

The father's ecstasy — the mother's
Hysteric bosom's swell ;
The sisters' sobs — the shout of brothers,
I have not power to tell.

The working man, with shoulders broad,
Took blithely to his wife
The thousand crowns ; a pleasant load,
That made him rich for life.

And Nassau's Duke the favorite took
Into his deer-park's centre,
To share a field with other pets,
Where deer-slayer cannot enter.

There, whilst thou cropp'st thy flowery food,
Each hand shall pat thee kind ;
And man shall never spill thy blood —
Wiesbaden's gentle hind !

THE JILTED NYMPH.

A SONG,

[To the Scotch tune of "Woo'd and married and a'."]

I'M jilted, forsaken, outwitted ;
Yet think not I'll whimper or brawl —
The lass is alone to be pitied
Who ne'er has been courted at all :

Never, by great or small,
Woody or jilted at all ;
O, how unhappy 's the lass
Who has never been courted at all !

My brother called out the dear faithless,
In fits I was ready to fall,
Till I found a policeman who, scatheless,
Swore them both to the peace at Guildhall ;
Seized them, seconds and all —
Pistols, powder and ball ;
I wished him to die my devoted,
But not in a duel to sprawl.

What though at my heart he has tilted,
What though I have met with a fall ?
Better be courted and jilted,
Than never be courted at all.
Woody and jilted and all,
Still I will dance at the ball ;
And waltz and quadrille
With light heart and heel,
With proper young men, and tall.

But lately I 've met with a suitor,
Whose heart I have gotten in thrall,
And I hope soon to tell you in future
That I 'm wooed and married and all :
Woody and married and all,
What greater bliss can befall ?
And you all shall partake of my bridal cake,
When I 'm wooed and married and all.

ON GETTING HOME THE PORTRAIT OF A FEMALE
CHILD, SIX YEARS OLD.

PAINTED BY EUGENIO LATILLA.

TYPE of the Cherubim above,
• Come, live with me, and be my love !
Smile from my wall, dear roguish sprite,
By sunshine and by candle-light ;
For both look sweetly on thy traits :
Or, were the Lady Moon to gaze,
She 'd welcome thee with lustre bland,
Like some young fay from Fairyland.
Cast in simplicity's own mould,
How canst thou be so manifold
In sportively distracting charms ?
Thy lips — thine eyes — thy little arms
That wrap thy shoulders and thy head,
In homeliest shawl of netted thread,
Brown woollen net-work ; yet it seeks
Accordance with thy lovely cheeks,
And more becomes thy beauty's bloom
Than any shawl from Cashmere's loom.
Thou hast not, to adorn thee, girl,
Flower, link of gold, or gem or pearl —
I would not let a ruby speak
The peeping whiteness of thy neck :
Thou need'st no casket, witching elf,
No gaud — thy toilet is thyself ;
Not even a rose-bud from the bower,
Thyself a magnet — gem and flower.
My arch and playful little creature,
Thou hast a mind in every feature ;

Thy brow, with its disparted locks,
 Speaks language that translation mocks;
 Thy lucid eyes so beam with soul,
 They on the canvas seem to roll —
 Instructing both my head and heart
 To idolize the painter's art.
 He marshals minds to Beauty's feast —
 He is Humanity's high priest,
 Who proves, by heavenly forms on earth,
 How much this world of ours is worth.
 Inspire me, child, with visions fair!
 For children, in Creation, are
 The only things that could be given
 Back, and alive — unchanged — to Heaven.

 THE PARROT.

A DOMESTIC ANECDOTE.

The following incident, so strongly illustrating the power of memory and association in the lower animals, is not a fiction. I heard it many years ago in the Island of Mull, from the family to whom the bird belonged.

THE deep affections of the breast,
 That Heaven to living things imparts,
 Are not exclusively possessed
 By human hearts.

A parrot, from the Spanish Main,
 Full young, and early caged, came o'er,
 With bright wings, to the bleak domain
 Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turned on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

But, petted, in our climate cold
He lived and chattered many a day:
Until with age, from green and gold
His wings grew gray.

At last, when, blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore;

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech,
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flapped round his cage with joyous screech,
Dropt down, and died.

SONG OF THE COLONISTS DEPARTING FOR
NEW ZEALAND.

STEER, helmsman, till you steer our way
By stars beyond the line;
We go to found a realm, one day
Like England's self to shine.

CHORUS.

Cheer up — cheer up — our course we'll keep,
 With dauntless heart and hand ;
 And when we've ploughed the stormy deep,
 We'll plough a smiling land : —

A land where beauties importune
 The Briton to its bowers,
 To sow but plenteous seeds, and prune
 Luxuriant fruits and flowers.

Chorus.— Cheer up — cheer up, &c.

There, tracts uncheered by human words,
 Seclusion's wildest holds,
 Shall hear the lowing of our herds,
 And tinkling of our folds.

Chorus.— Cheer up — cheer up, &c

Like rubies set in gold, shall blush
 Our vineyards girt with corn ;
 And wine, and oil, and gladness gush
 From Amalthea's horn.

Chorus.— Cheer up — cheer up, &c.

Britannia's pride is in our hearts,
 Her blood is in our veins —
 We'll girdle earth with British arts,
 Like Ariel's magic chains.

CHORUS.

Cheer up — cheer up — our course we'll keep,
 With dauntless heart and hand ;
 And when we've ploughed the stormy deep,
 We'll plough the smiling land.

MOONLIGHT.

THE kiss that would make a maid's cheek flush,
Wroth, as if kissing were a sin
Amidst the Argus eyes and din
And tell-tale glare of noon,
Brings but a murmur and a blush,
Beneath the modest moon.

Ye days, gone — never to come back,
When love returned entranced me so,
That still its pictures move and glow
In the dark chamber of my heart;
Leave not my memory's future track —
I will not let you part.

'T was moonlight, when my earliest love
First on my bosom dropt her head;
A moment then concentrated
The bliss of years, as if the spheres
Their course had faster driven,
And carried, Enoch-like above,
A living man to Heaven.

'T is by the rolling moon we measure
The date between our nuptial night
And that blest hour which brings to light
The pledge of faith — the fruit of bliss;
When we impress upon the treasure
A father's earliest kiss.

The Moon's the Earth's enamored bride;
True to him in her very changes,
To other stars she never ranges :

Though, crossed by him, sometimes she dips
Her light, in short offended pride,
And faints to an eclipse.

The fairies revel by her sheen;
'T is only when the Moon's above
The fire-fly kindles into love,
And flashes light to show it:
The nightingale salutes her Queen
Of Heaven, her heavenly poet.

Then ye that love — by moonlight gloom
Meet at my grave, and plight regard.
O ! could I be the Orphéan bard
Of whom it is reported,
That nightingales sung o'er his tomb,
Whilst lovers came and courted.

SONG ON OUR QUEEN.

SET TO MUSIC BY CHARLES NEATE, ESQ.

VICTORIA'S sceptre o'er the deep
Has touched, and broken slavery's chain:
Yet, strange magician ! she enslaves
Our hearts within her own domain.

Her spirit is devout, and burns
With thoughts averse to bigotry;
Yet she herself, the idol, turns
Our thoughts into idolatry.

CORA LINN, OR THE FALLS OF THE CLYDE.

WRITTEN ON REVISITING IT IN 1837.

THE time I saw thee, Cora, last,
'T was with congenial friends;
And calmer hours of pleasure past —
My memory seldom sends.

It was as sweet an Autumn day
As ever shone on Clyde,
And Lanark's orchards all the way
Put forth their golden pride;

Even hedges, busked in bravery,
Looked rich that sunny morn;
The scarlet hip and blackberry
So pranked September's thorn.

In Cora's glen the calm how deep!
That trees on loftiest hill
Like statues stood, or things asleep,
All motionless and still.

The torrent spoke, as if his noise
Bade earth be quiet round,
And give his loud and lonely voice
A more commanding sound.

His foam, beneath the yellow light
Of noon, came down like one
Continuous sheet of jaspers bright,
Broad rolling by the sun.

Dear Linn ! let loftier falling floods
Have prouder names than thine ;
And king of all, enthroned in woods,
Let Niagára shine.

Barbarian, let him shake his coasts
With reeking thunders far,
Extended like the array of hosts
In broad, embattled war !

His voice appals the wilderness :
Approaching thine, we feel
A solemn, deep melodiousness,
That needs no louder peal.

More fury would but disenchant
Thy dream-inspiring din ;
Be thou the Scottish Muse's haunt,
Romantic Cora Linn !

CHAUCER AND WINDSOR.

LONG shalt thou flourish, Windsor ! bodying forth
Chivalric times, and long shall live around
Thy Castle the old oaks of British birth,
Whose gnarled roots, tenacious and profound,
As with a lion's talons grasp the ground.
But should thy towers in ivied ruin rot,
There 's one, thine inmate once, whose strain renowned
Would interdict thy name to be forgot ;
For Chaucer loved thy bowers and trode this very spot.

Chaucer ! our Helicon's first fountain-stream,
 Our morning star of song — that led the way
 To welcome the long-after coming beam
 Of Spenser's light and Shakspeare's perfect day.
 Old England's fathers live in Chaucer's lay,
 As if they ne'er had died. He grouped and drew
 Their likeness with a spirit of life so gay,
 That still they live and breathe in Fancy's view,
 Fresh beings fraught with Truth's imperishable hue.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE STATUE OF ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED,*
 STANZ-UNDERWALDEN.

INSPIRING and romantic Switzers' land,
 Though marked with majesty by Nature's hand,
 What charm ennobles most thy landscape's face ? —
 The heroic memory of thy native race,
 Who forced tyrannic hosts to bleed or flee,
 And made their rocks the ramparts of the free ;
 Their fastnesses rolled back the invading tide
 Of conquest, and their mountains taught them pride.
 Hence they have patriot names — in Fancy's eye,
 Bright as their glaciers glittering in the sky ;
 Patriots who make the pageantries of kings
 Like shadows seem and unsubstantial things.
 Their guiltless glory mocks oblivion's rust,
 Imperishable, for their cause was just.

* For an account of this patriotic Swiss, and his heroic death at the battle of Sempach, see Dr. Beattie's "Switzerland Illustrated," vol. ii. pp. 111—115. See also note at the end of this volume.

Heroes of old ! to whom the Nine have strung
Their lyres, and spirit-stirring anthems sung ;
Heroes of chivalry ! whose banners grace
The aisles of many a consecrated place,
Confess how few of you can match in fame
The martyr Winkelried's immortal name !

TO THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

UNITED STATES, your banner wears
Two emblems — one of fame ;
Alas ! the other that it bears
Reminds us of your shame.

Your standard's constellation types
White freedom by its stars ;
But what's the meaning of the stripes? —
They mean your negroes' scars.

LINES ON MY NEW CHILD-SWEETHEART.

I HOLD it a religious duty
To love and worship children's beauty ;
They've least the taint of earthly clod,
They're freshest from the hand of God ;
With heavenly looks they make us sure
The heaven that made them must be pure
We love them not in earthly fashion,
But with a beatific passion.

I chanced to, yesterday, behold
A maiden child of beauty's mould ;
'T was near, more sacred was the scene,
The palace of our patriot Queen.
The little charmer to my view
Was sculpture brought to life anew.
Her eyes had a poetic glow,
Her pouting mouth was Cupid's bow :
And through her frock I could descry
Her neck and shoulders' symmetry.
'T was obvious from her walk and gait
Her limbs were beautifully straight ;
I stopped the enchantress, and was told.
Though tall, she was but four years old
Her guide so grave an aspect wore
I could not ask a question more ;
But followed her. The little one
Threw backward ever and anon
Her lovely neck, as if to say,
" I know you love me, Mister Grey ; '
For by its instinct childhood's eye
Is shrewd in physiognomy ;
They well distinguish fawning art
From sterling fondness of the heart

And so she flirted, like a true
Good woman, till we bade adieu.
'T was then I with regret grew wild,
O, beauteous, interesting child !
Why asked I not thy home and name ?
My courage failed me — more 's the shame.

But where abides this jewel rare?
O, ye that own her, tell me where!
For sad it makes my heart and sore
To think I ne'er may meet her more.

THE LAUNCH OF A FIRST-RATE.

WRITTEN ON WITNESSING THE SPECTACLE.

ENGLAND hails thee with emotion,
Mightiest child of naval art,
Heaven resounds thy welcome! Ocean
Takes thee smiling to his heart.

Giant oaks of bold expansion
O'er seven hundred acres fell,
All to build thy noble mansion,
Where our hearts of oak shall dwell.

Midst those trees the wild deer bounded,
Ages long ere we were born,
And our great-grandfathers sounded
Many a jovial hunting-horn.

Oaks that living did inherit
Grandeur from our earth and sky,
Still robust, the native spirit
In your timbers shall not die.

Ship to shine in martial story,
Thou shalt cleave the ocean's path
Freighted with Britannia's glory
And the thunders of her wrath.

Foes shall crowd their sails and fly thee,
 Threatening havoc to their deck,
 When afar they first descry thee,
 Like the coming whirlwind's speck
 Gallant bark ! thy pomp and beauty
 Storm or battle ne'er shall blast,
 Whilst our tars in pride and duty
 Nail thy colors to the mast.

EPISTLE FROM ALGIERS,

TO HORACE SMITH.

DEAR Horace ! be melted to tears,
 For I'm melting with heat as I rhyme ;
 Though the name of the place is All-jeers,
 'T is no joke to fall in with its clime.

With a shaver* from France who came o'er
 To an African inn I ascend ;
 I am cast on a barbarous shore,
 Where a barber alone is my friend.

Do you ask me the sights and the news
 Of this wonderful city to sing ?
 Alas ! my hotel has its mews,
 But no muse of the Helicon's spring.

* On board the vessel from Marseilles to Algiers I met with a fellow-passenger whom I supposed to be a physician from his dress and manners, and the attentions which he paid me to alleviate the sufferings of my sea-sickness. He turned out to be a perruquier and barber in Algeria ; but his vocation did not lower him in my estimation—for he continued his attentions until he passed my baggage through the customs, and helped me, when half dead with exhaustion, to the best hotel.

My windows afford me the sight
Of a people all diverse in hue;
They are black, yellow, olive, and white,
Whilst I in my sorrow look blue.

Here are groups for the painter to take,
Whose figures jocosely combine,—
The Arab disguised in his haik,
And the Frenchman disguised in his wine.

In his breeches of petticoat size
You may say, as the Mussulman goes,
That his garb is a fair compromise
'Twixt a kilt and a pair of small-clothes.

The Mooresses, shrouded in white,
Save two holes for their eyes to give room,
Seem like corpses in sport or in spite
That have slyly whipped out of their tomb.

The old Jewish dames make me sick:
If I were the devil—I declare
Such hags should not mount a broom-stick
In my service to ride through the air.

But hipped and undined as I am,
My hippogriff's course I must rein—
For the pain of my thirst is no sham,
Though I'm bawling aloud for champagne.

Dinner's brought; but their wines have no pith—
They are flat as the statutes at law;
And for all that they bring me, dear Smith!
Would a glass of brown stout they could draw!

O'er each French trashy dish as I bend,
My heart feels a patriot's grief!
And the round tears, O England! descend
When I think on a round of thy beef.

Yes, my soul sentimentally craves
British beer.—Hail, Britannia, hail!
To thy flag on the foam of the waves,
And the foam on thy flagons of ale.

Yet I own, in this hour of my drought,
A dessert has most welcomely come;
Here are peaches that melt in the mouth,
And grapes blue and big as a plum.

There are melons too, luscious and great,
But the slices I eat shall be few,
For from melons incautiously eat
Melancholic effects may ensue.

Horrid pun! you'll exclaim; but be calm,
Though my letter bears date, as you view
From the land of the date-bearing palm,
I will palm no more puns upon you.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO ASKED ME TO WRITE SOMETHING ORIGINAL FOR HER ALBUM.

AN original something, fair maid, you would win me
To write — but how shall I begin?
For I fear I have nothing original in me —
Excepting Original Sin.

FRAGMENT OF AN ORATORIO,

FROM THE BOOK OF JOB.

Having met my illustrious friend, the composer Neukomm, at Algiers, several years ago, I commenced this intended Oratorio at his desire ; but he left the place before I proceeded further in the poem, and it has been thus left unfinished

CRUSHED by misfortune's yoke,
Job lamentably spoke—

“ My boundless curse be on
The day that I was born ;
Quenched be the star that shone
Upon my natal morn !
In the grave I long
To shroud my breast ;
Where the wicked cease to wrong,
And the weary are at rest.”
Then Eliphaz rebuked his wild despair :

“ What Heaven ordains 't is meet that man should bear
Lately, at midnight drear,
A vision shook my bones with fear ;
A spirit passed before my face,
And yet its form I could not trace ;
It stopped—it stood—it chilled my blood,
The hair upon my flesh uprose
With freezing dread !
Deep silence reigned, and, at its close,
I heard a voice that said—
‘ Shall mortal man be more pure and just
Than God, who made him from the dust ?
Hast thou not learnt, of old, how fleet
Is the triumph of the hypocrite ;

How soon the wreath of joy grows wan
On the brow of the ungodly man?
By the fire of his conscience he perisheth
In an unblown flame:
The Earth demands his death,
And the Heavens reveal his shame.'"

JOB.

Is this your consolation?
Is it thus that ye condole
With the depth of my desolation,
And the anguish of my soul?
But I will not cease to wail
The bitterness of my bale.—
Man that is born of woman,
Short and evil is his hour;
He fleeth like a shadow,
He fadeth like a flower.
My days are passed—my hope and trust
Is but to moulder in the dust.

CHORUS.

Bow, mortal, bow, before thy God,
Nor murmur at his chastening rod;
Fragile being of earthly clay,
Think on God's eternal sway!
Hark! from the whirlwind forth
Thy Maker speaks—"Thou child of earth,
Where wert thou when I laid
Creation's corner-stone?
When the sons of God rejoicing made,
And the morning stars together sang and shone?"

Hadst thou power to bid above
Heaven's constellations glow ;
Or shape the forms that live and move
On Nature's face below ?
Hast thou given the horse his strength and pride ?
He paws the valley, with nostril wide
He smells far off the battle ;
He neighs at the trumpet's sound —
And his speed devours the ground,
As he sweeps to where the quivers rattle,
And the spear and shield shine bright,
'Midst the shouting of the captains
And the thunder of the fight.

TO MY NIECE, MARY CAMPBELL.

OUR friendship's not a stream to dry,
Or stop with angry jar ;
A life-long planet in our sky —
No meteor-shooting star.

Thy playfulness and pleasant ways
Shall cheer my wintry track,
And give my old declining days
A second summer back.

Proud honesty protects our lot,
No dun infests our bowers ;
Wealth's golden lamps illumine not
Brows more content than ours.

To think, too, thy remembrance fond
May love me after death,
Gives fancied happiness beyond
My lease of living breath.

Meanwhile thine intellects presage
A life-time rich in truth,
And make me feel the advance of age
Retarded by thy youth !

Good-night ! propitious dreams betide
Thy sleep — awaken gay,
And we will make to-morrow glide
As cheerful as to-day !

FUGITIVE POEMS,

NOT INCLUDED IN THE AUTHOR'S EDITIONS.

FUGITIVE POEMS.

QUEEN OF THE NORTH.

A FRAGMENT.

YET, ere Oblivion shade each fairy scene,
Ere capes and cliffs and waters intervene,
Ere distant walks my pilgrim feet explore,
By Elbe's slow wanderings, and the Danish shore,—
Still to my country turns my partial view,
That seems the dearest at the last adieu !

Ye lawns, and grottos of the clustered plain ;
Ye mountain-walks, Edina's green domain ;
Haunts of my youth, where, oft, by Fancy drawn,
At vermeil eve, still noon, or shady dawn,
My soul, secluded from the deafening throng,
Has wooed the bosom-prompted power of song :
And thou, my loved abode,— romantic ground,
With ancient towers and spiry summits crowned !—
Home of the polished arts and liberal mind,
By truth and taste enlightened and refined !—
Thou scene of Scotland's glory, now decayed,
Where once her Senate and her Sceptre swayed,—

As round thy mouldered monuments of fame
 Tradition points an emblem and a name,
 Lo ! what a group Imagination brings
 Of starred barons, and of thronéd kings !
 Departed days in bright succession start,
 And all the patriot kindles in my heart !

* * * * *

Even musing here, beside the Druid-stone,
 Where British Arthur built his airy throne,
 Far as my sight can travel o'er the scene,
 From Lomond's height to Roslin's lovely green,—
 On every moor, wild wood, and mountain-side,
 From Forth's fair windings to the ocean tide,—
 On each, the legendary loves to tell,
 Where chiefs encountered and the mighty fell ;
 Each war-worn turret on the distant shore
 Speaks like a herald of the feats of yore ;
 And though the shades of dark Oblivion frown
 On sacred scenes and deeds of high renown,
 Yet still some oral tale — some chanted rhyme —
 Shall mark the spot, and teach succeeding time
 How oft our fathers — to their country true —
 The glorious sword of Independence drew ;
 How well their plaided clans, in battle tried,
 Impenetrably stood, or greatly died ;
 How long the genius of their rights delayed,
 How sternly guarded, and how late betrayed.
 Fair fields of Roslin — memorable name !
 Attest my words, and speak my country's fame !
 Soft as yon mantling haze of distance broods
 Around thy waterfalls and aged woods,

The south sun checkers all thy birchen glade
With glimmering lights and deep-retiring shade;
Fresh coverts of the dale, so dear to tread,
When morn's wild blackbird carols overhead;
Or, when the sunflower shuts her bosom fair,
And scented berries breathe delicious air.
Dear is thy pastoral haunt to him that woos
Romantic Nature — Silence — and the Muse!
But dearer still, when that returning time
Of fruits and flowers — the year's Elysian prime —
Invites, one simple festival to crown,
Young social wanderers from the sultry town!

Ah, me! — no sumptuous revelry to share,
The cheerful bosom asks, or envies there;
Nor sighs for gorgeous splendors, such as wait
On feasts of wealth, and riots of the great.
Far sweeter scenes, the live-long summer day,
On these wild walks when loved companions stray,
But lost in joys of more enchanting flow
Than tasteless art or luxury bestow.
Here, in auspicious moments, to impart
The first fond breathings of a proffered heart,
Shall favored Love repair, and smiling Youth
To gentle Beauty vow the vows of truth.

Fair morn ascends, and sunny June has shed
Ambrosial odors o'er the garden bed;
And wild bees seek the cherry's sweet perfume,
Or cluster round the full-blown apple-bloom.

* * * * *

HYMN.

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion hill,—
When Salem's shepherds, through the night,
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light,—
Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice, of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring, on the raptured soul.
Then swift, to every startled eye,
New streams of glory gild the sky;
Heaven bursts her azure gates, to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.
On wheels of light, and wings of flame,
The glorious hosts to Zion came.
High Heaven with sounds of triumph rung,
And thus they smote their harps and sung:

O Zion! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh—
The joys of Nature rise again—
The Prince of Salem comes to reign!

See, Mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a glad stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.—

HE comes — HE cheers the trembling heart —
Night and her spectres pale depart:
Again the day-star gilds the gloom —
Again the bowers of Eden bloom!

O, Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh —
The joys of Nature rise again —
The Prince of Salem comes to reign !

CHORUS FROM THE CHOEPHORE.

WRITTEN 1794.

SENT from the Mourners' solitary dome,
I lead the solemn, long parade of woe ;
To lull the sleepless spirit of the tomb,
And hail the mighty Dead, that rest below

Hail, sacred Dead ! a maiden weeps for you ;
For you I wake the madness of despair !
The deep-struck wounds of woe my cheeks bedew ;
I feed my bosom with eternal care.

Lo ! where the robes, that once my bosom bound,
Rent by despair, fly waving in the wind ;
The ceaseless strokes of anguish rudely sound,
As sorrow heaves tumultuous in my mind.

Heard ye wild Horror's hair-erecting scream
Reëcho, dismal, from his distant cell ?
Heard ye the Spirit of the mighty dream
Shriek, to the solemn hour, a long-resounding yell ?

The females heard him, in the haunted hall,
As shrill his accents smote the slumbering ear —
Prophetic accents — when the proud must fall —
And wrapt in sounds of agonizing fear.

Lo ! Wisdom's lips your nightly dreams divine,
And read the visions of impending woe ;
Blood calls for vengeance on a lawless Line ;
The murdered spirit shrieks in wrath below.

Vain are the gifts the silent mourners send ;
Vain Music's fall, to soothe the sullen Dead ;
The dark collected clouds of Death impend ; —
Shall Ruin spare thy long-devoted head ?

O, sacred dust ! O, Spirit, lingering nigh,
I bear the gifts of yonder guilty throne !
My trembling lips the unhallowed strain deny ;
Shall mortal man for mortal blood atone ?

Manſions of Grief ! a long-impending doom
O'erhangs the dark dominions where ye reign ;
A sunless horror, of unfathomed gloom,
Shall shroud your glory — for a Master slain.

The sceptred pomp, ungovernably grand,
Untamed in battle, in the fields of yore ;
That martial glory, blazoned o'er the land,
Is fallen — nor bids the prostrate world adore !

Yet, sure, to bask in Glory's golden day,
Or on the lap of Pleasure to repose,
Unvexed to roam on Life's bewildered way,
Is more than Earth — is more than Heaven bestows.

For Justice, oft, with ready bent arraigns,
And Guilt hath oft deferred his deadly doom —
Lurked in the twilight's slow suspicious pains,
Or wrapped his deeds in Night's eternal gloom.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN MULL.

THE tempest blackens on the dusky moor,
And billows lash the long-resounding shore;
In pensive mood I roam the desert ground,
And vainly sigh for scenes no longer found.
O, whither fled the pleasurable hours
That chased each care, and fired the Muse's powers;
The classic haunts of youth, forever gay,
Where mirth and friendship cheered the close of day;
The well-known valleys, where I wont to roam;
The native sports, the nameless joys of home?

Far different scenes allure my wondering eye:—
The white wave foaming to the distant sky;
The cloudy heavens, unblest by summer's smile;
The sounding storm, that sweeps the rugged isle;
The chill, bleak summit of eternal snow;
The wide, wild glen—the pathless plains below;
The dark blue rocks, in barren grandeur piled;
The cuckoo, sighing to the pensive wild!

Far different these from all that charmed before
The grassy banks of Clutha's winding shore;
Her sloping vales, with waving forests lined,
Her smooth, blue lakes, unruffled by the wind.

Hail, happy Clutha! glad shall I survey
Thy gilded turrets from the distant way!
Thy sight shall cheer the weary traveller's toil,
And joy shall hail me to my native soil.

ON THE GLASGOW VOLUNTEERS.

HARK — hark ! the fife's shrill notes arise !
And ardor beats the martial drum ;
And broad the silken banner flies,
Where Clutha's native squadrons come !

Where spreads the green extended plain,
By music's solemn marches trod,
Thick-glancing bayonets mark the train
That beat the meadow's grassy sod.

These are no hireling sons of war !
No jealous tyrant's grimly band,
The wish of freedom to debar,
Or scourge a despot's injured land !

Naught but the patriotic view
Of free-born valor ever fired,
To baffle Gallia's boastful crew,
The soul of northern breast inspired.

'T was thus, on Tiber's sunny banks,
What time the Volscian ravaged nigh,
To mark afar her glittering ranks,
Rome's towering eagle shone on high.

There, toil athletic on the field
In mock array portrayed alarm,
And taught the massy sword to wield,
And braced the nerve of Roman arm.

ON A RURAL BEAUTY IN MULL.

THE wandering swain, with fond delight,
 Would view the daisy smile
 On Pambemara's desert height,
 Or Lomond's heathy pile.

So, fixed in rapture and surprise,
 I gazed across the plain,
 When young Maria met my eyes
 Amid the reaper-train.

Methought, shall beauty such as this,
 Meek, modest and refined,
 On Thule's shore be doomed to bless
 The shepherd or the hind?

From yon bleak mountain's barren side
 That gentle form convey,
 And in Golconda's sparkling pride
 The shepherdess array.

In studious Fashion's proudest cost
 Let artful Beauty shine;
 The pride of art could never boast
 A fairer form than thine.

Yet, simple beauty, never sigh
 To share a prouder lot;
 Nor, caught by grandeur, seek to fly
 The solitary cot! *

* * * * *

* The concluding stanza is illegible in the manuscript.

VERSES ON THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

BEHOLD ! where Gallia's captive Queen,
With steady eye, and look serene,
'In life's last awful — awful scene,
Slow leaves her sad captivity !

Hark ! the shrill horn, that rends the sky,
Bespeaks the ready murder nigh ;
The long parade of death I spy,
And leave my lone captivity !

Farewell, ye mansions of despair !
Scenes of my sad sequestered care ;
The balm of bleeding woe is near,—
Adieu, my lone captivity !

To purer mansions in the sky
Fair Hope directs my grief-worn eye ;
Where Sorrow's child no more shall sigh,
Amid her lone captivity !

Adieu, ye babes, whose infant bloom,
Beneath Oppression's lawless doom,
Pines in the solitary gloom
Of undeserved captivity !

O, Power benign, that rul'st on high !
Cast down, cast down a pitying eye !
Shed consolation from the sky,
To soothe their sad captivity !

Now, virtue's sure reward to prove,
I seek emp'réal realms above,
To meet my long-departed love,—
Adieu, my lone captivity !

CHORUS FROM THE TRAGEDY OF JEPHTHES.

GLASSY Jordan, smooth meandering
 Jacob's flowery meads between;
 Lo! thy waters gently wandering
 Lave the valleys rich and green!
 When the winter, keenly showering,
 Strips fair Salem's shade,
 There thy current, broader pouring,
 Lingers in the leafless glade.
 When, O when, shall light, returning,
 Chase the melancholy gloom,
 And the golden star of morning
 Yonder sable vault illumine?
 When shall Freedom, holy charmer,
 Cheer my long-benighted soul?
 When shall Israel, fierce in armor,
 Burst the tyrant's base control?
 Ye that boldly bade defiance,
 Proud in arms, to Pharaoh's throne,
 Can ye now, in tame compliance,
 In a baser bondage groan?
 Gallant Nation! naught appalled you,
 Bold, in Heaven's propitious hour,
 When the voice of Freedom called you
 From a tyrant's haughty power.
 When their chariots, clad in thunder,
 Swept the ground in long array;
 When the ocean, burst asunder,
 Hovered o'er your sandy way.
 Gallant race! that, ceaseless toiling,
 Trod Arabia's pathless wild;

Plains in verdure never smiling,
 Rocks in barren grandeur piled,—
 Whither fled, O altered Nation !
 Whither fled that generous soul ?
 Dead to Freedom's inspiration,
 Slaves of Ammon's base control !
 God of Heaven ! whose voice, commanding,
 Bids the whirlwind scour the deep,
 Or the waters, smooth expanding,
 Robed in glassy radiance sleep,—
 God of Love ! in mercy bending,
 Hear thy woe-worn captives' prayer !
 From thy throne, in peace descending,
 Soothe their sorrows, calm their care !
 Though thy mercy, long departed,
 Spurn thy once-loved people's cry,
 Say, shall Ammon, iron-hearted,
 Triumph with impunity ?
 If the sword of desolation
 Must our sacred camp appal,
 And thy chosen generation
 Prostrate in the battle fall —
 Grasp, O God ! thy flaming thunder ;
 Launch thy stormy wrath around !
 Cleave their battlements asunder,
 Shake their cities to the ground !
 Hast thou dared, in mad resistance,
 Tyrant, to contend with God ?
 Shall not Heaven's supreme assistance
 Snatch us from thy mortal rod ?
 Wretch accursed ! thy fleeting gladness
 Leaves Contrition's serpent sting ;

Short-lived pleasure yields to sadness,
Hasty fate is on the wing!
Mark the battle, mark the ruin;
Havoc loads the groaning plain;
Ruthless vengeance, keen pursuing,
Grasps thee in her iron chain!

THE DIRGE OF WALLACE.

WHEN Scotland's great Regent, our warrior most dear,
The debt of his nature did pay,
'T was Edward, the cruel, had reason to fear,
And cause to be struck with dismay.

At the window of Edward the raven did croak,
Though Scotland a widow became;
Each tie of true honor to Wallace he broke—
The raven croaked "Sorrow and shame!"

At Elderslie Castle no raven was heard,
But the soothings of honor and truth;
His spirit inspired the soul of the bard
To comfort the Love of his youth!

They lighted the tapers at dead of night,
And chanted their holiest hymn;
But her brow and her bosom were damp with affright,
Her eye was all sleepless and dim!

And the lady of Elderslie wept for her lord,
When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,

When her curtain had shook of its own accord,
And the raven had flapped at her window board,
To tell of her warrior's doom.

Now sing ye the death-song, and loudly pray
For the soul of my knight so dear !
And call me a widow, this wretched day,
Since the warning of GOD is here.

For a nightmare rests on my strangled sleep ;
The lord of my bosom is doomed to die !
His valorous heart they have wounded deep,
And the blood-red tears shall his country weep
For Wallace of Elderslie.

Yet knew not his country, that ominous hour,
Ere the loud matin-bell was rung,
That the trumpet of death, on an English tower,
Had the dirge of her champion sung.

When his dungeon-light looked dim and red
On the high-born blood of a martyr slain,
No anthem was sung at *his* lowly death-bed —
No weeping was there when his bosom bled,
And his heart was rent in twain.

When he strode o'er the wreck of each well-fought field,
With the yellow-haired chiefs of his native land ;
For his lance was not shivered on helmet or shield,
And the sword that was fit for archangel to wield
Was light in his terrible hand.

Yet, bleeding and bound, though "the Wallace-wight"
For his long-loved country die,
The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight
Than William of Elderslie !

But the day of his triumphs shall never depart ;
His head, unentombed, shall with glory be palmed ;
From its blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start ;
Though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,
A nobler was never embalmed !

EPISTLE TO THREE LADIES.

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE CART.

HEALTH and Content forevermore abide
The sister Friends that dwell on Cartha's side !
Pleased may ye pass your rural life, and find
In every guest a pure, congenial mind !
Blessed be your sheltered cot, and sweet the walk
Where Mira, Helen and Eugenia, talk !
Where, wandering slow the pendent woods between,
Ye pass no song unheard, no flower unseen ;
With kindly voice the little warbler tame,
And call familiar " Robin " by his name ;
The favorite bird comes fluttering at command,
Nor fears unkindness from a gentle hand.

I bless your sheltered vale and rural cot !—
Yet why my blessing ?— for ye need it not ;
The charm of life forevermore endures,
Congenial Sisters, in a home like yours !
Whatever sweets descend from heaven to cheer
The changeful aspect of the circling year,—
Whatever charms the enthusiast can peruse
In Nature's face, in music, and the Muse,—

'T is yours to taste, exalted and refined,
Beyond the pleasures of a vulgar mind.

When dew-drops glitter in the morning ray,
By Cartha's side, a smiling group, ye stray;
Or round the tufted hill delight to roam
Where the pure torrent falls in showery foam;
Or climb the castled cliff, and pause to view
Spires, villas, plains, and mountains dimly blue;
Then, down the steep, a wood-grown path explore,
And, wandering home by Elspa's cottage-door,
To greet the rustic pair a while delay,
And ask for their poor boy, in India — far away!

Congenial Sisters! when the vesper-bell
Tolls from yon village, through your echoing dell,
Around your parlor-fire your group convenes,
To talk of friends beloved, and former scenes.
Remembrance pours her visions on the sight,
Sweet as the silver moon's reflected light;
And Fancy colors, with her brightest dye,
The musing mood of pensive ecstasy.

Perhaps ye hear in heavenly measure play
The pipe of Shenstone, or the lyre of Gray;
With Eloise deplore the lover's doom;
With Ossian weep at Agandecca's tomb;
Or list the lays of Burns, untimely starred!
Or weep for "Auburn" with the sweetest bard.

Friends of according hearts! to you belong
The soul of feeling — fit to judge of song!
Unlike the clay-cold pedantry, that draws
The length and breadth for censure and applause.

Shame to the dull-browed arrogance of schools! —
Shall apish Art to Nature dictate rules?
Shall critic hands to Pathos set the seal,
Or tell the heart to feel — or not to feel?
No! — let the verse a host of these defy
That draws the tear from one impassioned eye.

Congenial Friends! your Cartha's woody side
How simply sweet, beyond the city's pride!
Who would forsake your green retreat to share
The noise of life — the fashion and the glare!
To herd with souls by no fine feeling moved;
To speak, and live, unloving — unbeloved!
In noisy crowds the languid heart to drown,
And barter Peace and Nature for a town!

O, Nature — Nature! thine the vivid charm
To raise the true-toned spirit, and to warm!
Thy face, still changing with the changeful clime,—
Mild or romantic, beauteous or sublime,—
Can win the raptured taste to every scene —
Kilda's wild shore, or Roslin's lovely green.

Yes — I have found thy power pervade my mind,
When every other charm was left behind;
When doomed a listless, friendless guest to roam,
Far from the sports and nameless joys of home!
Yet, when the evening linnet sang to rest
The day-star wandering to the rosy west,
I loved to trace the wave-worn shore, and view
Romantic Nature in her wildest hue.
There, as I lingered on the vaulted steep,
Iona's towers tolled mournful o'er the deep;

Till all my bosom owned a sacred mood,
And blessed the wild delight of solitude !

Yes — all alone, I loved in days of yore
To climb the steep, and trace the sounding shore ;
But better far my new delight to hail
Nature's mild face in Cartha's lovely vale !
Well pleased, I haste to view each favorite spot,—
The wood, the stream, the castle and the cot,—
And hear sweet Robin in the sheltered walk,
Where Mira, Helen and Eugenia, talk !

DEATH OF MY ONLY SON.

FROM THE DANISH.

CAN mortal solace ever raise
The broken pillar of my days,
Or Fate restore a form so dear
As that which lies unconscious here ?
Ah no, my Darco ! latest given,
And last reclaimed gift of Heaven !
Possessing thee, I still could bless
One lingering beam of happiness !

My loved, my lost, my only care !
I vainly thought with thee to share
Thy heart's discourse, so gently kind,
And mould to worth thy pliant mind ;
Nor, warned of all my future woe,
Presumed on happiness below !
But losing thee, my blooming Boy,
I cannot lose another joy ;

For all that stayed my earthly trust
With thee is buried in the dust !

Nine charming years had fraught with grace
Thy sprightly soul and lovely face,
Where harshness had not planted fear,
Nor sorrow wrung one silent tear ;
But frank and warm my Darco flew,
To share each welcome and adieu,—
Each word, each step, each look to attend—
My child, my pupil, and my friend !

O, when his gayly-smiling talk
Endeared my lonely summer walk,
Or when I sat at day's decline
And clasped his little hand in mine,
How many woes were then forgot !
How blissful seemed his father's lot !
And, breathing love, my bosom said,
Thus, on my dying couch when laid,
Thus shall I bid thee, Darco, stand,
And grasp thee with my failing hand.

Cold, cold, thou pledge of future charms,
As she who gave thee to my arms !
My buried hopes ! your grave is won,
And Mary sleeps beside her son !

Now hush, my heart ! afflicting Heaven,
Thy will be done, thy solace given !
For mortal hand can never raise
The broken pillar of my days,
Nor earth restore a form so dear
As that which lies unconscious here !

LAUDOHN'S ATTACK.

RISE, ye Croates, fierce and strong,
From the front, and march along !
And gather fast, ye gallant men
From Nona and from Warrasden,
Whose sunny mountains nurse a line
Generous as her fiery wine !

Hosts of Buda ! hither bring
The bloody flag and eagle wing :
Ye that drink the rapid stream
Fast by walléd Salankème.
Ranks of Agria ! — head and heel
Sheathed in adamantine steel —
Quit the woodlands and the boar,
Ye hunters wild, on Drava's shore ;
And ye that hew her oaken wood,
Brown with lusty hardihood —
The trumpets sound, the colors fly,
And Laudohn leads to victory !

Hark ! the summons loud and strong,
" Follow, soldiers ! march along !"
Every baron, sword in hand,
Rides before his gallant band !
Grenadiers ! that, fierce and large,
Stamp like dragons to the charge —
Foot and horseman, serf and lord.
Triumph now with one accord.
Years of triumph shall repay
Death and danger's troubled day.

TO A BEAUTIFUL JEWISH GIRL OF ALTONA. 421

Soon the rapid shot is o'er,
But glory lasts forevermore !
Glory, whose immortal eye
Guides us to the victory !

TO A BEAUTIFUL JEWISH GIRL OF ALTONA.

A FRAGMENT.

O, JUDITH ! had our lot been cast
In that remote and simple time
When, shepherd swains, thy fathers past
From dreary wilds and deserts vast
To Judah's happy clime ;

My song upon the mountain rocks
Had echoed of thy rural charms ;
And I had fed thy father's flocks,
O Judith of the raven locks !
To win thee to my arms.

Our tent, beside the murmur calm
Of Jordan's grassy-vested shore,
Had sought the shadow of the palm,
And blessed with Gilead's holy balm
Our hospitable door !

At falling night, or ruby dawn,
Or yellow moonlight's welcome cool,
With health and gladness we had drawn,
From silver fountains on the lawn,
Our pitcher brimming full.

How sweet to us at sober hours
 The bird of Salem would have sung,
 In orange or in almond bowers,—
 Fresh with the bloom of many flowers,
 Like thee forever young !

But ah, my Love ! thy father's land
 Presents no more a spicy bloom !
 Nor fills with fruit the reaper's hand ;
 But wide its silent wilds expand —
 A desert and a tomb.

Yet, by the good and golden hours
 That dawned those rosy fields among,—
 By Zion's palm-encircled towers,
 By Salem's far forsaken bowers,
 And long-forgotten song —

* * * * *

FAREWELL

TO MY SISTER, ON LEAVING EDINBURGH.

FAREWELL, Edina ! pleasing name,—
 Congenial to my heart !
 A joyous guest to thee I came,
 And mournful I depart.

And fare *thee* well, whose blessings seem
 Heaven's blessing to portend !
 Endeared by nature and esteem —
 My sister and my friend !

EPITAPHS.

I.

IN deep submission to the will above,
Yet with no common cause for human tears,
This stone to the lost partner of his love,
And for his children lost, a mourner rears.

One fatal moment, one o'erwhelming doom,
Tore, threefold, from his heart the ties of earth
His Mary, Margaret, in their early bloom,
And HER who gave them life, and taught them worth.

Farewell, ye broken pillars of my fate !
My life's companion, and my two first-born !
Yet while this silent stone I consecrate
To conjugal, paternal love forlorn,

O, may each passer-by the lesson learn,—
Which can alone the bleeding heart sustain
Where Friendship weeps at Virtue's funeral urn,—
That, to the pure in heart, *To die is gain !*

II.

He pointed out to others, and he trod
Himself, the path to virtue and to God ;
The Christian's practice and the preacher's zeal
His life united : many who have lost
Their friend, their pastor, mourn for him ; but most
The hearts that knew him nearest, deepest, feel.
And yet, lamented spirit ! we should ill
The sacred precepts of thy life fulfil,

Could we — thy mother and thy widowed wife —
Consign thy much-loved relics to the dust
Unsolaced by this high and holy trust —
There is another and a better life !

III.

Man ! shouldst thou fill the proudest throne,
And have mightiest deeds enacted,
Thither, like steel to the magnet-stone,
Thou goest compelled — attracted !

The grave-stone — the amulet of trouble —
Makes love a phantom seem ;
Calls glory but a bubble,
And life itself a dream.

The grave's a sealed letter,
That secrets will reveal
Of a next world, — worse or better, —
And the gravestone is the seal !

But the *seal* shall not be broken,
Nor the *letter's* secrets read,
Till the last trump shall have spoken
To the living and the dead !

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

UPON the plains of Flanders,
Our fathers, long ago,
They fought like Alexanders
Beneath brave Marlborough !

And still, in fields of conquest,
 Our valor bright has shone
 With Wolfe and Abercrombie,
 And Moore, and Wellington !

Our plumes have waved in combats
 That ne'er shall be forgot,
 Where many a mighty squadron
 Reeled backward from our shot :
 In charges with the bayonet
 We lead our bold compeers,
 But Frenchmen like to stay not
 For the British Grenadiers !

Once boldly, at Vimiera,*
 They hoped to play their parts,
 And sang *fal-lira-lira*,
 To cheer their drooping hearts :
 But, English, Scots and Paddy Whacks,
 We gave three noble cheers,
 And the French soon turned their backs
 To the British Grenadiers !

At St. Sebastiano's
 And Badajos's town,
 Where, raging like volcanoes,
 The shot and shells came down,
 With courage never wincing,
 We scaled the ramparts high,
 And waved the British ensign
 In glorious victory !

* At Vimiera, the French ranks advanced *singing* ; the British only cheered -- T. C.

And what could Bonaparté,
With all his cuirassiers,
At Waterloo, in battle do
With British Grenadiers ? —
Then ever sweet the drum shall bear
That march unto our ears,
Whose martial roll awakes the soul
Of British Grenadiers !

TRAFALGAR.

WHEN Frenchmen saw, with coward art,
The assassin shot of war
That piercéd Britain's noblest heart,
And quenched her brightest star,

Their shout was heard,—they triumphed now
Amidst the battle's roar,
And thought the British oak would bow,
Since Nelson was no more.

But fiercer flamed old England's pride,
And — mark the vengeance due !
“Down, down, insulting ship,” she cried
“To death, with all thy crew !

“So perish ye for Nelson's blood ! —
If deaths like thine can pay
For blood so brave, or ocean wave
Can wash that crime away !”

LINES WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

O, DEATH! if there be quiet in thine arms,
 And I must cease — gently, O, gently come
 To me! and let my soul learn no alarms,
 But strike me, ere a shriek can echo, dumb,
 Senseless, and breathless! — And thou, sickly life,
 If the decree be writ that I must die,
 Do thou be guilty of no needless strife,
 Nor pull me downwards to mortality
 When it were fitter I should take a flight ——
 But whither? — Holy Pity! hear, O, hear!
 And lift me to some far-off skyey sphere,
 Where I may wander in celestial light:
 Might it be so — then would my spirit fear
 To quit the things I have so loved when seen,—
 The air, the pleasant sun, the summer green,—
 Knowing how few would shed one kindly tear,
 Or keep in mind that I had ever been?

LINES ON THE STATE OF GREECE,

OCCASIONED BY BEING PRESSED TO MAKE IT A SUBJECT OF POETRY, 1827

IN Greece's cause the Muse, you deem,
 Ought still to plead, persisting strong;
 But feel you not 't is now a theme
 That wakens thought too deep for song?

The Christian world has seen you, Greeks,
 Heroic on your ramparts fall;

The world has heard your widows' shrieks,
And seen your orphans dragged in thrall.

Even England brooks that, reeking hot,
The ruffian's sabre drinks your veins,
And leaves your thinning remnant's lot
The bitter choice of death or chains.

O! if we have nor hearts nor swords
To snatch you from the assassins' brand,
Let not our pity's idle words
Insult your pale and prostrate land!

No! be your cause to England now,
That by permitting acts the wrong,
A thought of horror to her brow,
A theme for blushing — not for song!

To see her unavenging ships
Ride fast by Greece's funeral-pile,
'T is worth a curse from Sybil lips!
'T is matter for a demon's smile!

LINES

ON JAMES IV. OF SCOTLAND, WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

'T WAS he that ruled his country's heart
With more than royal sway;
But Scotland saw her James depart,
And saddened at his stay.
She heard his fate—she wept her grief—
That James her loved, her gallant chief,

Was gone forevermore :
But this she learnt, that, ere he fell
(O men ! O patriots ! mark it well),
His fellow-soldiers round his fall
Enclosed him like a living wall,
Mixing their kindred gore !
Nor was the day of Flodden done
Till they were slaughtered one by one ;
And this may serve to show,
When kings are patriots, none will fly ;—
When such a king was doomed to die,
O, who would death forego ?

TO JEMIMA, ROSE, AND ELEANORE,

THREE CELEBRATED SCOTTISH BEAUTIES.

ADIEU, Romance's heroines !
Give me the nymphs who this good hour
May charm me not in fiction's scenes,
But teach me Beauty's living power ;—
My harp, that has been mute too long,
Shall sleep at Beauty's name no more,
So but your smiles reward my song,
Jemima, Rose, and Eleanore,—

In whose benignant eyes are beaming
The rays of purity and truth ;
Such as we fancy woman's seeming,
In the creation's golden youth ;—

The more I look upon thy grace,
Rosina, I could look the more,
But for Jemima's witching face,
And the sweet voice of Eleanore.

Had I been Lawrence, kings had wanted
Their portraits, till I'd painted yours,
And these had future hearts enchanted
When this poor verse no more endures;
I would have left the congress faces,
A dull-eyed diplomatic corps,
Till I had grouped you as the graces,
Jemima, Rose, and Eleanore !

The Catholic bids fair saints befriend him;
Your poet's heart is catholic too,—
His rosary shall be flowers ye send him,
His saint-days when he visits you.
And my sere laurels, for my duty,
Miraculous at your touch would rise,
Could I give verse one trace of beauty
Like that which glads me from your eyes.

Unsealed by you, these lips have spoken,
Disused to song for many a day;
Ye've tuned a harp whose strings were broken,
And warmed a heart of callous clay;
So, when my fancy next refuses
To twine for you a garland more,
Come back again and be my Muses
Jemima, Rose, and Eleanore.

SONG.

'T IS now the hour — 't is now the hour
To bow at Beauty's shrine ;
Now, whilst our hearts confess the power
Of women, wit, and wine ;
And beaming eyes look on so bright,
Wit springs, wine sparkles in their light.

In such an hour — in such an hour,
In such an hour as this,
While Pleasure's fount throws up a shower
Of social sprinkling bliss,
Why does my bosom heave the sigh
That mars delight ? — She is not by !

There was an hour — there was an hour
When I indulged the spell
That love wound round me with a power
Words vainly try to tell ;—
Though love has filled my checkered doom
With fruits and thorns, and light and gloom —

Yet there 's an hour — there 's still an hour
Whose coming sunshine may
Clear from the clouds that hang and lower
My fortune's future day :
That hour of hours beloved will be
The hour that gives thee back to me !

LINES TO EDWARD LYTTON BULWER,
ON THE BIRTH OF HIS CHILD.

MY heart is with you, Bulwer ! and portrays
The blessings of your first paternal days.
To clasp the pledge of purest, holiest faith,
To taste one's own and love-born infant's breath,
I know, nor would for worlds forget the bliss.
I 've felt that to a father's heart that kiss,
As o'er its little lips you smile and cling,
Has fragrance which Arabia could not bring.

Such are the joys, ill mocked in ribald song,
In thought even freshening life our life-time long,
That give our souls on earth a heaven-drawn bloom;
Without them, we are weeds upon a tomb.

Joy be to thee, and her whose lot with thine
Propitious stars saw truth and passion twine !
Joy be to her who in your rising name
Feels Love's bower brightened by the beams of fame !
I lacked a father's claim to her — but knew
Regard for her young years so pure and true,
That, when she at the altar stood your bride,
A sire could scarce have felt more sire-like pride.

CONTENT.

[Air — "The Flower of North Wales."]

O CHERUB Content ! at thy moss-covered shrine
I 'd all the gay hopes of my bosom resign ;
I 'd part with ambition thy votary to be,
And breathe not a sigh but to Friendship and thee !

But thy presence appears from my wishes to fly,
Like the gold-colored clouds on the verge of the sky;
No lustre that hangs on the green willow-tree
Is so sweet as the smile of thy favor to me.

In the pulse of my heart I have nourished a care
That forbids me thy sweet inspiration to share;
The noon of my life slow departing I see,
But its years as they pass bring no tidings of thee.

O cherub Content! at thy moss-covered shrine
I would offer my vows, if Matilda were mine;
Could I call her my own, whom enraptured I see,
I would breathe not a sigh but to Friendship and thee!

SPANISH PATRIOTS' SONG.

I.

How rings each sparkling Spanish brand!
There 's music in its rattle,
And gay as for a saraband
We gird us for the battle.
Follow, follow,
To the glorious revelry
Where the sabres bristle,
And the death-shots whistle!

II.

Of rights for which our swords outspring
Shall Angoulême bereave us?
We 've plucked a bird of nobler wing—
The eagle could not brave us.

Follow, follow,
Shake the Spanish blade, and sing
France shall ne'er enslave us,
Tyrants shall not brave us!

III.

Shall yonder rag, the Bourbon's flag,
White emblem of his liver,
In Spain the proud, be Freedom's shroud?—
O never, never, never!
Follow, follow,
Follow to the fight, and sing
Liberty for ever,
Ever, ever, ever!

IV.

Thrice welcome hero of the hilt!
We laugh to see his standard;
Here let his miscreant blood be spilt,
Where braver men's was squandered!
Follow, follow,
If the laurelled tricolor
Durst not overflaunt us,
Shall yon lily daunt us?

V.

No! ere they quell our valor's veins,
They 'll upward to their fountains
Turn back the rivers on our plains,
And trample flat our mountains.
Follow, follow,
Shake the Spanish blade, and sing
France shall ne'er enslave us,
Tyrants shall not brave us!

TO A LADY,

ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A SPRIG OF ALEXANDRIAN LAUREL.

THIS classic laurel ! at the sight
 What teeming thoughts suggested rise !
 The patriot's and the poet's right,
 The meed of semi-deities !—
 Men who to death have tyrants hurled,
 Or bards who may have swayed at will
 And soothed that little troubled world—
 The human heart—with sweeter skill.

Ah ! lady, little it beseems
My brow to wear these sacred leaves !
 Yet, like a treasure found in dreams,
 Thy gift most pleasantly deceives.
 And where is poet on the earth
 Whose self-love could the meed withstand,—
 Even though it far out-stripped his worth,—
 Given by so beautiful a hand ?

TO THE POLISH COUNTESS R——SKI.

I.

THOUGH I honor you at heart
 More than these poor lines can tell;
 Yet I cannot bear to part
 With a common cold "farewell."
 We are strangers, far remote
 In descent, and speech, and clime;
 Yet, when first we met, I thought
 We were friends of ancient time !

II.

O, how long shall I delight
In the memory of that morn
When we climbed the Danube's height,
To the Fountain of the Thorn !
And beheld his waves and islands
All glittering in the sun —
From Vienna's gorgeous towers,
To the mountains of the Hun !

III.

There was gladness in the sky,
There was verdure all around ;
And, where'er it turned, the eye
Looked on rich, historic ground !
Over Aspern's field of glory
Noontide's purple haze was cast ;
And the hills of Turkish story
Teemed with visions of the past !

IV.

But it was not mute creation,
Nor the land's historic pride,
That inspired my heart's emotion,
On that lovely mountain's side ;
But that *you* had deigned to guide me,
And, benignant and serene,
R——ski stood beside me,
Like the Genius of the scene !

FRANCIS HORNER.

YE who have wept, and felt, and summed the whole
Of Virtue's loss in Horner's parted soul,
I speak to you; though words can ill portray
The extinguished light, the blessing swept away—
The soul high-graced to plead, high-skilled to plan,
For human welfare, gone, and lost to man!
This weight of truth subdues my power of song,
And gives a faltering voice to feelings strong!
But I should ill acquit the debt I feel
To private friendship and to public zeal,
Were my heart's tribute not with theirs to blend
Who loved, most intimate, their country's friend!
Or if the Muse, to whom his living breath
Gave pride and comfort, mourned him not in death!

TO FLORINE.

COULD I bring lost youth back again,
And be what I have been,
I'd court you in a gallant strain,
My young and fair Florine!

But mine 's the chilling age that chides
Devoted rapture's glow;
And Love, that conquers all besides,
Finds Time a conquering foe.

Farewell! We're severed, by our fate
As far as night from noon;
You came into this world so late—
And *I* depart so soon!

TO AN INFANT.

SWEET bud of life ! thy future doom
 Is present to my eyes,
 And joyously I see thee bloom
 In Fortune's fairest skies.
 One day that breast, scarce conscious now,
 Shall burn with patriot flame;
 And, fraught with love, that little brow
 Shall wear the wreath of Fame.
 When I am dead, dear boy ! thou 'lt take
 These lines to thy regard —
 Imprint them on thy heart, and make
 A *Prophet* of the Bard !

TO ———.

WHIRLED by the steam's impetuous breath,
 I marked yon engine's mighty wheel;
 How fast it forged the arms of death,
 And moulded adamant steel !

But soon, that life-like scene to stop,
 The steam's impetuous breath to chill,
 It needed but one single drop
 Of water cold — and all was still !

Even so, one tear by * * shed,
 It kills the bliss that once was mine ;
 And rapture from my heart is fled,
 Who caused a tear to heart like thine.

FORLORN DITTY ON RED-RIDING-HOOD.

BRIGHTER than gem ever polished by jeweller,
Fairer than flower that in garden e'er grew !
Yet I'm sorry to say that to me you've been crueller
Than the wolf in the fable to granny and you !
I once was a fat man — the merriest of jokers ;
But my phiz now 's as lank as an old Jewish broker's,
And I toddle about on two legs thin as pokers,
Lamenting the lovely Red-Riding-Hood's scorn !

I cannot eat food, and I cannot recover sleep :
Madden can cure all his patients but me !
And I verily think, when I've taken the Lover's leap,
That my heart, like a cinder, will hiss in the sea !
Little Red-Riding-Hood ! why won't you speak to me ?
Your cause of offence is all Hebrew and Greek to me !
I conjure a compassionate smile on your cheek to me,
By all the salt tears that have scalded my nose !

When I drown myself, punsters will pun in each coterie,
Saying, " Strangely his actions and words were at strife !
For the fellow determined his *bier* should be watery —
Though he vowed that he hated small beer all his life ! "
Yes, cruel maiden ! when least o' 't thou thinkest,
I'll hie to the sea-beach ere yonder sun sink west ;
And the verdict shall be, of the Coroner's Inquest —
" He died by the lovely Red-Riding-Hood's scorn ! "

JOSEPH MARRYAT, M.P.

MARRYAT, farewell ! thy outward traits expressed
A manliness of nature, that combined
The thinking head and honorable breast.
In thee thy country lost a leading mind ;
Yet they who saw not private life draw forth
Thy heart's affections knew but half thy worth —
A worth that soothes even Friendship's bitterest sigh,
To lose thee ; for thy virtues sprung from Faith,
And that high trust in Immortality
Which reason hinteth, and religion saith
Shall best enable man, when he has trod
Life's path, to meet the mercy of his God !

SONG.

My mind is my kingdom ; but, if thou wilt deign
To sway there a queen without measure,
Then come, o'er my wishes and homage to reign,
And make it an empire of pleasure !

Then of thoughts and emotions, each mutinous crowd,
That rebelled at stern Reason and Duty,
Returning, shall yield all their loyalty proud
To the halcyon dominion of Beauty !

What arm that entwines thee need envy the fame
Of conquest, in War's bloody story ?
Thy smiles are my triumphs — my motto thy name ;
And thy picture, my 'scutcheon of Glory !

STANZAS.

ALL mortal joys I could forsake,
Bid home and friends adieu !
Of life itself a parting take,
But never of you, my love —
Never of you !

For sure, of all that know thy worth,
This bosom beats most true ;
And where could I behold on earth
Another form like you, my love —
Another like you !

ON ACCIDENTALLY POSSESSING AND RETURNING MISS
B——'S PICTURE.

I KNOW not, Lady, which commandment
In painting *this* the artist's hand meant
To make us chiefly break ;
But sure the owner's bliss I covet,
And half would, for possession of it,
Turn thief and risk my neck.

Yet, as Prometheus rued the fetching
Of fire from Heaven to light his kitchen,
So, if I stole this treasure
To warm my fancy at the light
Of those young eyes, perhaps I might
Repent it at my leisure.

An old man for a young maid dying,
Grave forty-five for nineteen sighing,
Would merit Wisdom's stricture !

And so, to save myself from kindling,
 As well as being sued for swindling,
 I send you back the picture.

SONG.

I GAVE my love a chain of gold
 Around her neck to bind ;
 She keeps me in a faster hold,
 And captivates my mind.
 Methinks that mine's the harder part :
 Whilst 'neath her lovely chin
 She carries links outside her heart,
 My fetters are within !

TO MARY SINCLAIR, WITH A VOLUME OF HIS
 POEMS.

Go, simple Book of Ballads, go
 From Eaton-street, in Pimlico ;
 It is a gift, my love to show —
 To Mary !

And, more its value to increase,
 I swear, by all the gods of Greece,
 It cost a seven-shilling piece —
 My Mary !

But what is gold, so bright that looks,
 Or all the coins of miser's nooks,
 Compared to be in thy *good books*—
 My Mary !

Now witness earth, and skies, and main !
The book to thee shall appertain ;
I 'll never ask it back again —

My Mary !

But what, you say, shall you bestow ?
For, as the world now goes, you know,
There always is a *quid pro quo* —

My Mary !

I ask not twenty hundred kisses,
Nor smile, the lover's heart that blesses,
As poets ask from other Misses —

My Mary !

I ask that, till the day you die,
You 'll never pull my wig awry,
Nor ever quiz my poetry —

My Mary !

IMPROMPTU.

IN COMPLIMENT TO THE EXQUISITE SINGING OF MRS. ALLSOP.

A MONTH in summer we rejoice
To hear the nightingale's sweet song ;
But thou — a more enchanting voice —
Shalt dwell with us the live year long.
Angel of Song ! still with us stay !
Nor, when succeeding years have shone,
Let us thy mansion pass and say,
The voice of melody is gone !

TO THE COUNTESS AMERIGA VESPUCCI.

DESCENDANT of the chief who stamped his name
 On earth's Hesperian hemisphere — I greet
 Not only thy hereditary fame,
 But beauty, wit, and spirit, bold and sweet,
 That captivates alike, where'er thou art,
 The British and the Transatlantic heart!
 Ameriga Vespucci! thou art fair
 As classic Venus; but the Poets gave
 Her not thy noble, more than classic, air
 Of courage. Homer's Venus was not brave —
 She shrieked and fled the fight. You never fled,
 But in the cause of Freedom fought and bled.

TRANSLATIONS FROM PETRARCH.

PROEMIO

Voi, ch' ascoltate in rime sparse il suono.

YE who shall hear amidst my scattered lays
 The sighs with which I fanned and fed my heart,
 When, young and glowing, I was but in part
 The man I am become in later days,—
 Ye who have marked the changes of my style
 From vain despondency to hope as vain,
 From him among you who has felt love's pain
 I hope for pardon, ay, and Pity's smile.

Though conscious, now, my passion was a theme
 Long idly dwelt on by the public tongue,
 I blush for all the vanities I've sung,
 And find the world's applause a fleeting dream.

SONNET XXIII.

Quest' anima gentil che si diparte.

THIS lovely spirit, if ordained to leave
 Its mortal tenement before its time,
 Heaven's fairest habitation shall receive,
 And welcome her to breathe its sweetest clime.
 If she establish her abode between
 Mars and the planet-star of Beauty's queen,
 The sun will be obscured, so dense a cloud
 Of spirits from adjacent stars will crowd
 To gaze upon her beauty infinite.
 Say that she fixes on a lower sphere,
 Beneath the glorious Sun, her beauty soon
 Will dim the splendor of inferior stars —
 Of Mars, of Venus, Mercury, and the Moon.
 She'll choose not Mars, but higher place than Mars;
 She will eclipse all planetary light,
 And Jupiter himself will seem less bright.

SONNET LX.

Io non fu d'amar voi lassato unquanco.

Tired, did you say, of loving you? O, no!
 I ne'er shall tire of the unwearying flame.
 But I am weary, kind and cruel dame,
 With tears that uselessly and ceaseless flow,

Scorning myself, and scorned by you. I long
 For death; but let no gravestone hold in view
 Our names conjoined; nor tell my passion strong
 Upon the dust that glowed through life for you.
 And yet this heart of amorous faith demands,
 Deserves, a better boon; but cruel, hard
 As is my fortune, I will bless Love's bands
 Forever, if you give me this reward.

SONNET LXVIII.

Erano i capei d'oro all' aura sparsi.

TIME was her tresses by the breathing air
 Were wreathed to many a ringlet golden bright,
 Time was her eyes diffused unmeasured light,
 Though now their lovely beams are waxing rare.
 Her face methought that in its blushes showed
 Compassion, her angelic shape and walk,
 Her voice that seemed with Heaven's own speech to talk,—
 At these, what wonder that my bosom glowed!
 A living sun she seemed — a spirit of Heaven.
 Those charms decline: but does my passion? No!
 I love not less — the slackening of the bow
 Assuages not the wound its shaft has given.

SONNET CXXV.

In qual parte del Ciel', in quale idea.

IN what ideal world or part of heaven
 Did Nature find the model of that face
 And form, so fraught with loveliness and grace,
 In which, to our creation, she has given

Her prime proof of creative power above ?
What fountain nymph or goddess ever let
Such lovely tresses float of gold refined
Upon the breeze, or in a single mind
Where have so many virtues ever met —
E'en though those charms have slain my bosom's weal ?
He knows not love who has not seen her eyes
Turn when she sweetly speaks, or smiles, or sighs,
Or how the power of love can hurt or heal.

SONNET CCXX.

Cercato ho sempre solitaria vita.

IN solitudes I've ever loved to abide,
By woods and streams, and shunned the evil-hearted,
Who from the path of heaven are foully parted.
Sweet Tuscany has been to me denied,
Whose sunny realms I would have gladly haunted,
Yet still the Sorgue his beauteous hills among
Has lent auxiliar murmurs to my song,
And echoed to the plaints my love has chanted.
Here triumphed too the poet's hand that wrote
These lines — the power of love has witnessed this.
Delicious victory ! I know my bliss,
She knows it too — the saint on whom I dote.

NOTES.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

Page 106, line 18.

*And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore.*

THE following picture of his own distress, given by BYRON in his simple and interesting narrative, justifies the description in page 6.

After relating the barbarity of the Indian cacique to his child, he proceeds thus:—
“A day or two after we put to sea again, and crossed the great bay I mentioned we had been at the bottom of when we first hauled away to the westward. The land here was very low and sandy, and something like the mouth of a river which discharged itself into the sea, and which had been taken no notice of by us before, as it was so shallow that the Indians were obliged to take everything out of their canoes, and carry them over land. We rowed up the river four or five leagues, and then took into a branch of it that ran first to the eastward, and then to the northward; here it became much narrower, and the stream excessively rapid, so that we gained but little way, though we wrought very hard. At night we landed upon its banks, and had a most uncomfortable lodging, it being a perfect swamp, and we had nothing to cover us, though it rained excessively. The Indians were little better off than we, as there was no wood here to make their wigwams; so that all they could do was to prop up the bark, which they carry in the bottom of their canoes, and shelter themselves as well as they could to the leeward of it. Knowing the difficulties they had to encounter here, they had provided themselves with some seal; but we had not a morsel to eat, after the heavy fatigues of the day, excepting a sort of root we saw the Indians make use of, which was very disagreeable to the taste. We labored all next day against the stream, and fared as we had done the day before. The next day brought us to the carrying-place. Here was plenty of wood, but nothing to be got for sustenance. We passed this night, as we had frequently done, under a tree; but what we suffered at this time is not easy to be expressed. I had been three days at the oar without any kind of nourishment, except the wretched root above mentioned. I had no shirt, for it had rotted off by bits. All my clothes consisted of a short grieko (something like a bear-skin), a piece of red cloth, which had once been a waistcoat, and a ragged pair of trousers, without shoes or stockings.”

Page 107, line 4.

— *a Briton and a friend!*

Donn Patricio Gedda, a Scotch physician in one of the Spanish settlements, hospitably relieved Byron and his wretched associates, of which the commodore speaks in the warmest terms of gratitude.

Page 107, line 13.

Or yield the lyre of Heaven another string.

The seven strings of Apollo's harp were the symbolical representation of the seven planets. Herschel, by discovering an eighth, might be said to add another string to the instrument.

Page 107, line 19.

The Swedish-sage.

Linnaeus.

Page 108, line 7.

Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow.

Loxias is the name frequently given to Apollo by Greek writers; it is met with more than once in the Choephoraë of Æschylus.

Page 108, line 7.

*Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks, beneath the prophet's hand.*

See Exodus, 17 : 3, 5, 6.

Page 113, line 30.

Wild Obi flies —

Among the negroes of the West Indies, Obi, or Orbiah, is the name of a magical power, which is believed by them to affect the object of its malignity with dismal calamities. Such a belief must undoubtedly have been deduced from the superstitious mythology of their kinsmen on the coast of Africa. I have, therefore, personified Obi as the evil spirit of the African, although the history of the African tribes mentions the evil spirit of their religious creed by a different appellation.

Page 114, line 2.

—— Sibir's dreary mines.

Mr. Bell of Antermomy, in his travels through Siberia, informs us that the name of the country is universally pronounced Sibir by the Russians.

Page 114, line 16.

Presaging wrath to Poland — and to man !

The history of the partition of Poland, of the massacre in the suburbs of Warsaw and on the bridge of Prague, the triumphant entry of Suwarrow into the Polish capital, and the insult offered to human nature by the blasphemous thanks offered up to Heaven for victories obtained over men fighting in the sacred cause of liberty, by murderers and oppressors, are events generally known.

Page 119, line 19.

The shrill horn blew ;

The negroes in the West Indies are summoned to their morning work by a shell or horn

Page 120, line 6.

How long was Timour's iron sceptre sway'd,

To elucidate this passage, I shall subjoin a quotation from the preface to Letters from a Hindoo Rajah, a work of elegance and celebrity.

"The impostor of Mecca had established, as one of the principles of his doctrine, the merit of extending it either by persuasion, or the sword, to all parts of the earth. How steadily this injunction was adhered to by his followers, and with what success it was pursued, is well known to all who are in the least conversant in history.

"The same overwhelming torrent which had inundated the greater part of Africa burst its way into the very heart of Europe; and, covering many kingdoms of Asia with unbounded desolation, directed its baneful course to the flourishing provinces of Hindostan. Here these fierce and hardy adventurers, whose only improvement had been in the science of destruction, who added the fury of fanaticism to the ravages of war, found the great end of their conquest opposed by objects which neither the ardor of their persevering zeal, nor savage barbarity, could surmount. Multitudes were sacrificed by the cruel hand of religious persecution, and whole countries were deluged in blood, in the vain hope that, by the destruction of a part, the remainder might be persuaded, or terrified, into the profession of Mahometanism. But all these sanguinary efforts were ineffectual; and at length, being fully convinced that, though they might extirpate, they could never hope to convert, any number of the Hindoos, they relinquished the impracticable idea with which they had entered upon their career of conquest, and contented themselves with the acquirement of the civil dominion and almost universal empire of Hindostan." — *Letters from a Hindoo Rajah*, by Eliza Hamilton.

Page 120, line 20.

And braved the stormy Spirit of the Cape;

See the description of the Cape of Good Hope, translated from CAMDENS, by MICKLE.

Page 121, line 2.

While famished nations died along the shore:

The following account of British conduct and its consequences in Bengal will afford a sufficient idea of the fact alluded to in this passage.

After describing the monopoly of salt, betel-nut and tobacco, the historian proceeds thus: — "Money in this current came but by drops; it could not quench the thirst of those who waited in India to receive it. An expedient, such as it was, remained to quicken its pace. The natives could live with little salt, but could not want food. Some of the agents saw themselves well situated for collecting the rice into stores; they did so. They knew the Gentoos would rather die than violate the principles of their religion by eating flesh. The alternative would therefore be between giving what they had, or dying. The inhabitants sunk; — they that cultivated the land, and saw the harvest at the disposal of others, planted in doubt, — scarcity ensued. Then the monopoly was easier managed — sickness ensued. In some districts the languid living left the bodies of their numerous dead unburied." — *Short History of the English Transactions in the East Indies*, p. 145.

Page 121, line 17.

*Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurled
His awful presence o'er the alarmed world;*

Among the sublime fictions of the Hindoo mythology, it is one article of belief, that the Deity Brama has descended nine times upon the world in various forms, and that he is yet to appear a tenth time, in the figure of a warrior upon a white horse, to cut off all incorrigible offenders. Avater is the word used to express his descent.

Page 122, line 4.

*Shall Seriswattee wave her hallowed wand!
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,*

Camdeo is the God of Love in the mythology of the Hindoos. Ganesa and Seriswattee correspond to the pagan deities Janus and Minerva.

Page 126, line 28.

The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade !

Sacred to Venus is the myrtle shade. — DRYDEN.

Page 129, line 21.

Thy woes, Arion !

Falconer, in his poem "The Shipwreck," speaks of himself by the name of Arion.
See Falconer's "Shipwreck," Canto III.

Page 130, line 2.

The robber Moor,

See Schiller's tragedy of the "Robbers," Scene V.

Page 130, line 20.

What millions died — that Cæsar might be great !

The carnage occasioned by the wars of Julius Cæsar has been usually estimated at two millions of men.

Page 130, line 22.

*Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,
Marched by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore;*

"In this extremity" (says the biographer of Charles XII. of Sweden, speaking of his military exploits before the battle of Pultowa), "the memorable winter of 1709, which was still more remarkable in that part of Europe than in France, destroyed numbers of his troops ; for Charles resolved to brave the seasons as he had done his enemies, and ventured to make long marches during this mortal cold. It was in one of these marches that two thousand men fell down dead with cold before his eyes."

Page 131, line 13.

For, as Iona's saint,

The natives of the island of Iona have an opinion, that on certain evenings every year the tutelary saint Columba is seen on the top of the church spires counting the surrounding islands, to see that they have not been sunk by the power of witchcraft.

Page 131, line 32.

And part, like Ajut — never to return !

See the history of Ajut and Anningait, in "The Rambler."

THEODRIC.

Page 140, line 3.

That gave the glacier tops their richest glow,

The sight of the glaciers of Switzerland, I am told, has often disappointed travellers who had perused the accounts of their splendor and sublimity given by Bourrit and other

describers of Swiss scenery. Possibly Bourrit, who had spent his life in an enamored familiarity with the beauties of nature in Switzerland, may have leaned to the romantic side of description. One can pardon a man for a sort of idolatry of those imposing objects of nature which heighten our ideas of the bounty of nature or Providence, when we reflect that the glaciers — those seas of ice — are not only sublime, but useful; they are the inexhaustible reservoirs which supply the principal rivers of Europe; and their annual melting is in proportion to the summer heat which dries up those rivers and makes them need that supply.

That the picturesque grandeur of the glaciers should sometimes disappoint the traveller, will not seem surprising to any one who has been much in a mountainous country, and recollects that the beauty of nature in such countries is not only variable, but capriciously dependent on the weather and sunshine. There are about four hundred different glaciers,* according to the computation of M. Bourrit, between Mont Blanc and the frontiers of the Tyrol. The full effect of the most lofty and picturesque of them can, of course, only be produced by the richest and warmest lights of the atmosphere; and the very heat which illuminates them must have a changing influence on many of their appearances. I imagine it is owing to this circumstance, namely, the casualty and changeableness of the appearance of some of the glaciers, that the impressions made by them on the minds of other and more transient travellers have been less enchanting than those described by M. Bourrit. On one occasion M. Bourrit seems even to speak of a past phenomenon, and certainly one which no other spectator attests in the same terms, when he says that there once existed, between the Kandel Steig and Lauterbrun, "a passage amidst singular glaciers, sometimes resembling magical towns of ice, with pilasters, pyramids, columns and obelisks, reflecting to the sun the most brilliant hues of the finest gems." — M. Bourrit's description of the Glacier of the Rhone is quite enchanting: — "To form an idea," he says, "of this superb spectacle, figure in your mind a scaffolding of transparent ice, filling a space of two miles, rising to the clouds and darting flashes of light like the sun. Nor were the several parts less magnificent and surprising. One might see, as it were, the streets and buildings of a city, erected in the form of an amphitheatre, and embellished with pieces of water, cascades and torrents. The effects were as prodigious as the immensity and the height; — the most beautiful azure — the most splendid white — the regular appearance of a thousand pyramids of ice, are more easy to be imagined than described." — *Bourrit*, iii. 163.

Page 140, line 9.

From heights browsed by the bounding bouquetin ;

Laborde, in his "Tableau de la Suisse," gives a curious account of this animal, the wild sharp cry and elastic movements of which must heighten the picturesque appearance of its haunts. — "Nature," says Laborde, "has destined it to mountains covered with snow; if it is not exposed to keen cold, it becomes blind. Its agility in leaping much surpasses that of the chamois, and would appear incredible to those who have not seen it. There is not a mountain so high or steep to which it will not trust itself, provided it has room to place its feet; it can scramble along the highest wall, if its surface be rugged."

Page 140, line 15.

— *enamelled moss.*

The moss of Switzerland, as well as that of the Tyrol, is remarkable for a bright smoothness, approaching to the appearance of enamel.

* Occupying, if taken together, a surface of one hundred and thirty square leagues.

Page 144, line 17.

How dear seemed even the waste and wild Shreckhorn

The Shreckhorn means, in German, the Peak of Terror.

Page 144, line 22.

Blindfold his native hills he could have known !

I have here availed myself of a striking expression of the Emperor Napoleon respecting his recollections of Corsica, which is recorded in Las Cases' History of the Emperor's Abode at St. Helena.

O'CONNOR'S CHILD.

Page 167, line 1.

Innisfail, the ancient name of Ireland.

Page 168, line 3.

Kerne, the plural of Kern, an Irish foot-soldier. In this sense the word is used by Shakspeare. Gainsford, in his Glories of England, says, "They (the Irish) are desperate in revenge, and their kerne think no man dead *until his head be off*."

Page 168, line 22.

Shieling, a rude cabin or hut.

Page 168, line 28.

In Erin's yellow vesture clad,

Yellow, dyed from saffron, was the favorite color of the ancient Irish. When the Irish chieftains came to make terms with Queen Elizabeth's lord-lieutenant, we are told by Sir John Davis that they came to court in saffron-colored uniforms.

Page 169, line 14.

Mórat, a drink made of the juice of mulberry mixed with honey.

Page 170, line 14.

*Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
Was sung in Tara's psaltery ;*

The pride of the Irish in ancestry was so great, that one of the O'Neals being told that Barret of Castlemore had been there only four hundred years, he replied that he hated the clown as if he had come there but yesterday.

Tara was the place of assemblage and feasting of the petty princes of Ireland. Very splendid and fabulous descriptions are given by the Irish historians of the pomp and luxury of those meetings. The psaltery of Tara was the grand national register of Ireland. The grand epoch of political eminence in the early history of the Irish is the reign

of their great and favorite monarch, Ollam Fodla, who reigned, according to Keating, about nine hundred and fifty years before the Christian era. Under him was instituted the great Fes at Tara, which it is pretended was a triennial convention of the states, or a parliament; the members of which were the Druids, and other learned men, who represented the people in that assembly. Very minute accounts are given by Irish annalists of the magnificence and order of these entertainments; from which, if credible, we might collect the earliest traces of heraldry that occur in history. To preserve order and regularity in the great number and variety of the members who met on such occasions, the Irish historians inform us that, when the banquet was ready to be served up, the shield-bearers of the princes, and other members of the convention, delivered in their shields and targets, which were readily distinguished by the coats of arms emblazoned upon them. These were arranged by the grand marshal and principal herald, and hung upon the walls on the right side of the table; and, upon entering the apartments, each member took his seat under his respective shield or target, without the slightest disturbance. The concluding days of the meeting, it is allowed by the Irish antiquaries, were spent in very free excess of conviviality; but the first six, they say, were devoted to examination and settlement of the annals of the kingdom. These were publicly rehearsed. When they had passed the approbation of the assembly, they were transcribed into the authentic chronicles of the nation, which was called the Register, or Psalter, of Tara.

Col. Vallancey gives a translation of an old Irish fragment, found in Trinity College, Dublin, in which the palace of the above assembly is thus described, as it existed in the reign of Cormac:

"In the reign of Cormac, the palace of Tara was nine hundred feet square; the diameter of the surrounding rath, seven dice or casts of a dart; it contained one hundred and fifty apartments; one hundred and fifty dormitories, or sleeping-rooms for guards, and sixty men in each; the height was twenty-seven cubits; there were one hundred and fifty common drinking-horns, twelve doors, and one thousand guests daily, besides princes, orators, and men of science, engravers of gold and silver, carvers, modellers and nobles." The Irish description of the banqueting-hall is thus translated: "Twelve stalls or divisions in each wing; sixteen attendants on each side, and two to each table; one hundred guests in all."

Page 170, line 24.

And stemmed De Bourgo's chivalry?

The house of O'Connor had a right to boast of their victories over the English. It was a chief of the O'Connor race who gave a check to the English champion De Courcy, so famous for his personal strength, and for cleaving a helmet at one blow of his sword, in the presence of the Kings of France and England, when the French champion declined the combat with him. Though ultimately conquered by the English under De Bourgo, the O'Connors had also humbled the pride of that name on a memorable occasion, namely, when Walter De Bourgo, an ancestor of that De Bourgo who won the battle of Athunree, had become so insolent as to make excessive demands upon the territories of Connaught, and to bid defiance to all the rights and properties reserved by the Irish chiefs. Eath O'Connor, a near descendant of the famous Cathal, surnamed of the Bloody Hand, rose against the usurper, and defeated the English so severely, that their general died of chagrin after the battle.

Page 170, line 27.

Or beal-fires for your jubilee

The month of May is to this day called *Mi Beal tiennie*, that is, the month of Beal's fire, in the original language of Ireland, and hence, I believe, the name of the Beltan festival in

the Highlands. These fires were lighted on the summits of mountains (the Irish antiquaries say) in honor of the sun; and are supposed, by those conjecturing gentlemen, to prove the origin of the Irish from some nation who worshipped Baal or Belus. Many hills in Ireland still retain the name of Cnoc Greine, that is, the Hill of the Sun; and on all are to be seen the ruins of druidical altars.

Page 171, line 20.

And play my clarshech by thy side.

The clarshech, or harp, the principal musical instrument of the Hibernian bards, does not appear to be of Irish origin, nor indigenous to any of the British islands. The Britons undoubtedly were not acquainted with it during the residence of the Romans in their country, as in all their coins, on which musical instruments are represented, we see only the Roman lyre, and not the British telyn, or harp.

Page 171, line 27.

And saw at dawn the lofty bawn

Bawn, from the Teutonic Bawen, — to construct and secure with branches of trees, — was so called because the primitive Celtic fortifications were made by digging a ditch, throwing up a rampart, and on the latter fixing stakes, which were interlaced with boughs of trees. This word is used by Spenser; but it is inaccurately called by Mr. Todd, his annotator, an eminence.

Page 174, line 26.

To speak the malison of heaven.

If the wrath which I have ascribed to the heroine of this little piece should seem to exhibit her character as too unnaturally stripped of patriotic and domestic affections, I must beg leave to plead the authority of Corneille in the representation of a similar passion; I allude to the denunciation of Camille, in the tragedy of "Horace." When Horace, accompanied by a soldier bearing the three swords of the Curiatii, meets his sister, and invites her to congratulate him on his victory, she expresses only her grief, which he attributes at first only to her feelings for the loss of her two brothers; but when she bursts forth into reproaches against him as the murderer of her lover, the last of the Curiatii, he exclaims:

"O ciel! qui vit jamais une pareille rage!
Crois-tu donc que je sois insensible à l'outrage,
Que je souffre en mon sang ce mortel déshonneur?
Aime, aime cette mort qui fait notre bonheur;
Et préfère du moins au souvenir d'un homme
Ce que doit ta naissance aux intérêts de Rome."

At the mention of Rome, Camille breaks out into this apostrophe:

"Rome, l'unique objet de mon ressentiment!
Rome, à qui vient ton bras d'immoler mon amant!
Rome qui t'a vu naître et que ton cœur adore!
Rome enfin que je hais parce qu'elle t'honore!
Puisent tous ses voisins ensemble conjurés
Saper ses fondemens encor mal assurés;
Et si ce n'est assez de toute l'Italie,
Que l'Orient contre elle à l'Occident s'allie;
Que cent peuples unis des bouts de l'univers
Passent pour la détruire et les monts et les mers;
Qu'elle même sur soi renverse ses murailles,

Et de ses propres mains déchire ses entrailles !
 Que le courroux du ciel allumé par mes vœux
 Fasse pleuvoir sur elle un déluge de feux !
 Puis-je des mes yeux y voir tomber ce foudre,
 Voir ses maisons en cendre et tes lauriers en poudre,
 Voir le dernier Romain à son dernier soupir,
 Moi seule en être cause, et mourir de plaisir ! ”

Page 175, line 3.

And go to Athunree ! (I cried)

In the reign of Edward the Second, the Irish presented to Pope John the Twenty-second a memorial of their sufferings under the English, of which the language exhibits all the strength of despair. “Ever since the English (say they) first appeared upon our coasts, they entered our territories under a certain specious pretence of charity, and external hypocritical show of religion, endeavoring, at the same time, by every artifice malice could suggest, to extirpate us root and branch, and without any other right than that of the strongest ; they have so far succeeded, by base fraudulence and cunning, that they have forced us to quit our fair and ample habitations and inheritances, and to take refuge like wild beasts in the mountains, the woods and the morasses of the country ; nor even can the caverns and dens protect us against their insatiable avarice. They pursue us even into these frightful abodes ; endeavoring to dispossess us of the wild uncultivated rocks, and arrogate to themselves the PROPERTY OF EVERY PLACE on which we can stamp the figure of our feet.”

The greatest effort ever made by the ancient Irish to regain their native independence, was made at the time when they called over the brother of Robert Bruce from Scotland. William de Bourgo, brother to the Earl of Ulster, and Richard de Bermingham, were sent against the main body of the native insurgents, who were headed rather than commanded by Felim O'Connor. The important battle which decided the subjection of Ireland took place on the tenth of August, 1315. It was the bloodiest that ever was fought between the two nations, and continued throughout the whole day, from the rising to the setting sun. The Irish fought with inferior discipline, but with great enthusiasm. They lost ten thousand men, among whom were twenty-nine chiefs of Connaught. Tradition states that after this terrible day the O'Connor family, like the Fabian, were so nearly exterminated, that throughout all Connaught not one of the name remained, except Felim's brother, who was capable of bearing arms.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

Page 177.

Lochiel, the chief of the warlike clan of the Camerons, and descended from ancestors distinguished in their narrow sphere for great personal prowess, was a man worthy of a better cause and fate than that in which he embarked, the enterprise of the Stuarts in 1745. His memory is still fondly cherished among the Highlanders, by the appellation of the “gentle Lochiel ;” for he was famed for his social virtues as much as his martial and magnanimous (though mistaken) loyalty. His influence was so important among the Highland chiefs that it depended on his joining with his clan whether the standard of Charles should be raised or not in 1745. Lochiel was himself too wise a man to be blind to the consequences of so hopeless an enterprise, but his sensibility to the point of honor

overruled his wisdom. Charles appealed to his loyalty, and he could not brook the reproaches of his prince. When Charles landed at Borrodale, Lochiel went to meet him, but on his way called at his brother's house (Cameron of Fassafarn), and told him on what errand he was going; adding, however, that he meant to dissuade the prince from his enterprise. Fassafarn advised him in that case to communicate his mind by letter to Charles. "No," said Lochiel, "I think it due to my prince to give him my reasons in person for refusing to join his standard." "Brother," replied Fassafarn, "I know you better than you know yourself; if the prince once sets eyes on you, he will make you do what he pleases." The interview accordingly took place; and Lochiel, with many arguments, but in vain, pressed the Pretender to return to France, and reserve himself and his friends for a more favorable occasion, as he had come, by his own acknowledgment, without arms, or money, or adherents; or, at all events, to remain concealed till his friends should meet and deliberate what was best to be done. Charles, whose mind was wound up to the utmost impatience, paid no regard to this proposal, but answered, "that he was determined to put all to the hazard." "In a few days," said he, "I will erect the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Great Britain that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, and to win it, or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who, my father has often told me, was our firmest friend, may stay at home and learn from the newspapers the fate of his prince." "No," said Lochiel, "I will share the fate of my prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power."

The other chieftains who followed Charles embraced his cause with no better hopes. It engages our sympathy most strongly in their behalf, that no motive but their fear to be reproached with cowardice or disloyalty impelled them to the hopeless adventure. Of this we have an example in the interview of Prince Charles with Clanronald, another leading chieftain in the rebel army.

"Charles," says Home, "almost reduced to despair, in his discourse with Boisdale, addressed the two Highlanders with great emotion, and, summing up his arguments for taking arms, conjured them to assist their prince, their countryman, in his utmost need. Clanronald and his friend, though well inclined to the cause, positively refused, and told him that to take up arms without concert or support was to pull down certain ruin on their own heads. Charles persisted, argued and implored. During this conversation (they were on shipboard) the parties walked backwards and forwards on the deck; a Highlander stood near them, armed at all points, as was then the fashion of his country. He was a younger brother of Kinloch Moidart, and had come off to the ship to inquire for news, not knowing who was aboard. When he gathered from their discourse that the stranger was the Prince of Wales, when he heard his chief and his brother refuse to take arms with their prince, his color went and came, his eyes sparkled, he shifted his place, and grasped his sword. Charles observed his demeanor, and turning briskly to him, called out, 'Will you assist me?' 'I will, I will,' said Ronald; 'though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you!' Charles, with a profusion of thanks to his champion, said he wished all the Highlanders were like him. Without further deliberation, the two Macdonalds declared that they would also join, and use their utmost endeavors to engage their countrymen to take arms."—*Home's Hist. Rebellion*, p. 40.

Page 177, line 15.

Weep, Albin!

The Gaelic appellation of Scotland, more particularly the Highlands.

Page 179, line 8.

*Lo ! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path !*

The lines allude to the many hardships of the royal sufferer.

An account of the second sight, in Irish called *Taish*, is thus given in *Martin's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland*.

"The second sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person who sees it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see nor think of anything else except the vision as long as it continues ; and then they appear pensive or jovial according to the object which was represented to them.

"At the sight of a vision the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanishes. This is obvious to others who are standing by when the persons happen to see a vision ; and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others that were with me.

"There is one in *Skie*, of whom his acquaintance observed, that when he sees a vision the inner part of his eyelids turns so far upwards, that, after the object disappears, he must draw them down with his fingers, and sometimes employ others to draw them down, which he finds to be much the easier way.

"This faculty of the second sight does not lineally descend in a family, as some have imagined ; for I know several parents who are endowed with it, and their children are not ; and *vice versâ*. Neither is it acquired by any previous compact. And, after strict inquiry, I could never learn, from any among them, that this faculty was communicable to any whatsoever. The seer knows neither the object, time nor place of a vision, before it appears ; and the same object is often seen by different persons living at a considerable distance from one another. The true way of judging as to the time and circumstances is by observation ; for several persons of judgment who are without this faculty are more capable to judge of the design of a vision than a novice that is a seer. If an object appear in the day or night, it will come to pass sooner or later accordingly.

"If an object is seen early in a morning, which is not frequent, it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards ; if at noon, it will probably be accomplished that very day ; if in the evening, perhaps that night ; if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night ; the latter always an accomplishment by weeks, months and sometimes years, according to the time of the night the vision is seen.

"When a shroud is seen about one, it is a sure prognostic of death. The time is judged according to the height of it about the person ; for if it is not seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer ; and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms. Examples of this kind were shown me, when the person of whom the observations were then made was in perfect health.

"It is ordinary with them to see houses, gardens and trees, in places void of all these, and this in process of time is wont to be accomplished ; as at *Mogslot*, in the *Isle of Skie*, where there but a few sorry low houses, thatched with straw ; yet in a few years the vision, which appeared often, was accomplished by the building of several good houses in the very spot represented to the seers, and by the planting of orchards there.

"To see a spark of fire is a forerunner of a dead child, to be seen in the arms of those persons ; of which there are several instances. To see a seat empty at the time of sitting in it is a presage of that person's death quickly after it.

"When a novice, or one that has lately obtained the second sight, sees a vision in the night-time without doors, and comes near a fire, he presently falls into a swoon.

"Some find themselves, as it were, in a crowd of people, having a corpse, which they carry along with them; and after such visions the seers come in sweating, and describe the vision that appeared. If there be any of their acquaintance among them, they give an account of their names, as also of the bearers; but they know nothing concerning the corpse."

Horses and cows (according to the same credulous author) have certainly sometimes the same faculty; and he endeavors to prove it by the signs of fear which the animals exhibit when second-sighted persons see visions in the same place.

"The seers," he continues, "are generally illiterate and well-meaning people, and altogether void of design; nor could I ever learn that any of them ever made the least gain by it; neither is it reputable among them to have that faculty. Besides, the people of the Isles are not so credulous as to believe implicitly before the thing predicted is accomplished; but when it is actually accomplished afterwards, it is not in their power to deny it, without offering violence to their own sense and reason. Besides, if the seers were deceivers, can it be reasonable to imagine that all the islanders who have not the second sight should combine together and offer violence to their understandings and senses, to enforce themselves to believe a lie from age to age? There are several persons among them whose title and education raise them above the suspicion of concurring with an impostor merely to gratify an illiterate, contemptible set of persons; nor can reasonable persons believe that children, horses and cows, should be preëngaged in a combination in favor of the second sight."—*Martin's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland*, pp. 3 11.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

Page 211, line 6.

From merry mock-bird's song, —

The mocking-bird is of the form of, but larger than the thrush; and the colors are a mixture of black, white and gray. What is said of the nightingale by its greatest admirers is what may with more propriety apply to this bird, who, in a natural state, sings with very superior taste. Towards evening I have heard one begin softly, reserving its breath to swell certain notes, which, by this means, had a most astonishing effect. A gentleman in London had one of these birds for six years. During the space of a minute he was heard to imitate the woodlark, chaffinch, blackbird, thrush and sparrow. In this country (America) I have frequently known the mocking-birds so engaged in this mimicry, that it was with much difficulty I could ever obtain an opportunity of hearing their own natural note. Some go so far as to say that they have neither peculiar notes nor favorite imitations. This may be denied. Their few natural notes resemble those of the (European) nightingale. Their song, however, has a greater compass and volume than the nightingale's, and they have the faculty of varying all intermediate notes in a manner which is truly delightful.—*Ashe's Travels in America*, vol. ii. p. 73.

Page 213, line 2.

And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar !

The Corybrechtan, or Corbrechtan, is a whirlpool on the western coast of Scotland, near the island of Jura, which is heard at a prodigious distance. Its name signifies the whirlpool of the Prince of Denmark ; and there is a tradition that a Danish prince once undertook, for a wager, to cast anchor in it. He is said to have used woollen instead of hempen ropes, for greater strength, but perished in the attempt. On the shores of Argyleshire I have often listened with great delight to the sound of this vortex, at the distance of many leagues. When the weather is calm, and the adjacent sea scarcely heard, on these picturesque shores, its sound, which is like the sound of innumerable chariots, creates a magnificent and fine effect.

Page 215, line 17.

Of buskined limb, and swarthy lineament ;

In the Indian tribes there is a great similarity in their color, stature, &c. They are all, except the Snake Indians, tall in stature, straight and robust. It is very seldom they are deformed, which has given rise to the supposition that they put to death their deformed children. Their skin is of a copper-color ; their eyes large, bright, black and sparkling, indicative of a subtle and discerning mind ; their hair is of the same color, and prone to be long, seldom or never curled. Their teeth are large and white ; I never observed any decayed among them, which makes their breath as sweet as the air they inhale. — *Travels in America by Captains Lewis and Clarke, in 1804-5-6.*

Page 216, line 1.

"Peace be to thee ! my words this belt approve ;

The Indians of North America accompany every formal address to strangers, with whom they form or recognize a treaty of amity, with a present of a string, or belt, of wampum. Wampum (says Cadwallader Colden) is made of the large whelk shell, *buccinum*, and shaped like long beads ; it is the current money of the Indians. — *History of the Five Indian Nations*, p. 34. *New York edition.*

Page 216, line 2.

The paths of peace my steps have hither led :

In relating an interview of Mohawk Indians with the Governor of New York, Colden quotes the following passage as a specimen of their metaphorical manner : "Where shall I seek the chair of peace ? Where shall I find it but upon our path ? and whither doth our path lead us but unto this house ?"

Page 216, line 6.

Our wampum league thy brethren did embrace :

When they solicit the alliance, offensive or defensive, of a whole nation, they send an embassy with a large belt of wampum and a bloody hatchet, inviting them to come and drink the blood of their enemies. The wampum made use of on these and other occasions, before their acquaintance with the Europeans, was nothing but small shells which they picked up by the sea-coasts and on the banks of the lakes ; and now it is nothing but a kind of cylindrical beads, made of shells, white and black, which are esteemed among them as silver and gold are among us. The black they call the most valuable, and both together are their greatest riches and ornaments ; these among them answering all the end that money does amongst us. They have the art of stringing, twisting, and interweaving them

into their belts, collars, blankets and moccasins, &c., in ten thousand different sizes, forms and figures, so as to be ornaments for every part of dress, and expressive to them of all their important transactions. They dye the wampum of various colors and shades, and mix and dispose them with great ingenuity and order, and so as to be significant among themselves of almost everything they please; so that by these their words are kept, and their thoughts communicated to one another, as ours are by writing. The belts that pass from one nation to another in all treaties, declarations and important transactions, are very carefully preserved in the cabins of their chiefs, and serve not only as a kind of record or history, but as a public treasure. — *Major Rogers' Account of North America.*

Page 217, line 1.

As when the evil Manitou —

It is certain the Indians acknowledge one Supreme Being, or Giver of Life, who presides over all things, — that is, the Great Spirit, — and they look up to him as the source of good, from whence no evil can proceed. They also believe in a bad Spirit, to whom they ascribe great power; and suppose that through his power all the evils which befall mankind are inflicted. To him, therefore, they pray in their distresses, begging that he would either avert their troubles, or moderate them when they are no longer avoidable.

They hold also that there are good Spirits of a lower degree, who have their particular departments, in which they are constantly contributing to the happiness of mortals. These they suppose to preside over all the extraordinary productions of nature, such as those lakes, rivers and mountains, that are of an uncommon magnitude; and likewise the beasts, birds, fishes, and even vegetables or stones, that exceed the rest of their species in size or singularity. — *Clarke's Travels among the Indians.*

The Supreme Spirit of Good is called by the Indians Kitchi Manitou; and the Spirit of evil, Matchi Manitou.

Page 217, line 15.

Of fever-balm and sweet sagamité :

The fever-balm is a medicine used by these tribes; it is a decoction of a bush called the Fever-tree. Sagamité is a kind of soup administered to their sick.

Page 217, line 24.

*And I, the eagle of my tribe, have rushed
With this torn dove."*

The testimony of all travellers among the American Indians who mention their hieroglyphics authorizes me in putting this figurative language in the mouth of Outalissi. The dove is among them, as elsewhere, an emblem of meekness; and the eagle, that of a bold, noble and liberal mind. When the Indians speak of a warrior who soars above the multitude in person and endowments, they say, "he is like the eagle, who destroys his enemies, and gives protection and abundance to the weak of his own tribe."

Page 218, line 24.

Far differently, the mule Oneyda took, &c.

They are extremely circumspect and deliberate in every word and action; nothing hurries them into any intemperate wrath, but that inveteracy to their enemies which is rooted in every Indian's breast. In all other instances they are cool and deliberate, taking care to suppress the emotions of the heart. If an Indian has discovered that a friend of his is in danger of being cut off by a lurking enemy, he does not tell him of his danger in direct terms as though he were in fear, but he first coolly asks him which way he is going that

day, and having his answer, with the same indifference tells him that he has been informed that a noxious beast lies on the route he is going. This hint proves sufficient; and his friend avoids the danger with as much caution as though every design and motion of his enemy had been pointed out to him.

If an Indian has been engaged for several days in the chase, and by accident continued long without food, when he arrives at the hut of a friend, where he knows that his wants will be immediately supplied, he takes care not to show the least symptoms of impatience, or betray the extreme hunger that he is tortured with; but, on being invited in, sits contentedly down, and smokes his pipe with as much composure as if his appetite was cloyed and he was perfectly at ease. He does the same if among strangers. This custom is strictly adhered to by every tribe, as they esteem it a proof of fortitude, and think the reverse would entitle them to the appellation of old women.

If you tell an Indian that his children have greatly signalized themselves against an enemy, have taken many scalps, and brought home many prisoners, he does not appear to feel any strong emotions of pleasure on the occasion; his answer generally is, "They have done well," and he makes but very little inquiry about the matter; on the contrary, if you inform him that his children are slain or taken prisoners, he makes no complaints; he only replies, "It is unfortunate;" and for some time asks no questions about how it happened. — *Lewis and Clarke's Travels.*

Page 218, line 25.

His calumet of peace, &c.

Nor is the calumet of less importance or less revered than the wampum in many transactions relative both to peace and war. The bowl of this pipe is made of a kind of soft red stone, which is easily wrought and hollowed out; the stem is of cane, alder or some kind of light wood, painted with different colors, and decorated with the heads, tails and feathers, of the most beautiful birds. The use of the calumet is to smoke either tobacco or some bark, leaf or herb, which they often use instead of it, when they enter into an alliance on any serious occasion, or solemn engagements; this being among them the most sacred oath that can be taken, the violation of which is esteemed most infamous, and deserving of severe punishment from Heaven. When they treat of war, the whole pipe and all its ornaments are red; sometimes it is red only on one side, and by the disposition of the feathers, &c., one acquainted with their customs will know at first sight what the nation who presents it intends or desires. Smoking the calumet is also a religious ceremony on some occasions, and in all treaties is considered as a witness between the parties, or rather as an instrument by which they invoke the sun and moon to witness their sincerity, and to be, as it were, a guarantee of the treaty between them. This custom of the Indians, though to appearance somewhat ridiculous, is not without its reasons; for as they find that smoking tends to disperse the vapors of the brain, to raise the spirits, and to qualify them for thinking and judging properly, they introduce it into their councils, where, after their resolves, the pipe was considered as a seal of their decrees, and as a pledge of their performance thereof it was sent to those they were consulting, in alliance or treaty with; — so that smoking among them at the same pipe is equivalent to our drinking together and out of the same cup. — *Major Rogers' Account of North America, 1766.*

The lighted calumet is also used among them for a purpose still more interesting than the expression of social friendship. The austere manners of the Indians forbid any appearance of gallantry between the sexes in the day-time; but at night the young lover goes a-calumeting, as his courtship is called. As these people live in a state of equality, and without fear of internal violence or theft in their own tribes, they leave their doors open by night, as well as by day. The lover takes advantage of this liberty, lights his calumet, enters the cabin of his mistress, and gently presents it to her. If she extinguish it, she

admits his addresses ; but, if she suffer it to burn unnoticed, he retires with a disappointed and throbbing heart. — *Ashe's Travels*.

Page 219, line 2.

Trained from his tree-rocked cradle to his bier

An Indian child, as soon as he is born, is swathed with clothes, or skins ; and, being laid on his back, is bound down on a piece of thick board, spread over with soft moss. The board is somewhat larger and broader than the child, and bent pieces of wood, like pieces of hoops, are placed over its face to protect it, so that if the machine were suffered to fall the child probably would not be injured. When the women have any business to transact at home, they hang the boards on a tree, if there be one at hand, and set them a swinging from side to side, like a pendulum, in order to exercise the children. — *Weid*, vol. ii. p. 246.

Page 219, line 3.

*The fierce extreme of good and ill to brook
Impassive —*

Of the active as well as passive fortitude of the Indian character the following is an instance related by Adair in his *Travels* :

A party of the Senekah Indians came to war against the Katakba, bitter enemies to each other. In the woods the former discovered a sprightly warrior belonging to the latter, hunting in their usual light dress ; on his perceiving them, he sprang off for a hollow rock four or five miles distant, as they intercepted him from running homeward. He was so extremely swift and skilful with the gun, as to kill seven of them in the running fight before they were able to surround and take him. They carried him to their country in sad triumph ; but, though he had filled them with uncommon grief and shame for the loss of so many of their kindred, yet the love of martial virtue induced them to treat him, during their long journey, with a great deal more civility than if he had acted the part of a coward. The women and children, when they met him at their several towns, beat him and whipped him in as severe a manner as the occasion required, according to their law of justice, and at last he was formally condemned to die by the fiery torture. It might reasonably be imagined that what he had for some time gone through, by being fed with a scanty hand, a tedious march, lying at night on the bare ground, exposed to the changes of the weather, with his arms and legs extended in a pair of rough stocks, and suffering such punishment, on his entering into their hostile towns, as a prelude to those sharp torments for which he was destined, would have so impaired his health and affected his imagination, as to have sent him to his long sleep, out of the way of any more sufferings. Probably this would have been the case with the major part of the white people, under similar circumstances ; but I never knew this with any of the Indians ; and this cool-headed, brave warrior did not deviate from their rough lessons of martial virtue, but acted his part so well as to surprise and sorely vex his numerous enemies ; for when they were taking him, unopinioned, in their wild parade, to the place of torture, which lay near to a river, he suddenly dashed down those who stood in his way, sprang off and plunged into the water, swimming underneath like an otter, only rising to take breath, till he reached the opposite shore. He now ascended the steep bank, but, though he had good reason to be in a hurry, as many of the enemy were in the water, and others running very like bloodhounds in pursuit of him, and the bullets flying around him from the time he took to the river, yet his heart did not allow him to leave them abruptly, without taking leave in a formal manner, in return for the extraordinary favors they had done and intended to do to him. After slapping a part of his body in defiance to them (continues the author), he put up the shrill war-whoop, as his last salute, till some more convenient opportunity offered,

and darted off in the manner of a beast broke loose from its torturing enemies. He continued his speed so as to run, by about midnight of the same day, as far as his eager pursuers were two days in reaching. There he rested till he happily discovered five of those Indians who had pursued him; — he lay hid a little way off their camp, till they were sound asleep. Every circumstance of his situation occurred to him, and inspired him with heroism. He was naked, torn and hungry, and his enraged enemies were come up with him; — but there was now everything to relieve his wants, and a fair opportunity to save his life, and get great honor and sweet revenge by cutting them off. Resolution, a convenient spot, and sudden surprise, would effect the main object of all his wishes and hopes. He accordingly crept, took one of their tomahawks, and killed them all on the spot, — clothed himself, took a choice gun, and as much ammunition and provisions as he could well carry in a running march. He set off afresh with a light heart, and did not sleep for several successive nights, only when he reclined, as usual, a little before day, with his back to a tree. As it were by instinct, when he found he was free from the pursuing enemy, he made directly to the very place where he had killed seven of his enemies, and was taken by them for the fiery torture. He digged them up, burnt their bodies to ashes, and went home in safety, with singular triumph. Other pursuing enemies came, on the evening of the second day, to the camp of their dead people, when the sight gave them a greater shock than they had ever known before. In their chilled war-council they concluded that, as he had done such surprising things in his defence before he was captivated, and since that in his naked condition, and now was well armed, if they continued the pursuit he would spoil them all, for he surely was an enemy wizard, — and therefore they returned home. — *Adair's General Observations on the American Indians*, p. 394.

It is surprising (says the same author) to see the long-continued speed of the Indians. Though some of us have often run the swiftest of them out of sight for about the distance of twelve miles, yet afterwards, without any seeming toil, they would stretch on, leave us out of sight, and outwind any horse. — *Ibid*, p. 318.

If an Indian were driven out into the extensive woods, with only a knife and a tomahawk, or a small hatchet, it is not to be doubted but he would fatten, even where a wolf would starve. He would soon collect fire by rubbing two dry pieces of wood together, make a bark hut, earthen vessels, and a bow and arrows; then kill wild game, fish, freshwater tortoises, gather a plentiful variety of vegetables, and live in affluence. — *Ibid*, p. 410.

Page 219, line 12.

Moccasins are a sort of Indian buskins.

Page 219, line 15.

*"Sleep, wearied one! and in the dreaming land
Shouldst thou to-morrow with thy mother meet,*

There is nothing (says Charlevoix) in which these barbarians carry their superstitions further than in what regards dreams; but they vary greatly in their manner of explaining themselves on this point. Sometimes it is the reasonable soul which ranges abroad, while the sensitive continues to animate the body. Sometimes it is the familiar genius who gives salutary counsel with respect to what is going to happen. Sometimes it is a visit made by the soul of the object of which he dreams. But, in whatever manner the dream is conceived, it is always looked upon as a thing sacred, and as the most ordinary way in which the gods make known their will to men. Filled with this idea, they cannot conceive how we should pay no regard to them. For the most part, they look upon them either as a desire of the soul, inspired by some genius, or an order from him; and in consequence of this principle they hold it a religious duty to obey them. An Indian having dreamt of having a finger cut off, had it really cut off as soon as he awoke, having first

prepared himself for this important action by a feast. Another having dreamt of being a prisoner, and in the hands of his enemies, was much at a loss what to do. He consulted the jugglers, and by their advice caused himself to be tied to a post, and burnt in several parts of the body. — *Charlevoix, Journal of a Voyage to North America.*

Page 219, line 23.

From a flower shaped like a horn, which Chateaubriand presumes to be of the lotus kind, the Indians in their travels through the desert often find a draught of dew purer than any other water.

Page 220, line 1.

The crocodile, the condor of the rock.

The alligator, or American crocodile, when full-grown (says Bertram), is a very large and terrible creature, and of prodigious strength, activity and swiftness, in the water. I have seen them twenty feet in length, and some are supposed to be twenty-two or twenty-three feet in length. Their body is as large as that of a horse; their shape usually resembles that of a lizard, which is flat, or cuneiform, being compressed on each side, and gradually diminishing from the abdomen to the extremity, which, with the whole body, is covered with horny plates, or squamæ, impenetrable, when on the body of the live animal, even to a rifle-ball, except about their head, and just behind their fore-legs or arms, where, it is said, they are only vulnerable. The head of a full-grown one is about three feet, and the mouth opens nearly the same length. Their eyes are small in proportion, and seem sunk in the head, by means of the prominence of the brows; the nostrils are large, inflated, and prominent on the top, so that the head on the water resembles, at a distance, a great chunk of wood floating about; only the upper jaw moves, which they raise almost perpendicular, so as to form a right angle with the lower one. In the fore-part of the upper jaw, on each side, just under the nostrils, are two very large, thick, strong teeth, or tusks, not very sharp, but rather the shape of a cone; these are as white as the finest polished ivory, and are not covered by any skin or lips, but always in sight, which gives the creature a frightful appearance; in the lower jaw are holes opposite to these teeth to receive them, when they clap their jaws together, it causes a surprising noise, like that which is made by forcing a heavy plank with violence upon the ground, and may be heard at a great distance. But what is yet more surprising to a stranger is the incredibly loud and terrifying roar which they are capable of making, especially in breeding time. It most resembles very heavy, distant thunder, not only shaking the air and waters, but causing the earth to tremble; and when hundreds are roaring at the same time, you can scarcely be persuaded but that the whole globe is violently and dangerously agitated. An old champion, who is, perhaps, absolute sovereign of a little lake or lagoon (when fifty less than himself are obliged to content themselves with swelling and roaring in little coves round about), darts forth from the reedy coverts, all at once, on the surface of the waters in a right line, at first seemingly as rapid as lightning, but gradually more slowly, until he arrives at the centre of the lake, where he stops. He now swells himself by drawing in wind and water through his mouth, which causes a loud sonorous rattling in the throat for near a minute; but it is immediately forced out again through his mouth and nostrils with a loud noise, brandishing his tail in the air, and the vapor running from his nostrils like smoke. At other times, when swollen to an extent ready to burst, his head and tail lifted up, he spins or twirls round on the surface of the water. He acts his part like an Indian chief when rehearsing his feats of war. — *Bertram's Travels in North America.*

Page 220, line 9.

Then forth uprose that lone wayfaring man ;

They discover an amazing sagacity, and acquire, with the greatest readiness, anything that depends upon the attention of the mind. By experience, and an acute observation, they attain many perfections to which the Americans are strangers. For instance, they will cross a forest or a plain which is two hundred miles in breadth, so as to reach with great exactness the point at which they intend to arrive, keeping, during the whole of that space, in a direct line, without any material deviations ; and this they will do with the same ease, let the weather be fair or cloudy. With equal acuteness they will point to that part of the heavens the sun is in, though it be intercepted by clouds or fogs. Besides this, they are able to pursue, with incredible facility, the traces of man or beast, either on leaves or grass ; and on this account it is with great difficulty they escape discovery. They are indebted for these talents not only to nature, but to an extraordinary command of the intellectual qualities, which can only be acquired by an unremitting attention, and by long experience. They are, in general, very happy in a retentive memory. They can recapitulate every particular that has been treated of in councils, and remember the exact time when they were held. Their belts of wampum preserve the substance of the treaties they have concluded with the neighboring tribes for ages back, to which they will appeal and refer with as much perspicuity and readiness as Europeans can to their written records.

The Indians are totally unskilled in geography, as well as all the other sciences : and yet they draw on their birch-bark very exact charts or maps of the countries they are acquainted with. The latitude and longitude only are wanting to make them tolerably complete.

Their sole knowledge in astronomy consists in being able to point out the polar star, by which they regulate their course when they travel in the night.

They reckon the distance of places not by miles or leagues, but by a day's journey, which, according to the best calculation I could make, appears to be about twenty English miles. These they also divide into halves and quarters, and will demonstrate them in their maps with great exactness by the hieroglyphics just mentioned, when they regulate in council their war-parties, or their most distant hunting excursions, — *Lewis and Clarke's Travels*.

Some of the French missionaries have supposed that the Indians are guided by instinct, and have pretended that Indian children can find their way through a forest as easily as a person of maturer years ; but this is a most absurd notion. It is unquestionably by a close attention to the growth of the trees, and position of the sun, that they find their way. On the northern side of a tree there is generally the most moss ; and the bark on that side, in general, differs from that on the opposite one. The branches toward the south are, for the most part, more luxuriant than those on the other sides of trees ; and several other distinctions also subsist between the northern and southern sides, conspicuous to Indians, being taught from their infancy to attend to them, which a common observer would, perhaps, never notice. Being accustomed from their infancy likewise to pay great attention to the position of the sun, they learn to make the most accurate allowance for its apparent motion from one part of the heavens to another ; and in every part of the day they will point to the part of the heavens where it is, although the sky be obscured by clouds or mists.

An instance of their dexterity in finding their way through an unknown country came under my observation when I was at Staunton, situated behind the Blue Mountains, Virginia. A number of the Creek nation had arrived at that town on their way to Philadelphia, whither they were going upon some affairs of importance, and had stopped there for the night. In the morning, some circumstance or other, which could not be learned,

induced one-half of the Indians to set off without their companions, who did not follow until some hours afterwards. When these last were ready to pursue their journey, several of the towns-people mounted their horses to escort them part of the way. They proceeded along the high road for some miles, but, all at once, hastily turning aside into the woods, though there was no path, the Indians advanced confidently forward. The people who accompanied them, surprised at this movement, informed them that they were quitting the road to Philadelphia, and expressed their fear lest they should miss their companions who had gone on before. They answered that they knew better, that the way through the woods was the shortest to Philadelphia, and that they knew very well that their companions had entered the wood at the very place where they did. Curiosity led some of the horsemen to go on; and, to their astonishment, for there was apparently no track, they overtook the other Indians in the thickest part of the wood. But what appeared most singular was, that the route which they took was found, on examining a map, to be as direct for Philadelphia as if they had taken the bearings by a mariner's compass. From others of their nation, who had been at Philadelphia at a former period, they had probably learned the exact direction of that city from their villages, and had never lost sight of it; although they had already travelled three hundred miles through the woods, and had upwards of four hundred miles more to go before they could reach the place of their destination. Of the exactness with which they can find out a strange place to which they have been once directed by their own people, a striking example is furnished, I think, by Mr. Jefferson, in his account of the Indian graves in Virginia. These graves are nothing more than large mounds of earth in the woods, which, on being opened, are found to contain skeletons in an erect posture: the Indian mode of sepulture has been too often described to remain unknown to you. But to come to my story. A party of Indians that were passing on to some of the sea-ports of the Atlantic, just as the Creeks above mentioned were going to Philadelphia, were observed, all on a sudden, to quit the straight road by which they were proceeding, and, without asking any questions, to strike through the woods, in a direct line, to one of these graves, which lay at the distance of some miles from the road. Now, very near a century must have passed over since the part of Virginia in which this grave was situated had been inhabited by Indians; and these Indian travellers, who were to visit it by themselves, had unquestionably never been in that part of the country before; they must have found their way to it simply from the description of its situation that had been handed down to them by tradition.—*Weld's Travels in North America*, vol. ii.

Page 223, last line.

Their fathers' dust —

It is a custom of the Indian tribes to visit the tombs of their ancestors in the cultivated parts of America, who have been buried for upwards of a century.

Page 226, line 12.

Or wild-cane arch high flung o'er gulf profound,

The bridges over narrow streams in many parts of Spanish America are said to be built of cane, which, however strong to support the passenger, are yet waved in the agitation of the storm, and frequently add to the effect of a mountainous and picturesque scenery.

Page 234, line 26.

The Mammoth comes, —

That I am justified in making the Indian chief allude to the mammoth as an emblem of terror and destruction, will be seen by the authority quoted below. Speaking of the mam

moth or big buffalo, Mr. Jefferson states that a tradition is preserved among the Indians of that animal still existing in the northern parts of America.

"A delegation of warriors from the Delaware tribe having visited the Governor of Virginia during the Revolution, on matters of business, the governor asked them some questions relative to their country, and, among others, what they knew or had heard of the animal whose bones were found at the Salt-licks, on the Ohio. Their chief speaker immediately put himself into an attitude of oratory, and with a pomp suited to what he conceived the elevation of his subject, informed him that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, that in ancient times a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Big-bone-licks, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elk, buffalo and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians. That the Great Man above, looking down and seeing this, was so enraged that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighboring mountain, on a rock on which his seat and the prints of his feet are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them, till the whole were slaughtered, except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell, but, missing one at length, it wounded him in the side, whereon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day."—*Jefferson's Notes on Virginia*.

Page 235, line 6.

*Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
'Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth :*

I took the character of Brandt, in the poem of Gertrude, from the common Histories of England, all of which represented him as a bloody and bad man (even among savages), and chief agent in the horrible desolation of Wyoming. Some years after this poem appeared, the son of Brandt, a most interesting and intelligent youth, came over to England, and I formed an acquaintance with him, on which I still look back with pleasure. He appealed to my sense of honor and justice, on his own part and on that of his sister to retract the unfair aspersions which, unconscious of their unfairness, I had cast on his father's memory.

He then referred me to documents, which completely satisfied me that the common accounts of Brandt's cruelties at Wyoming, which I had found in books of travels, and in Adolphus' and similar Histories of England, were gross errors, and that in point of fact Brandt was not even present at that scene of desolation.

It is, unhappily, to Britons and Anglo-Americans that we must refer the chief blame in this horrible business. I published a letter expressing this belief in the *New Monthly Magazine*, in the year 1822, to which I must refer the reader—if he has any curiosity on the subject—for an antidote to my fanciful description of Brandt. Among other expressions to young Brandt, I made use of the following words: "Had I learnt all this of your father when I was writing my poem, he should not have figured in it as the hero of mischief." It was but bare justice to say thus much of a Mohawk Indian, who spoke English eloquently, and was thought capable of having written a history of the Six Nations. I ascertained, also, that he often strove to mitigate the cruelty of Indian warfare. The name of Brandt, therefore, remains in my poem a pure and declared character of fiction.

Page 235, line 13.

*To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No ! — not a kindred drop that runs in human veins !*

Every one who recollects the specimen of Indian eloquence given in the speech of Logan, a Mingo chief, to the Governor of Virginia, will perceive that I have attempted to para-

phrase its concluding and most striking expression: "There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature." The similar salutation of the fictitious personage in my story, and the real Indian orator, makes it surely allowable to borrow such an expression; and if it appears, as it cannot but appear, to less advantage than in the original, I beg the reader to reflect how difficult it is to transpose such exquisitely simple words, without sacrificing a portion of their effect.

In the spring of 1774, a robbery and murder were committed on an inhabitant of the frontiers of Virginia, by two Indians of the Shawanee tribe. The neighboring whites, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary manner. Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much-injured people, collected a party and proceeded down the Kanaway in quest of vengeance; unfortunately, a canoe with women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore, unarmed, and unsuspecting an attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river, and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and at one fire killed every person in it. This happened to be the family of Logan, who had long been distinguished as a friend to the whites. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance; he accordingly signalized himself in the war which ensued. In the autumn of the same year a decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the Great Kanaway, in which the collected forces of the Shawanees, Mingoes and Delawares, were defeated by a detachment of the Virginian militia. The Indians sued for peace. Logan, however, disdained to be seen among the suppliants; but, lest the sincerity of a treaty should be disturbed, from which so distinguished a chief abstracted himself, he sent, by a messenger, the following speech to be delivered to Lord Dunmore:

"I appeal to any white man if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not to eat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, Logan is the friend of the white men. I have even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood murdered all the relations of Logan, even my women and children.

"There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature;—this called on me for revenge. I have fought for it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace;—but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan?—not one!"—*Jefferson's Notes on Virginia*.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Page 253, line 4.

The dark-attired Culdee,

The Culdees were the primitive clergy of Scotland, and apparently her only clergy from the sixth to the eleventh century. They were of Irish origin, and their monastery on the island of Iona, or Icolmkill, was the seminary of Christianity in North Britain. Presbyterian writers have wished to prove them to have been a sort of Presbyters, strangers to the Roman Church and Episcopacy. It seems to be established that they were not

enemies to Episcopacy ; but that they were not slavishly subjected to Rome, like the clergy of later periods, appears by their resisting the papal ordinances respecting the celibacy of religious men, on which account they were ultimately displaced by the Scottish sovereigns, to make way for more Popish canons.

Page 265, line 5.

And the shield of alarm was dumb,

Striking the shield was an ancient mode of convocation to war among the Gaëls.

Page 261.

The tradition which forms the substance of these stanzas is still preserved in Germany. An ancient tower on a height, called the Rolandseck, a few miles above Bonn on the Rhine is shown as the habitation which Roland built in sight of a nunnery, into which his mistress had retired, on having heard an unfounded account of his death. Whatever may be thought of the credibility of the legend, its scenery must be recollected with pleasure by every one who has visited the romantic landscape of the Drachenfels, the Rolandseck, and the beautiful adjacent islet of the Rhine, where a nunnery still stands.

Page 267, line 10.

That erst the adventurous Norman wore,

A Norman leader, in the service of the King of Scotland, married the heiress of Lochow, in the twelfth century, and from him the Campbells are sprung.

Page 294, line 15.

Whose lineage, in a raptured hour,

Alluding to the well-known tradition respecting the origin of painting, that it arose from a young Corinthian female tracing the shadow of her lover's profile on the wall as he lay asleep.

Page 304, line 10.

Where the Norman encamped him of old,

What is called the East Hill, at Hastings, is crowned with the works of an ancient camp ; and it is more than probable it was the spot which William I. occupied between his landing and the battle which gave him England's crown. It is a strong position ; the works are easily traced.

Page 307, line 21.

France turns from her abandoned friends afresh,

The fact ought to be universally known, that France is at this moment indebted to Poland for not being invaded by Russia. When the Grand Duke Constantine fled from Warsaw, he left papers behind him proving that the Russians, after the Parisian events in July, meant to have marched towards Paris, if the Polish insurrection had not prevented them.

Page 316, line 6.

Thee, Niemcewicz, —

This venerable man, the most popular and influential of Polish poets, and president of the academy in Warsaw, was in London when this poem was written ; he was then seventy-four years old ; but his noble spirit is rather mellowed than decayed by age. He

was the friend of Fox, Kosciusko and Washington. Rich in anecdote like Franklin, he has also a striking resemblance to him in countenance.

Page 317, line 3.

Nor church-bell ———

In Catholic countries you often hear the church-bells rung to propitiate Heaven during thunder-storms.

Page 327, line 20.

Regret the lark that gladdens England's morn,

Mr. P. Cunningham, in his interesting work on New South Wales, gives the following account of its song-birds: "We are not moved here with the deep mellow note of the black-bird, poured out from beneath some low stunted bush, nor thrilled with the wild warblings of the thrush perched on the top of some tall sapling, nor charmed with the blithe carol of the lark as we proceed early a-field; none of our birds rivalling those divine songsters in realizing the poetical idea of '*the music of the grove*;' while '*parrots*' chattering, must supply the place of '*nightingales*' singing in the future amorous lays of our sighing Celadons. We have our lark, certainly; but both his appearance and note are a most wretched parody upon the bird about which our English poets have made so many fine similes. He will mount from the ground and rise, fluttering upwards in the same manner, and with a few of the starting notes of the English lark; but, on reaching the height of thirty feet or so, down he drops suddenly and mutely, diving into concealment among the long grass, as if ashamed of his pitiful attempt. For the pert, frisky robin, pecking and pattering against the windows in the dull days of winter, we have the lively '*superb warbler*,' with his blue shining plumage and his long tapering tail, picking up the crumbs at our doors; while the pretty red-bills, of the size and form of the goldfinch, constitute the sparrow of our clime, flying in flocks about our houses, and building their soft, downy, pigmy nests in the orange, peach and lemon trees surrounding them." — *Cunningham's Two Years in New South Wales*, vol. ii. p. 216.

Page 337, line 19.

O, feeble statesmen — ignominious times,

There is not upon record a more disgusting scene of Russian hypocrisy, and (woe that it must be written!) of British humiliation, than that which passed on board the *Talavera*, when British sailors accepted money from the Emperor Nicholas, and gave him cheers. It will require the *Talavera* to fight well with the first Russian ship that she may have to encounter, to make us forget that day.

Page 347, line 20.

A palsy-stroke of Nature shook Oran,

In the year 1790, Oran, the most western city in the Algerine Regency, which had been possessed by Spain for more than a hundred years, and fortified at an immense expense, was destroyed by an earthquake; six thousand of its inhabitants were buried under the ruins.

THE PILGRIM OF GLENCOE.

Page 352, line 17.

The vale, by eagle-haunted cliffs o'erhung,

The valley of Glencoe, unparalleled in its scenery for gloomy grandeur, is to this day frequented by eagles. When I visited the spot within a year ago, I saw several perch at a distance. Only one of them came so near me that I did not wish him any nearer. He favored me with a full and continued view of his noble person, and, with the exception of the African eagle which I saw wheeling and hovering over a corps of the French army that were marching from Oran, and who seemed to linger over them with delight at the sound of their trumpets, as if they were about to restore his image to the Gallic standard, I never saw a prouder bird than this black eagle of Glencoe.

I was unable, from a hurt in my foot, to leave the carriage; but the guide informed me that, if I could go nearer the sides of the glen, I should see the traces of houses and gardens once belonging to the unfortunate inhabitants. As it was, I never saw a spot where I could less suppose human beings to have ever dwelt. I asked the guide how these eagles subsisted; he replied, "On the lambs and the fawns of Lord Breadalbane." "Lambs and fawns!" I said; "and how do they subsist? for I cannot see verdure enough to graze a rabbit. I suspect," I added, "that these birds make the cliffs only their country-houses, and that they go down to the Lowlands to find their provender." "Ay, ay," replied the Highlander, "it is very possible, for the eagle can gang far for his breakfast."

Page 353, line 15.

Witch-legends Ronald scorned — ghost, kelpie, wraith,

"The most dangerous and malignant creature of Highland superstition was the kelpie, or water-horse, which was supposed to allure women and children to his subaqueous haunts, and there devour them; sometimes he would swell the lake or torrent beyond its usual limits, and overwhelm the unguarded traveller in the flood. The shepherd, as he sat on the brow of a rock on a summer's evening, often fancied he saw this animal dashing along on the surface of the lake, or browsing on the pasture-ground upon its verge." — *Brown's History of the Highland Clans*, vol. i. 106.

In Scotland, according to Dr. John Brown, it is yet a superstitious principle that the *wraith*, the omen or messenger of death, appears in the resemblance of one in danger, immediately preceding dissolution. This ominous form, purely of a spiritual nature, seems to testify that the exaction (extinction) of life approaches. It was wont to be exhibited also as "*a little rough dog*," when it could be pacified by the death of any other being, "if crossed, and conjured in time." — *Brown's Superstitions of the Highlands*, p. 182.

It happened to me, early in life, to meet with an amusing instance of Highland superstition with regard to myself. I lived in a family of the Island of Mull, and a mile or two from their house there was a burial-ground, without any church attached to it, on the lonely moor. The cemetery was enclosed and guarded by an iron railing, so high that it was thought to be unscalable. I was, however, commencing the study of botany at the time, and, thinking there might be some nice flowers and curious epitaphs among the grave-stones, I contrived, by help of my handkerchief, to scale the railing, and was soon scampering over the tombs; some of the natives chanced to perceive me, — not in the act of climbing over to, but skipping over the burial-ground. In a day or two I observed the family looking on me with unaccountable, though not angry, seriousness; at last the good old grandmother told me, with tears in her eyes, "that I could not live long, for that my wraith had been seen." "And, pray, where?" "Leaping over the stones of the

burial-ground." The old lady was much relieved to hear that it was not my wraith, but myself.

Akin to other Highland superstitions, but differing from them in many essential respects, is the belief—for superstition it cannot well be called (quoth the wise author I am quoting)—in the second-sight, by which, as Dr. Johnson observes, "seems to be meant a mode of seeing superadded to that which nature generally bestows; and consists of an impression made either by the mind upon the eye, or by the eye upon the mind, by which things distant or future are perceived and seen as if they were present. This deceptive faculty is called *Traoshe* in the Gaelic, which signifies a spectre or vision; and is neither voluntary nor constant, but consists in seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person that sees it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see nor think of anything else, except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object which was represented to them."

There are now few persons, if any (continues Dr. Brown), who pretend to this faculty, and the belief in it is almost generally exploded. Yet it cannot be denied that apparent proofs of its existence have been adduced, which have staggered minds not prone to superstition. When the connection between cause and effect can be recognized, things which would otherwise have appeared wonderful, and almost incredible, are viewed as ordinary occurrences. The impossibility of accounting for such an extraordinary phenomenon as the alleged faculty on philosophical principles, or from the laws of nature, must ever leave the matter suspended between rational doubt and confirmed scepticism. "Strong reasons for incredulity," says Dr. Johnson, "will readily occur." This faculty of seeing things out of sight is local, and commonly useless. It is a breach of the common order of things, without any visible reason or perceptible benefit. It is ascribed only to a people very little enlightened, and among them, for the most part, to the mean and ignorant.

In the whole history of Highland superstitions, there is not a more curious fact than that Dr. James Brown, a gentleman of the Edinburgh bar, in the nineteenth century, should show himself a more abject believer in the truth of second sight than Dr. Samuel Johnson, of London, in the eighteenth century.

Page 359, line 28.

The pit or gallows would have cured my grief.

Until the year 1747, the Highland Lairds had the right of punishing serfs even capitally, in so far as they often hanged, or imprisoned them in a pit or dungeon, where they were starved to death. But the law of 1746, for disarming the Highlanders and restraining the use of the Highland garb, was followed up the following year by one of a more radical and permanent description. This was the act for abolishing the heritable jurisdictions, which, though necessary in a rude state of society, were wholly incompatible with an advanced state of civilization. By depriving the Highland chiefs of their judicial powers, it was thought that the sway which, for centuries, they had held over their people, would be gradually impaired; and that by investing certain judges, who were amenable to the legislature for the proper discharge of their duties, with the civil and criminal jurisdiction enjoyed by the proprietors of the soil, the cause of good government would be promoted, and the facilities for repressing any attempts to disturb the public tranquillity increased.

By this act (20 George II. c. 43), which was made to the whole of Scotland, all heritable jurisdictions of justiciary, all regalities and heritable baileries, and constabularies (excepting the office of high constable), and all stewardries and sheriffships of smaller districts, which were only parts of counties, were dissolved, and the powers formerly vested in them were ordained to be exercised by such of the king's courts as these powers would have belonged to if the jurisdictions had never been granted. All sheriffships and stewardries

not dissolved by the statute — namely, those which comprehended whole counties, where they had been granted either heritably or for life — were resumed and annexed to the crown. With the exception of the hereditary justiciaryship of Scotland, which was transferred from the family of Argyle to the High Court of Justiciary, the other jurisdictions were ordained to be vested in sheriffs-depute or stewards depute, to be appointed by the king in every shire or stewartry not dissolved by the act. As, by the twentieth of Union, all heritable offices and jurisdictions were reserved to the grantees as rights of property, compensation was ordained to be made to the holders, the amount of which was afterwards fixed by Parliament, in terms of the act of Sederunt of the Court of Session, at one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

Page 359, line 30.

*I marched — when, feigning royalty's command,
Against the clan Macdonald, Stair's lord
Sent forth exterminating fire and sword;*

I cannot agree with Brown, the author of an able work, "The History of the Highland Clans," that the affair of Glencoe has stamped indelible infamy on the government of King William III., if by this expression it be meant that William's own memory is disgraced by that massacre. I see no proof that William gave more than general orders to subdue the remaining malcontents of the Macdonald clan; and these orders, the nearer we trace them to the government, are the more express in enjoining that all those who would promise to swear allegiance should be spared. As these orders came down from the general government to individuals, they became more and more severe, and, at last, merciless, so that they ultimately ceased to be the real orders of government. Among these false agents of government, who appear with most disgrace, is the "Master of Stair," who appears in the business more like a fiend than a man. When issuing his orders for the attack on the remainder of the Macdonalds in Glencoe, he expressed a hope in his letter "that the soldiers would trouble the government with no prisoners."

It cannot be supposed that I would, for a moment, palliate this atrocious event by quoting the provocations not very long before offered by the Macdonalds in massacres of the Campbells. But they may be alluded to as causes, though not excuses. It is a part of the melancholy instruction which history affords us, that in the moral, as well as in the physical world, there is always a reaction equal to the action. The banishment of the Moors from Spain to Africa was the chief cause of African piracy and Christian slavery among the Moors for centuries; and since the reign of William III. the Irish Orangemen have been the Algerines of Ireland.

The affair of Glencoe was in fact only a lingering trait of horribly barbarous times, though it was the more shocking that it came from that side of the political world which professed to be the more liberal side, and it occurred at a late time of the day, when the minds of both parties had become comparatively civilized, the whigs by the triumph of free principles, and the tories by personal experience of the evils attending persecution. Yet that barbarism still subsisted in too many minds professing to act on liberal principles, is but too apparent from this disgusting tragedy.

I once flattered myself that the Argyle Campbells, from whom I am sprung, had no share in this massacre, — and a direct share they certainly had not. But, on inquiry, I find that they consented to shutting up the passes of Glencoe, through which the Macdonalds might escape; and perhaps relations of my great-grandfather — I am afraid to count their distance or proximity — might be indirectly concerned in the cruelty.

But children are not answerable for the crimes of their forefathers; and I hope and trust that the descendants of Breadalbane and Glenlyon are as much and justly at their ease on this subject as I am.

Page 367, line 24.

Chance snatched them from proscription and despair.

Many Highland families, at the outbreak of the rebellion in 1745, were saved from utter desolation by the contrivances of some of their more sensible members, principally the women, who foresaw the consequences of the insurrection. When I was a youth in the Highlands, I remember an old gentleman, being pointed out to me, who, finding all other arguments fail, had, in conjunction with his mother and sisters, bound the old laird hand and foot, and locked him up in his own cellar, until the news of the battle of Culloden had arrived.

A device pleasanter to the reader of the anecdote, though not to the sufferer, was practised by a shrewd Highland dame, whose husband was Charles-Stuart-mad, and was determined to join the insurgents. He told his wife at night that he should start early tomorrow morning, on horseback. "Well, but you will allow me to make your breakfast before you go?" "O, yes." She accordingly prepared it, and, bringing in a full boiling kettle, poured it, by intentional accident, on his legs!

NOTE TO THE VERSES ON WINKELRIED.

Page 387.

The advocates of classical learning tell us that, without classic historians, we should never become acquainted with the most splendid traits of human character; but one of those traits, patriotic self-devotion, may surely be heard of elsewhere, without learning Greek and Latin. There are few, who have read modern history, unacquainted with the noble voluntary death of the Switzer Winkelried. Whether he was a peasant or man of superior birth is a point not quite settled in history, though I am inclined to suspect that he was simply a peasant. But this is certain, that in the battle of Sempach, perceiving that there was no other means of breaking the heavy-armed lines of the Austrians than by gathering as many of their spears as he could grasp together, he opened a passage for his fellow-combatants, who, with hammers and hatchets, hewed down the mailed men-at-arms, and won the victory.

FUGITIVE POEMS.

QUEEN OF THE NORTH.

Page 401.

These extracts are from the poem which Campbell planned soon after the completion of *The Pleasures of Hope*, and which he intended to write on his first visit to Germany. In the portion following the asterisks the scenery of Roslin and Arthur's seat is sketched with a truth and felicity of expression which may well excite regret that the patriotic theme was never resumed. — *Dr. Beattie*.

HYMN.

Page 404.

This hymn on the advent, so far as I know, is one of his original poems, which has never been publicly acknowledged. The poet's copy, however, has an autograph inscription, stating that he wrote it at the age of sixteen. The original has been forty years in the possession of Dr. Irving. — *Dr. Beattie*.

CHORUS FROM THE CŒPHORÆ.

Page 405.

The third prize awarded to Campbell was for his translation of passages from the Cœphoræ of Æschylus; a copy of which has been sent me by a lady to whom it was shortly afterwards presented by Campbell, in the Island of Mull. It was written in 1741. — *Dr. Beattie.*

ELEGY WRITTEN IN MULL.

Page 407.

This is the elegy with which Dr. Anderson was so much pleased, on the author's introduction to him in Edinburgh (July 1794), and from the perusal of which he predicted his success as a great poet.

ON THE GLASGOW VOLUNTEERS.

Page 408.

Among the productions of his college life Dr. Beattie places this poem and that on the Queen of France. Of the last, on Marie Antoinette, inspired by one of the most atrocious events of the day, — an event over which he wept at the time, and the mere recollection of which, after the lapse of forty years, still made him shudder, — Dr. Beattie says, it "excited much attention, and met the public sympathy, so universally felt at the time." It was published in the *Glasgow Courier*. Of the first spirited lyric, he says that it obtained much local celebrity, particularly among the friends and members of the household troops.

THE DIRGE OF WALLACE.

Page 413.

We publish the version of this poem given by Dr. Beattie, the opening stanzas being omitted in the Galignani edition of 1829. When Mr. Redding was assisting the poet in preparing the edition of his works of 1823, he pleaded for the insertion of the Dirge, for which he expressed great admiration. Campbell objected, — "There were inaccuracies in it — it was only written for the newspapers." Walter Scott, it was said, had it by heart, and thought it one of his finest things; but Campbell "did not care — he would not take it — he disliked it."

Great diversity of opinion prevails among the critics as to the merits of this poem. The *Quarterly Review* (July, 1849) says: "Excepting the close of one stanza, we see little in it beyond an echo of the then fashionable strains of Alonzo the Brave, and the like." The stanza in question is the one alluding to the sword of Wallace. The *North British Review* (February, 1849) agrees with its contemporary: — "It is quite unequal to Campbell's usual style. There is a boyish accumulation of the stock imagery of the 'Tales of Wonder.' Ravens, nightmares, matin-bells and midnight tapers, are scattered in waste profusion at the opening of the poem, to the consternation of the English king and the affright of Wallace's wife. Nothing well can be worse than all this. What follows is better, and there are some lines worthy of Campbell."

A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* for the same month, on the other hand, agrees in his estimate of the poem with Mr. Redding and Sir Walter Scott: "In the foreign edition of his works there is inserted a poem called the Dirge of Wallace, which, with a very little concentration, might have been rendered as perfect as any of his later compositions. In spirit and energy it is assuredly inferior to none of them. We hope to see it restored to its proper place, in the next edition; in the mean time we select the following noble stanzas." The critic then quotes nearly the whole poem, italicizing the lines which follow:

"When he strode o'er the wreck of each well-fought field,
With the yellow-haired chiefs of his native land;

For his lance was not shivered on helmet or shield,
And the sword which was fit for archangel to wield
Was light in his terrible hand."

"Nothing can be finer," he adds, "than the lines we have quoted in *Italics*; nor perhaps did Campbell himself ever match them."

EPISTLE TO THREE LADIES.

Page 415.

This poem Dr. Beattie received from Mr. Richardson, to whom it was communicated in a letter many years previously. The ladies were Isabella Hill and Helen Hill, sisters, and their cousin, Jean Grahame, sister of the author of *The Sabbath*.

DEATH OF MY ONLY SON.

Page 418.

Written in 1800, at Ratisbon or Altona. A translation from the Danish.

BEAUTIFUL JEWISH GIRL OF ALTONA.

Page 421.

"It was at Altona he composed these sweet lines, which have been long ago published, but which he would not allow to appear in his collected works, 'because they were a fragment.'"

We find this poem in a volume of the *New Monthly Magazine*, to which it was communicated, with the above note, by Mr. Cyrus Redding.

NOTE TO EPITAPH I.

Page 423.

These lines are engraved on a monument erected at Moncton Combe, Somerset, to the memory of Mrs. Shute of Sydenham, and her two daughters, who were drowned at Chepstow, on Sunday, September 20. It is remarkable that they had attended the church on that day, and heard a sermon from *Philippians* 1: 21, — "For me to live is Christ, and *to die is gain*." — *Note by T. C.*

Page 424.

The third of these pieces, hastily written on a slip of paper, is too remarkable to be overlooked. — *Dr. Beattie.*

TRAFALGAR.

Page 426.

This little poem appeared, with Campbell's name, in one of the annuals.

JEMIMA, ROSE, AND ELEANORE.

Page 429.

This beautiful poem appeared in the *Galignani* edition of 1829. It is one of the list authenticated by Mr. Redding, and we are at a loss to imagine why it was condemned by the author. It seems to us one of his freest and most effective poems.

LINES TO BULWER.

Page 432.

From the *New Monthly Magazine*

CONTENT.

Page 432.

These pretty verses were addressed to his cousin Matilda Sinclair, whom he afterwards married. They probably first appeared in the columns of Perry's *Chronicle*, though they are credited to Johnson's *Scots' Musical Museum*, for 1803.

SPANISH PATRIOTS' SONG.

Page 435.

From the *New Monthly Magazine* for 1823.

LINES TO THE POLISH COUNTESS R——I.

Page 435.

James Montgomery, in his Lectures on General Literature and Poetry, refers to this poem as a "hasty but certainly a happy effusion of Thomas Campbell's, in the dew and blossom of his youthful poetry;" and says that it was probably produced about the year 1802. From Dr. Beattie we learn that it was written nearly twenty years afterwards.

The lecturer says that from the descriptive portion of the poem a painter might produce a landscape as superb as ever emanated in colors of this world from the pencil of Titian or Rubens. If the reader is curious to see how suggestive the few words of Campbell have been to a brother poet, let him turn to the Lectures of Montgomery, American edition, pages 19 to 22. Why Campbell should have omitted this poem from his collected works we cannot imagine.

TO FLORINE.

Page 437.

These verses appeared in one of the annuals. The subject of them afterwards became the wife of Mr. G. H. Gordon, the transcriber of the Waverley MSS. for the press, and died in Paris within a month after marriage, in her twenty-second year.

TO AN INFANT.

Page 438.

These pretty verses were addressed to the son of his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Graham.

Page 440.

My mind is my kingdom —

The first two verses of this song appeared in one of the early editions of Campbell's Poems. For the third stanza we have been indebted to Dr. Beattie.

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